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FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE.

VOL. I.

Arnold Joost Van Keppel

Lord of the Voorst First Earl of Albemarle K.G.

Engraved by C. H. Jeens from a Painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller &c
In the possession of the present Earl of Albemarle

London, Macmillan & Co 1878

FIFTY YEARS

OF

MY LIFE.

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BY

GEORGE THOMAS, EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

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FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE.

PREFATORY.

For some years past my wife and children have been asking me to give some account of the race from which I spring, and of myself, its living representative. A compliance with that first part of the request, which relates to the forefathers—the *genus et proavos*—presented no great difficulty—the materials were at hand, and only wanted putting together. To do the rest of the bidding—to become the hero of my own tale—has not proved so easy a matter; for although I have "seen much of the world," literally and figuratively, it has not been my wont, as my family well know, to commit to writing my thoughts on things seen, heard, or done. On two occasions, it is true, I kept regular diaries, but these had reference to journeys which lay out of the ordinary

track of travellers, and have already been laid before the public.[1] I was set, as it were, to furnish the "tale of bricks" without any allowance of straw. Shrinking from the task, I used to put off my importuners with, "Wait till I am seventy, and then—perhaps," a phrase intending a postponement of the undertaking to the Greek Kalends; but when, contrary to expectation, I reached the Psalmist's standard of longevity, I was left without an excuse for at least not attempting to fulfil the implied promise. From that time forth, therefore, I have been in the habit of making notes of occurrences as they suggested themselves to a tolerably retentive memory, and of throwing my jottings into a box. The contents of that box will be found embodied in the following pages.

[1] Keppel's "Overland Journey from India, 1827." Keppel's "Journey across the Balcan, 1831."

THE KEPPELS OF GUELDERLAND.

On the right bank of the River Issel, is a country called Zutphen or South Feu. This tract of land is the birthplace of the Keppel family. It formed part of a county in that kingdom of Saxony, which, in the year 839, the Emperor Louis le Débonnaire allotted to his son Lothaire. The county comprised much of the land lying between the Issel and the Ems, from which latter river, the Amasius of the Roman writers, it was called by the Latin name of Amasia, and by the Teutonic one of Hameland or Hamarland.[1] In proportion as the feudal system gained a footing on the right bank of the Rhine, so the landmarks of this Saxon kingdom disappeared.

The last public document in which mention is made of the county of Hameland bears date 1080,

[1] *Regnum Saxoniæ* cum archis (marchis) suis ducatum Frisiæ usque ad Mosam, *comitatum Hamarland*, comitatum Batavorum, comitatum Testrabenticum Doristada, &c.—*Ann* Bertin ad Ann, 839.

and has special reference to Zutphen—our family cradle.

Early in the twelfth century—exact date unknown—Gerhard of Nassau, Count of Guelder, married Hermengaard, Countess of Zutphen. Hendrik, their son, succeeded to the titles of both parents—but that of his mother brought with it no other accession of property than the *town* of Zutphen. Thus he used to style himself "Ego Henricus divinâ gratiâ, legitimus hœres *oppidi* Sutphâniensis." The county of Zutphen was the property of seven equestrian chiefs or dynasties (*dynasten*), whom Van Spaen thus enumerates:—Van Bronckhorst, Van Borculo, Van Wisch, Van Bredefoort, Van Anholt, and Van Keppel.

It is from the last mentioned of these knights that our family claims its descent. These seven Imperial vassals were, we are told by Van Spaen, wholly independent of the Counts of Guelder and Zutphen, and exercised exactly the same jurisdiction in their respective domains as the Sovereign Counts did in theirs.[1]

Surnames were unknown in the Low Countries before the middle of the twelfth century, and our ancestor was probably among the first to make this addition to his baptismal appellation. In conformity

[1] VAN SPAEN'S "Inliedung tot de Historie van Gelderland," vol. i. pp. 167-8.

with the custom of the period, he called himself after the spot on which his principal castle was built, and transmitted the name to his posterity.

Keppel, the site of our founders' *Hoofdslot*, is a well-wooded islet in the Issel, about a mile long, and half a mile wide; it lies a little below the spot where that river forms a junction with the Aa (Alpha), and is a couple of miles to the north of Duisburg, a town on the Issel, formerly fortified, but dismantled by Napoleon when he overran Holland. The locality has been described by a mediæval poet—one Hubert of Nymeguen.

Annatat antiquus Duisburgi mœnia fluctus
Isala[1] quem nitidis innatat Alpha[2] vadis
Fontem Westfalicis[3] educit tractibus Alpha
Jugera Velævi[4] divite radit aquâ
Cominus audenti *Kepelinum*[5] gurgite lambit
Mœnia *Duisburgi* cominus alta ferit
Hic novus et senior conjungunt Isala fauces
Junior et patulo digerit ore senem.

Duisburg deserves a passing notice. The name is a corruption of the words "Drusi," "burgus"—or Drusus town, so called as standing at the mouth of that canal, the Fossa Drusiana of Tacitus (*Ann.* ii. 16), by which Drusus, the Roman General, diverted some of the waters of the Rhine from their natural westerly course, and caused them to flow in a northerly direction, and

[1] The Issel. [2] The Aa. [3] Westphalia.
[4] The Veluwe. [5] Keppel Island

thereby procured for his countrymen access to the North Sea.

M. Nyhoff, who has written a treatise on the Lords and Lordship of Keppel,[1] is of opinion that upon Keppel Island was one of those fifty *castra* or entrenched camps which the Romans erected upon the banks of the Rhine and of its tributaries.

The conjecture is, I think, reasonable. So important an undertaking must have needed the personal superintendence of its projector, and some protection from the attacks of a warlike and hostile population, those "Batavi *truces*," nearly the only people whom the Romans could not bring entirely into subjection.

But the work begun by Drusus was completed by his son Germanicus. Hence it is just possible that Keppel Island may have been the head-quarters of one, if not two, Roman armies.

Of all the works of ancient Rome, there are probably few that have proved of such lasting usefulness as this Fossa Drusiana. When I first came in sight of the canal, a steamboat was paddling down stream on its way to Duisburg.

The first member of the family of whom we have any authentic record is Walter, Lord of Keppel, a knight who flourished in the twelfth century.

It appears that one Franco, a learned monk, owned a small plot of ground in the neighbourhood of

[1] NYHOFF'S "Heereen en Heerlykheden van Keppel," 1856.

Doetinchem, a town belonging to the said Walter. While debating to what use he should apply this possession, there appeared to him, in a dream, as he says, some one who, pointing to the 132nd Psalm, told him to build thereon a habitation to the Lord. In obedience to the vision he erected a wooden chapel [*ligneum sacellum*], which was dedicated to the Virgin and duly consecrated by Baldwin, Bishop of Utrecht. Shortly afterwards Franco caused it to be represented to the Pope that a second edifice, of more lasting material than wood, should be erected on the spot. His Holiness approved of the suggestion. The tiara was then worn by Alexander the Third, the avenger of Thomas à Becket's murder. Frederick the First, better known by his surname Barbarossa, himself the mightiest temporal prince in Europe, had just arrived from throwing himself at the feet of that haughty Prelate, and holding the bridle of his white palfrey. Acting upon a wish expressed by the Pontiff, the Emperor desired that the monk's suggestion should be carried out. Accordingly on Franco's plot of ground, Walter, Lord of Keppel, founded the monastery of Bethlehem, which was occupied by friars of the Augustine order. This religious house, nearly the oldest in Zutphen, was in after times richly endowed by the sovereigns and nobles of Guelderland.[1]

[1] SLIGHTENHORST, "Geschichte van Gelderland." PONTANI, "Historia Gelrensis."

The foundations of the monastery were laid in the year 1179, and the building must have been completed shortly before the setting forth of that crusade [1188], of which Barbarossa was the leader, and in which Philip Augustus of France and Richard Cœur de Lion of England bore such distinguished parts.

I have no proof to offer, but I am inclined to believe that this Walter accompanied his sovereign lord in that expedition. So pious a son of the Church, even if his "knight service" had not compelled him to do so, would hardly have absented himself from this "Holy War," and I can in no other way account for the well-known Crusader's device of the escallop shells, which, as the public documents of Guelderland fully show, the Keppels have borne on their escutcheon from the first establishment of heraldic distinctions in that country.

"The family of Keppel," says Edmondson, "is one of the oldest and most distinguished of the nobility of Guelderland; and the family castle is as considerable for its antiquity as for its great privileges."[1]

Of the privileges of the castle and of its reverses I would say a few words.

Two proclamations were issued by the Emperor Charles the Fourth, on the 14th of April, 1361. By the first, the village dependent upon the castle was raised to the dignity of a town (*oppidum*). By the

[1] EDMONDSON'S "Genealogy of the Keppel Family."

other, the newly-constituted town was entitled to hold weekly markets and an annual fair.

During the intestine wars of Guelderland, in the sixteenth century, the castle was twice burned down, once in 1509, and again in 1584. The more modern superstructure was, as is seen by the date on its walls, raised in 1613; but the apartments on the basement story occupied by the family of the present owner of the castle afford unmistakable evidence, by their groined ceilings, and other indications, that they formed part of the ancient building.

In the struggles of the Dutch against their Spanish oppressors, the castle became alternately the stronghold of the insurgents and of the troops of Philip the Second. When in 1672 Louis the Fourteenth invaded Holland, he held his Court in the castle of Keppel. It was here that His Most Christian Majesty received those overtures from the Dutch Commissioners that led to the assassination of the two de Witts.[1]

The castle continued in the male line for nearly two centuries. In 1330 the second Walter, Lord of Keppel, having no son, it descended to the husband of his daughter Beatrix—one Roderick, Lord of Voorst—a powerful robber knight of the period. The castle again passed in the female line to the van Asperens, in 1403, and in the same manner to the van Pallandts, with whom it now remains. The

[1] NYHOFF'S "Heereen en Heerlykheden van Keppel."

last-named family, when I last visited Holland, was represented by Baron Adolf van Pallandt,[1] of whose hospitalities to me, his kinsman, in the old family castle, I retain a grateful recollection.

The nature of the great privileges attached to the ownership of the castle of Keppel may be summed up in one word: it was an "*Allodium.*"[2] By virtue of this tenure the Lord of Keppel possessed unlimited sway over his subjects. In him centred the civil and criminal jurisdiction. He either dispensed justice in person or through a judge (*judex villicus*) of his own appointing. He issued proclamations, he made peace or war on his own account; he had the right to hunt deer or wild boar in the sovereign preserves of the Veluwe; had extensive fisheries in the Issel; allowed no corn in the district to be ground except at the castle water mill; levied a toll upon all merchandize passing over or under his bridge on its way to the market of Duisburg. He considered himself politically equal to the Count of Guelder. If he allowed him any social pre-eminence it was only as "*primus inter pares.*" Nor would he assist that prince in time of war unless admitted

[1] Baron Adolph died in 1874.

[2] *Allodium.* A possession held in absolute independence, without any acknowledgment of a lord paramount; it is opposed to *fee* or *feudum*, which intimates some kind of dependence. There are no allodial lands in England, all being held either mediately or immediately of the king.—JOHNSON'S *Dictionary.*

to a share in the administration of affairs in time of peace; thus acting upon the old feudal maxim—

„Wenn wir nicht mit Rathen,
Sollen wir nicht mit Thaten."

[1227.] In the family genealogy mention is made of Derek van Keppel, who, in 1227, was killed in the battle near Aue, between the Bishop of Utrecht and the Lord of Coerverden, and supposed to have been the brother of Walter van Keppel, Lord of Verwolde, from whom the English branch are lineally descended. The account of that action gives such a picture of "the times" of my early ancestors, that I give it a place in the family history.

In 1227, Otto van der Lippe, Bishop of Utrecht, having first consigned the care of his territorial possessions to Roderick, Lord of Coerverden, went to Palestine as a soldier of the Cross. On his return he found Roderick, his custodian, by no means disposed to restore to him the land which had been placed in his keeping. The Bishop, like his predecessors and successors in the see, was as much a soldier as a priest. He resolved to compel a restitution by force of arms, and summoned his friends to his assistance. Gerhard, Count of Guelder, among others, obeyed the call of his spiritual lord. Attended by his nobles, knights, and vassals, he ranged himself under the banner of the warlike prelate, who led the troops in

person. As his army approached the castle of Coerverden they found that every preparation had been made for its defence. Roderick, a strategist after a fashion, wishing to impress his assailants with the notion that he had a considerable body of cavalry at his disposal, collected within the walls of the castle a number of brood mares, which, being separated from their foals, kept up an incessant neighing during the night. The next morning, the Episcopalian troops perceived the enemy drawn up in order of battle before the castle, and at the edge of a morass; wearing no other defensive armour than a helmet and breastplate. The Bishop and his allies rushed impetuously to the attack, but being clad in heavy armour, and unacquainted with the passes of the bog, they stuck so fast in the mire that they tried to extricate themselves in vain. The rebels gained a complete and easy victory. The Count of Guelder was taken prisoner and confined for a whole year in the castle of Coerverden. Among the slain was, as has been already mentioned, Derek van Keppel.[1] A terrible fate awaited the Bishop. The captors of the prelate seem to have thought that his tonsure was inseparable from his sacred office, and that if this could be removed they might do with him as they listed, without

[1] "Inter quos numerantur." Here follows a list of the killed, in which occurs the name "Didericus de Keppel."—DUNBAR'S "Analecta," p. 229.

incurring the crime of sacrilege. Accordingly, they scalped him with their swords. The unfortunate prelate lingered six days after this barbarous treatment before death put an end to his sufferings. His body was thrown into the bog and trampled under foot by his conquerors. A quaint epitaph in Leonine verses[1] records his disaster and its date:

"Lippia me pavit. Trajectum pontificavit
Tandem sors nocuit, quia me Cœverdia stravit.
Annis bisdenis septenis mille ducentis
Ad vada vaccinâ patitur miseranda ruina
Bernard Tyronis in festo Pantaleonis."

The sequel remains to be told. Pope Gregory the Ninth, furious at the outrage offered to a dignitary of the Church, caused a crusade to be despatched against the Lord of Coerverden, who, as on the former occasion, was prepared to offer a formidable resistance. His enemies, however, unable to take him by force, held out to him the promise of a pardon. Inveigled by their assurances the Lord of Coerverden surrendered himself into their hands, and—faith was not to be kept with such a sacrilegious wretch—he was immediately broken on the wheel; and his body left there to rot, as that of a common malefactor.

[1329.] The seal of which a *facsimile* is given in

[1] *Leonine* verses, which are rhymed as well as accented, *e.g.*, the epitaph on St. Bæde, beginning, "Continet hœc fossa Bedæ venerabilis ossa."

the title-page, belonged to the second Walter, Lord of Keppel, great-grandson of the founder. In his right hand is a drawn sword chained to his waist, as is seen on the seals of Edward the Third of England, of whom he was a cotemporary. He bears on his shield three escallop shells, and the trappings of his horse are also covered with the same device. The seal bears round the rim the Roman capital letters

S(*igillum*) WOLTERI, D(*omini*) KEPPEL MILITIS.[1]

The deed to which this seal is attached bears date the Eve of our Lady, 1329, and surrenders to a religious brotherhood of Utrecht a church belonging to Walter van Keppel at Dremethe, in exchange for one at Hummel in the immediate neighbourhood of his castle. One copy of this seal is in the English Heralds' College; another in Butken's "Maison de Lynden." The historian of the Lynden family points to it as a "signe évident de l'éminente hauteur de ceste maison, puisque cela n'était permis qu'à de seigneurs qui alloyent à ésgale avec les comtes et seigneurs souverains."[2]

[1] The seal of Walter Lord of Keppel, Knight.

[2] BUTKEN'S "de Lynden," p. 361. Like the Sovereign Counts of Guelder, the issuer of the Proclamation, in speaking of himself, uses the plural number of the personal pronoun. "Wy, Wolter, Ridder, Heer van Keppel." "We, Walter, knight, Lord of Keppel."

This second Walter Van Keppel was a councillor of Reynald the First and Reynald the Second respectively Sovereigns of Guelder, at the end of the 13th and the beginning of the 14th centuries. Froissart tells us how the latter of these Counts having squandered his patrimony in shows and tournaments was advised by his uncle, the Archbishop of Cologne, to repair his fortunes by marrying a rich heiress. In accordance with this shrewd counsel Reynald espoused Sophia, daughter of Floris Van Berthout, of Malines, and was thereby enabled not only to pay his debts, but to buy considerable tracts of land. Not long after Sophia's death, which happened in 1329, he was enabled to aspire to the hand of no less a lady than that of Eleanor of England, sister of Edward the Third. The nuptials between Reynald and the Princess were celebrated in 1331. The seal of Theodoricus (Derek) de Keppel is attached with those of other "nobiles prouidos et discretos viros," to Eleanor's marriage settlements, and his name again appears as one of her Councillors after she became a widow. In 1339 Guelder was converted into a duchy, in compliance with the request of Edward the Third of England to Louis of Bavaria, Emperor of Germany. It was the smallest state in Europe that had ever risen to such a dignity. The advancement greatly altered the social relations of the nobles towards their sovereign. The possessors of allodial estates felt constrained to surrender them to the new Duke, and

to receive them back as fiefs. Although no longer equals, but vassals, they still showed a dogged determination to resist any encroachments on their privileges, and to claim as before a full share in the administration of public affairs.

In 1423, the ducal chair became vacant; there were several competitors. The nobles declared in favour of Arnold van Egmond; a worse choice they could hardly have made. In a tolerably long reign he managed to embroil himself with Emperor and Pope, with the neighbouring Princes, with his relations, including his wife and son, and with his own vassals. In 1436, Derek van Keppel, Lord of Verwolde (from whom the English branch of the family is lineally descended), was present at a general Convention of the nobles of Guelderland, held at Nymeguen. The object of this assembly was to intimate to Duke Arnold that unless he redressed the grievances of which they complained, they would cease to do him homage.

After more than twenty years' forbearance of Duke Arnold's misrule, the nobles took up arms against him, having for their leader his son Adolf, a youth of about twenty years of age. A little later we hear of young Adolf making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. On his way home he pays a visit to the court of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, where he is invested with the golden fleece, and by the aid of Philip's son, Count de Charolais (afterwards Charles the Bold), obtains the

hand of the Countess of Charolais' sister, Katherine of Bourbon. On his return to Guelder he seeks the forgiveness of his father. With a countenance expressive of the deepest remorse, he throws himself at the old man's feet and promises amendment. As an earnest of pardon the Duke agrees to pass the Christmas holidays with him at the Castle of Grave, where there is a great family gathering on the occasion of the marriage of his cousin, Frederick van Egmond, with Aleida van Kuilenburg. Adolf's uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess of Cleeves, are among the guests. The Duke Arnold is delighted with his son's reception of him. The winter (1464-5) has been a severe one; the moat is frozen over, the Duke wishes the ice to be broken as protection against a night attack, but his son persuades him to let it remain as it is—for his friends' amusement. The Duke, seated in an easy chair, is delighted to see the young people happy. His son Adolf is playing a game of chess with the bridegroom. Anon a noise is heard in the castle-yard—some young nobles it is said have come from Nymeguen, and wish for a ball in celebration of the nuptials. The Duke, whose dancing days are over, retires to rest. Suddenly he is awakened out of his sleep by a body of armed men entering his apartment; he thinks at first that the castle has been surprised, but is undeceived by the presence of his son, who says to him "Myn vader het moet nu zoo wesen, volg my." (Father, it must needs

be so now, follow me.) The armed men drag the Duke out of bed, and without giving him time even to put on his hose, they force him in that cold winter night to make a journey of four leagues on foot, and take him to the castle of Duren, where he is cast into a dungeon, into which the only gleam of light is through a small chink.[1]

In the November of that same year the imprisoned Duke is persuaded by his wife, Katherine of Cleeves, to sign and seal a deed of renunciation of his Duchy in favour of "their dearly beloved and only son, the Lord Adolf" (onzen lieuen gemynden Soin, heren Adolf).[2]

One of the earliest acts of the new Duke was to give six hundred Rhenish guldens as a marriage present to Henrick van Keppel, in acknowledgment of his long and faithful services.[3]

As was to be expected, Adolf's quondam guests at Grave—the Duke of Cleeves, the Egmonds, and Kuilenburgs—enter into an offensive and defensive alliance against their unnatural kinsman.

To strengthen himself from their attack Adolf seeks aid from his Zutphen vassals, and promises to indemnify Gysbert, Lord of Bronckhorst, Jacob, Lord of Hackfort, Walter van Keppel, Lord of Verwolde,

[1] PONT. "Hist. Gel." "Mémoires de Comines," l. iv. ch. 1.

[2] NYHOFF'S Proclamation, Nov. 1465.

[3] NYHOFF'S Proclamation, Sept. 1466.

and others for any losses they may sustain in his defence.[1]

This Walter van Keppel was the son and successor of Derek, who attended the Nymeguen Convention. Besides Verwolde he was also enfeoffed with the Lordships of Wesenburg and Dinghof. In a genealogy furnished me from Holland, I learn that "Il fut du nombre des huit personnes à qui le Duc Arnoud ne pardonna pas, mais se reserva de punir, 1472."

Arnold had languished in prison for nearly six years, when his son, partly at the request of the Pope, (Paul II.), and the agency of the Duke of Burgundy, set him free in February, 1471.

Shortly after Arnold's enlargement, he and his son appeared before Charles of Burgundy, who sat as arbiter between them. Philippe de Comines, who was present at several of these meetings, says he saw the old man throw down his gauntlet and challenge his son to mortal combat. Charles, who was disposed to favour Adolf his brother-in-law, decreed that he should be the governor of all Guelderland, with the exception of the Castle of Grave, which was to be the possession of his father, who was also to retain the title of Duke. Philippe de Comines brought the award to Adolf, who treated it with the greatest contempt. "Rather," said he,

[1] 'Nyhoff's Proclamation, 23rd of Aug. 1469.

"than consent to such a proposal, I would pitch my father headlong into a well and myself after him: he has been Duke four-and-forty years, it is my turn now. I will give him an annuity of 3000 golden crowns provided he never again sets foot in Guelderland." The words were scarcely uttered when the speaker became aware of their rashness. He sought safety in flight, assumed a disguise, was discovered, and by Charles's orders was cast into prison, where he remained for as long a term as that to which he had subjected his father.

The news of Adolf's arrest was received by the Gueldrians with great indignation. They instantly took up arms, declared anew their allegiance to their imprisoned sovereign, and entered into a solemn league of mutual assistance against all comers. In vain the Duke of Burgundy advised them to come to an understanding with Arnold; in vain the Pope (March, 1471,) implored them to return to their former allegiance; in vain Arnold in person visited Guelderland, and recalled his cession of the Duchy. Unable to regain the affections of his former subjects, Arnold pawned the Duchy to the Duke of Burgundy for 300,000 gulden, to be redeemable by his heirs, excepting only his son Adolf and his children. The concession was most agreeable to the Duke, for, as Philippe de Comines says, "il avait le cœur très élevé pour cette duché." In acknowledgment for the boon

Charles sent Arnold, as prisoners, eight persons to be dealt with according to his good pleasure (naar zyn goed dunken). The proclamation to this effect, dated 30th December, 1472, is given *in extenso* by Pontanus. In this list of eight is Walter van Keppel, Lord of Verwolde.

The Duke of Burgundy allowed Arnold to receive the revenues of his former principality for the remainder of his life. The ex-Duke's enjoyment of them was of short duration. He died on the 23rd of February following.

The imprisonment of their Duke in no way affected the loyalty of the Gueldrians towards him. They put at their head Count van Meurs, who engaged to preserve the sovereignty for the benefit of Adolf and his children. But the exertions of the Count could avail little against so powerful a Prince as Charles of Burgundy, who entered Guelderland at the head of a large army and compelled the inhabitants to submit to his rule. At the close of the year he assumed the titles of Duke of Guelder and Count of Zutphen.

While occupied in bringing the Gueldrians into subjection, Charles was called upon by Rupert of Bavaria, Archbishop of Cologne, to assist him in defending himself against his people who had risen in rebellion against him. Accordingly Duke Charles invested Nuis, a revolted town, which though small

in size, was strongly fortified, and a place of some importance, as standing at the mouth of the Düssel where that river unites with the Rhine.

Frederick, Emperor of Germany, alarmed at the ambitious designs of this powerful vassal, called upon Henry of Schwartzenburg, Bishop of Münster, to raise the siege.

With this same siege is connected an incident in the family history.

Herman van Keppel, who accompanied his brother Derek of Verwolde to the Convention of Nymeguen, in 1436, became by his marriage with an heiress, Lord of Wedderen. His son and successor, Gerhard, described in the Münster Annals as "*ex veteri et equestri Keppeliorum familiâ ortus,*" was Marshal (Marschalk) to the Duke of Cleeves.

By his wife, Hildegunda van Voetz, Gerhard had an only son, whom he named after the child's grandfather. This Hermannus de Keppel was, if his epitaph speak true, "*formâ, ætate, armis, adolescens egregius.*"

Imbued with the warlike spirit of the age, and eager to win his spurs, young Herman ranged himself under the banner of the Bishop of Münster, who, as has already been mentioned, was endeavouring to raise the siege of Nuis. A mutiny arising in the episcopal camp, Herman was slain. His father, heartbroken for the loss of an only child and

finding himself thus cut off from all hope of posterity, converted his castle of Wedderen into a monastery of Carthusian Friars, and took upon himself the vows of that austere order. Over the entrance of the cloister was hewn in stone the following inscription :—

"Sub Duce Burgundo quondam Mavortis alumno,
Extitit armigeris Nussia cincta viris.
Illic Hermannus Gerardo a Keppele natus,
Saucius interuit, spes patris una sui.
Post dedit hinc nobis Pater arcem Carthusianis
Tu procul hunc remove, Sancta Maria, malum."
Anno 1474.

Herman van Keppel lies buried in the Collegiate Church of Nuis; his father under the great altar of the monastery of which he was the founder.

The next year (1476) Charles of Burgundy, to whose epithet of "the Bold" was now added that of "the Terrible," set out upon that expedition against the Swiss from which he never returned. This was a humiliating period for the people of Guelderland. For nearly four centuries they had been governed by their own laws, they were now constrained to furnish their contingent to the forces of an alien despot. Each man-at-arms was to appear with a breastplate, helmet, gorget, sword, harquebuss, cross-bow, or pike, and to wear on his armour the badge of his subjection—the red lion of Burgundy.

From the time that Adolf of Guelder had so contemptuously neglected Charles's award between him and his father, he had been pent up in the castle of Koortrik, but as soon as the Flemings heard that their Duke had fallen on the bloody field of Nancy (Jan. 1476), they opened Adolf's prison doors, brought him in triumph to Charles's daughter, Mary of Burgundy, compelled their young mistress to receive him as a guest, and would fain have made her accept him as a husband.

With a view to justify his pretensions to the hand of the first heiress of Christendom, Adolf sought to do battle in her service, and endeavoured to retake from the French Doornek, a Burgundian town belonging to Mary of Burgundy that had been treacherously delivered over to Louis the Eleventh. His trusty vassals of Guelder and Zutphen, with no wish to aggrandize Burgundy but out of love for their liege lord, mustered their forces and had reached the Castle of Grave in the hope that he would go there and place himself at their head. Here they received news of his death. With a mere handful of men Adolf had proceeded towards Doornek. Perceiving that the French garrison were about to make a sortie, he posted himself at the entrance of a bridge to dispute their passage. One of his friends tried to withdraw him from the unequal fight; "Heaven forbid," he exclaimed, "that I should turn back

or give up my sword. 'To conquer or die' is my motto." A few minutes later he fell covered with wounds, with a broken lance in his hand, and the war-cry of "Gelre, Gelre," on his lips. Viewed by a modern standard, this Adolf would be looked upon as a monster in human shape. Here is a sketch of him by a contemporary:—

"Qu'en pourront dire les grands historiens et commentateurs des choses merveilleuses? Ils pourront dire: le Duc de Gueldres est mort. Mais qui est mort? Ung prince duc. Quel? Très noble, car du sang réal; très courtois, car il a employé son corps jusques à la mort pour soustenir la querelle de la fille de celui que le avoit desporté, et laquelle encore se escrissvait ducesse de son pays au jour de sa mort: très vaillant, car lui abattu à la terre, et non souccouru de ses gens, se deffendi de ung tronchon de lance tant qu'il fist esmerveillier les plus courageux de la compaigne; très mignot et très bel, car devant le jour de sa mort, plusieurs damoiselles et auttres voiand la beautté de son viaire, avec la fachon de son corps et le abournement de ses cheveulx passans les espaulles, douces comme soie, blonds et luisans comme or de Cipre, de la quele chose faire il avoit esté envieux, pleurirent sa mort, car nature a mis en feminin sexe cuer pitieux, delicieux, et vénin."[1]

[1] "Kervyn de Lettenhové," pp. 275-6.

According to Philippe de Comines, Mary of Burgundy rejoiced over the fate of the kinsman who had shed his blood in her cause.[1] Be that as it may, about seven weeks after his death she bestowed her hand on Maximilian Archduke of Austria. A contemporary, speaking of the wedding says: "Lendemain au matin fut amenée Madame nostre princesse, par deux chevaliers, ses sugets, et devant elle (qui portoyent les cierges) estoyent Min Joncker de Gueldres et Mademoiselle de Gueldres sa sœur, qui estoyent lors deux beaux jeunes enfans."[2]

This "Joncker de Gueldres" was Adolf's son and successor, Charles of Egmond; famous in after life for his undying hatred towards that house in the pageant of whose union he was now taking a part. He and his sister Philippa had been seized by Charles and kept prisoners by him as hostages for the good behaviour of their people.

In November of this year the States of Guelderland assembled at Nymeguen to request that Adolf's children should be restored to them. The Archduke's answer was peremptory refusal.

By an Imperial diet Guelderland was declared to be a fief escheated to the crown. Maximilian now proclaimed himself Duke of Guelder and Count of Zutphen, and in the following year his father

[1] "Mémoires de Comines," l. v. c. 17.

[2] "Mémoires d'Olivier de la Marche," vol. ii. ch. 9.

Frederick enfeoffed him with both possessions. The States of Guelderland, so far from being parties to the Imperial decree, took up arms in defence of young Charles, and selected for their Protector Henry of Schwartzenburg, Bishop of Münster, whom they agreed to recognize as their governor during the minority of their native sovereign.

On the 25th November they strove further to strengthen their cause by an alliance with Louis the Eleventh. By this treaty the French King promised to defend them from the House of Austria, to take the young Duke and his sister, and the people of Guelderland, under his protection, and to be a party to no peace until Charles and Philippa were restored to their inheritance.

In the list of the names of the parties to this treaty appear those of "Wolterus de Keppell dominus in Verwolde," and "Theodoricus de Keppell dominus in Ansem," while "Hermannus de Keppell" is named as one of the three Gueldrian plenipotentiaries—"*ambaciatores et unitores*"—who conducted the treaty.[1]

But the promised assistance of Louis could avail the Gueldrians but little against the force that was now brought to bear upon them. The whole land was overrun by the Imperial cavalry of Burgundy or mercenary foot-soldiers of Switzerland. The four

[1] NYOFF'S "Oorkonden." PONTANI, "Hist. Geld." 567-9.

provinces were brought into subjection. Zutphen was the last to yield. But no sooner were the foreign troops withdrawn from the province than the nobles and citizens, among others "Henricus de Keppel, —— de Keppel,[1] et plures alii militares," put forth a declaration that they had been compelled by dire necessity and from fear of the loss of life and property to take the oath of allegiance to Archduke Maximilian, but that such an oath was not to be considered as in any way derogating from or prejudicing the rights of Duke Charles and his sister.[2]

The young Duke in whose behalf the nobles and citizens put forth this spirited protest was at this time a state prisoner to Louis the Eleventh, in that same castle of Peronne in which His Most Christian Majesty had a few years before (1468) himself been confined. The French King, as if with a foreknowledge of the annoyance that Charles of Egmond would prove to the hated house of Burgundy, set him at liberty. In 1492 the young Prince entered Guelderland under a French escort, and was attended by several noblemen, amongst others by Robert de la

[1] Christian name illegible. NYHOFF suggests "Didericus."

[2] "Non. . . . aliquo modo derogare pro præsenti uel in futuro uel post preiudicare iuri naturalium dominorium ducatus Gelriæ et comitatus et Zutphanien videlicet ducis Karoli et sororis sue domicelle Philippe, prœlium felicis memorie domini ducis Odolphi." —NYHOFF'S "Oorkonden," dated 1st of August, 1481.

Mark, Lord of Sedan, nephew of the William de la Mark who figures in *Quentin Durward*, and who, inheriting his kinsman's ferocious nature, was also named the "wild boar of Ardennes."

Archduke Maximilian, who succeeded his father Frederick as Emperor of Germany, sent in 1505 an army into Guelderland to exact from it that obedience which he had failed to enforce when he himself was its titular lord. The Imperial troops were commanded by Philip, the Emperor's son by Mary of Burgundy, and husband of Joanna, Queen of Castile.

Charles, the native Duke of Guelder, relying upon the attachment of his people and on their hatred of a foreign yoke, prepared with characteristic spirit for the defence of his dominions. The three states of Arnheim, Tiel and Nymeguen were compelled to yield to superior numbers. As in the former war, Zutphen held out the longest. In his hour of need, the Duke received the support of Frederick van Voorst, Lord of Keppel, who, in the interest of the Duke of Cleeves, had been previously hostile to Charles's pretensions, but now placed his castle at his disposal. The example was followed by the other possessors of castles in the county. King Philip appeared before Duisberg, Lochem and Grol. The trade of these Zutphenian towns was in the hands of German merchants, who, thinking a King, and that King the son of an Emperor, more likely to

advance their interests than an outlawed Duke, opened their gates to him. This proceeding compelled the possessors of castles in the respective neighbourhoods of these towns to do likewise. Thus, Frederick, Lord of Bronckhorst, Frederick van Voorst, Lord of Keppel, and Derek van Keppel, Lord of Verwolde, had no alternative but to yield obedience to the conqueror.

Philip, now master of all Guelderland, proceeds to Roozendaal, the ancient residence of the Dukes of Guelder. Converting the ducal chair into a throne, and surrounded by the nobles of Germany, Holland, and Guelder, the King holds his court. Charles of Egmond, stripped alike of his possessions and titles, is brought a prisoner into his presence. Kneeling before the King, the deposed Prince attempts to justify his conduct by pleading his obligations to Louis the Twelfth of France, to whom he had done homage as his *suzerain*. With an ironical smile on his lips, Philip takes him by the hand, bids him rise, places him by his side, and engages to take him into his service at a fixed salary.[1]

It was on the 29th of July, 1505, that Charles of Egmond thus lay a suppliant at the feet of his conqueror. Most men would have sunk under such a weight of humiliation. Not so Charles: within a year he had won back a great portion of his dominions.

[1] PONTANUS, 631. SLIGHTENHORST, 322.

Towards the close of July 1506, he was once more master of the Zutphenian towns of Grol and Lochem, and of the castles of Bronckhorst, Verwolde and Keppel. Frederick of Voorst, to whom Keppel belonged, refused to do homage to Charles, whereupon his castle was seized and filled with Gueldrian troops. Frederick van Bronckhorst and Derek van Keppel returned to their obedience to their native sovereign, but they hardly fared better than their neighbour, for they likewise were compelled to place their castles, with all the munitions of war, at the Duke's disposal. The fate of my ancestor was a hard one; his castle of Verwolde, now become a frontier fortress, was in 1510 attacked by Floris van Egmond, Lord of Isselstein and Imperial Stadholder of Guelderland, and carried by storm on the 2nd of May, after a gallant defence of two days. It was then levelled to the ground, and the whole lordship of Verwolde given up to fire and sword.[1]

This is the last event of importance that befel any member of the English branch of the Keppels during the time that Guelderland was governed by dukes of its own.

When in 1543 all Guelderland passed definitively under the yoke of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, he formed it into a tetrarchy, and in three of

[1] NYHOFF'S "Oorkonden," VAN DEN BERG, v. i. p. 3, v. ii. p. 119.

the provinces made a further subdivision of four districts, but he divided Zutphen into five parts, the fifth being "Keppel," of which one of his officers, a Baron van Pallandt, was then the Lord.[1]

I care not to follow minutely the fortunes of my Gueldrian forefathers after their country had lost its autonomy. They appear henceforth to have been busied in marrying and giving in marriage, and in acquiring the grand *desideratum* of a Gueldrian noble, that of adding quarterings to their escutcheons. Twelfth in descent from our founder was Oswald van Keppel, Lord of the Voorst, and he had sixteen of these much coveted distinctions.

As Arnold, the son of this Oswald, was the first Keppel upon whom were conferred the rights and privileges of British citizenship, I now proceed to view the family under another phase.

[1] Keppelium denique dominium a Baronibus Vorstiis ad Palandos per conjugium derivatum sub se amplectitur.—PONTANI HIST.

THE KEPPELS OF ENGLAND.

At the age of thirteen (1685), Arnold Joost van Keppel succeeded his father in the Lordship of the Voorst, being then page of honour to William of Orange, Stadholder of the united provinces of the Netherlands. He was the youngest, liveliest, and handsomest of the Dutchmen who, three years later, landed with their illustrious countryman at Torbay on the memorable 5th of November, 1688. On the accession of William to the throne he employed Keppel chiefly as an amanuensis; but his charming disposition, added to his good looks and winning manners, so won the affections of his royal master, that he soon became the dispenser of his patronage, the depositary of his secrets, and his inseparable companion in peace or war. When he came of age, in 1695, he was raised to the peerage by the titles of Baron Ashford, Viscount Bury of St. Edmunds, and Earl of Albemarle. Three years later the King made him a grant of 100,000 acres of confiscated property in Ireland, which grant, however, the Commons of England very properly refused to

ratify. The following year His Majesty sent some of the first English artificers to Holland to beautify the house and grounds of his country seat. A few years ago I paid a visit to the Voorst, but it was sadly shorn of its beams. I looked in vain for the "avenues, terrace walks, fountains, cascades, canals," &c., of which I had read the description.[1] The former pleasure grounds were wholly occupied by a field of rye. The offices had disappeared, the house even was stripped of its wings, and the Albemarle arms on the pediment of the body of the building furnished the only memento of its former possessor.

In 1701 Lord Albemarle married a countrywoman of his own—Gertrude, daughter of Adam van der Duyn, Lord of St. Gravemoor, Governor of Bergen op Zoom, a major-general in the Dutch service, and Master of the Buckhounds to King William. This nobleman was a descendant of Alphert, the ninth Lord of Bredesden, who descended from Sigifried, son of Arnuff, Count of Holland, who died in 999.

In March, 1702, Albemarle, who had served under the king as a major-general in the British service, went to Holland to make the necessary arrangements for the ensuing campaign. While so engaged he received the intelligence of the dangerous illness

[1] "Description of the Loo and Holland," by W. HARRIS, M.D., Physician in Ordinary to William the Third, page 58.

of his royal patron and rushed home to his bedside.

"The King, meanwhile," says Macaulay, "was sinking fast. Albemarle had arrived at Kensington from the Hague, exhausted by rapid travelling. His master bade him go to rest for some hours and then summoned him to make his report. That report was in all respects satisfactory. The States-General were in the best temper; the troops, the provisions, and the magazines were in the best order. Everything was in readiness for an early campaign. William received the intelligence with the calmness of a man whose work was done. He was in no illusion as to his danger. 'I am fast drawing,' he said, 'to my end.' . . . . To Albemarle he gave the keys of his closet and of his private drawers. . . . . It was now between seven and eight in the morning. He closed his eyes and gasped for breath. The bishops knelt down and read the customary prayer. When it ended William was no more."

In a codicil to the King's will he bequeathed to Albemarle the Lordship of Breevorst and 200,000 guilders, of which latter portion of the legacy I shall presently have to speak.

At the time of William's death, Lord Albemarle was a major-general in the British service, Captain and Colonel of the First Troop of Guards, Master of the Robes of the King, Colonel-General of the Swiss

and Grisons in the service of the United Provinces of the Low Countries, and a Knight of the Garter.

On June 5, 1702, Lady Albemarle gave birth to a son, to whom the names of William Anne were given, the first after his father's late patron, the second after the Queen, who stood godmother to him in person.

Shortly after the birth of his son, Lord Albemarle retired to his native country and took his place as a member of the nobles in the assembly of the States-General.

The next year he was appointed a lieutenant-general of cavalry of the Dutch forces, and joined the army in the field on the 7th of August.

My ancestor made the acquaintance of the Duke of Marlborough some years before he served under him in the Spanish War of the Succession. "Marlborough," says Macaulay, "studiously ingratiated himself with Albemarle, by all the arts which a mind singularly observant and sagacious could learn from a long experience in courts." Self-interest doubtless first prompted the great captain to insinuate himself into the good graces of the young Dutch favourite, but between two men, both of singularly attractive manners and amiable dispositions, the intimacy thus formed soon ripened into friendship. Nor did the good understanding that subsisted between them suffer any disturbance from one great point of

dissimilarity in their characters—Albemarle was very prodigal in his mode of living; Marlborough erred in the opposite extreme. But the one was as ready to give, as the other to receive hospitality. Whenever the Duke's business required his presence at the Hague, he became the guest of his friend. In the spring of 1705 they were to have left England together for the seat of war, but Lord Albemarle being detained by a fit of the gout placed his house at the Hague at Marlborough's disposal. The two letters which follow are from one of Lord Albemarle's private secretaries.

M. DE LA CHARRAI TO ARNOLD, LORD ALBEMARLE.

"La Haye, *ce* 14 *Avril*, 1706.

"My Lord,—Le Duc de Marlborough est arrivé ici aujourd'hui à trois heures après midi. Il a diné chez M. Stanhope[1] et immédiatement après dîner, il a été en conférence avec les ministres de l'état. M. d'Obdam[2] l'attendait. Le Duc de Marlborough l'a pris dans son carosse avec lui; ils sont allés faire des visites ensemble apparemment. Le Duc ne vous

[1] Hon. Alexander Stanhope, Envoy Extraordinary from the Court of St. James's to the States-General; son of Philip, first Earl of Chesterfield, and father of James, Earl Stanhope.

[2] Governor of Bois-le-Duc, a distinguished general of the allied army.

fera pas de réponse ce soir, car je n'ai pu lui rendre la lettre que M. van Huls[1] m'a envoyé pour lui."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"LA HAYE, 17 *Avril*, 1705.

"MY LORD,—J'ai eu l'honneur de remettre au Duc de Marlborough la lettre qui m'a été addressée de votre part pour lui; je fus un quart d'heure seul avec lui; il me témoigna une grande satisfaction de l'amitié que vous lui temoigniz en le logeant chez vous. Vous avez apparemment vu de ses lettres par cet ordinaire, puis qu'il me fit l'honneur de me dire que le soir mesme de son arrivée qu'il vous aurait écrit s'il n'avait pas été si fatigué.

"M. Dopff[2] demeura chez lui jusqu'à dix heures du soir; il a vu plusieurs fois my lord Duc depuis. Il veut absolument le gouvernement de Maestricht; sans quoi il proteste toujours qu'il quittera; si celle-ci est sa resolution il est comme certain qu'il ne reussira pas."

[1] Lord Albemarle's private secretary residing at Whitehall.

[2] Lieutenant-General Dopff, one of the Duke of Marlborough's best cavalry officers. I have several of his letters to the first Lord Albemarle on the subject of the government of Maestricht. He and Lord Albemarle were appointed by the States-General to serve as lieutenant-generals of cavalry under Auverquerc in the campaign of 1705.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH TO ARNOLD, LORD ALBEMARLE.

"HAGUE, *April* 17, 1705.

"MY LORD,—I have received the honour of your Lordp. letter of the 10th instant, and am sorry to tell you I have had very little satisfaction from what Mons^r. Dopff brings me from Prince Lewis. Comte Lescherain[1] is gone this morning post to give him my thoughts at large, and to try whether he may not be brought over to take such measures as may be most for the publick good, so as to act with his troupes on the Moselle. I can resolve upon nothing til his return, which I expect in ten days.

"I have read to the Pensioner what your Lordp. writes to me about Mons^r. Shulten,[2] and find he seems to doubt whether he may succeed in his pretensions, but withal believes if he shou'd an expedient may be found to give you satisfaction.

"I am very much obliged to your Lordp. for my

[1] Comte de Lescheraine was employed by Marlborough on diplomatic missions. See the Duke's despatches *passim*.

[2] M. van Scholten, a Dutchman by birth, a lieutenant-general in the service of the king of Denmark. In a letter to that sovereign Marlborough (1704) speaks "particulièrement de la bonne condite de Monsieur le Duc de Wirtemberg et de Monsieur de Scholten, qui à leur ordinaire se sont comporté partout avec beaucoup de distinction."

kind reception here in your house, and shal upon all occasions endeavour to owne the obligation, being with much truth, &c.,

"MARLBOROUGH."

M. DE LA CHARRAI TO ARNOLD, LORD ALBEMARLE.

"*Ce 21 Avril.*

"MY LORD,—My lord Duc a eu la conférence cet après diner dans la grande antichambre de votre a partement. Elle a duré depuis quatre heures jusques à six et demy. Ce sont les operations de campagne principalement sur la Moselle, et ne sçais si en cette occasion il n'aura point parlé du bien du service de V. E., M. Frentsman, M. le Greffier Fagel, et le Secrétaire Slingeland[1] y estoyent. Je tâcherai de voir my lord Duc, pour lui demander s'il a quelque chose à faire sçavoir a V. E. mais il nest pas encore rentré au logis quoquil soit neuf heures du soir. Le bruit se répand que M. Dopff va servir sur la Moselle en qualité de Lieutenant-gen[l], sans cependant qu'on lui donne le gouvernement de Maestricht, sans mesme qu'on en lui fasse la promesse; jai toutes ces peines du monde à croire quil serve sans cela, il a fait là dessus de trop fortes protestations.

[1] Lieutenant-General d'Obdam; the name of this officer occurs frequently in the Marlborough Despatches.

"M. d'Obdam est dans une agitation qui (on) ne comprend pas, mais il na pas fait grand progrès depuis l'arrivé de my lord Duc; on conjecture que le Duc ne s'en soucie pas; cependent il y a des gens qui travaillent pour lui, et qu'esperent qu'on l'envoyera servir dès que les armées seront en campagne.

"My lord Duc a ordonné aux troupes Anglaises d'être prêtes a marcher dans huit jours à peu près, le tems quil demeurera ici; il n'ira pas à Breda y faire la revue comme on la croyait. . . . . Il est dix heures sonnées. My lord qui de M. Stanhope est allé chez M. Schnettare ne rentre à peine."

In a letter dated 24th of April, M. de la Charrai writes:—

"Il (Duke of Marlborough) trouve ici plus de difficultes qu'il n'aurait cru. Il est mesme un peu embarassé sur la Moselle le bruit vint hier matin que les ennemis campent actuellement soubs le Maréchal de Villar entré la Saar et le Moselle et qu'ils y sont forts de quarante mille hommes, d'abord tous les généraux furent en mouvement, on les appela au Conseil d'état et hier il y eut conseil de Guerre chez my lord Duc et outre cela conférence à neuf heures du soir aussi chez luy avec les Deputés de l'etat tous les généraux vont partir. M. d'Auverquerque compte de partir mercredi prochain au plus tard. My lord Duc partira incessament apres: les bagages et son equipage partira Lundy prochain."

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH TO THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

"*May* 4.

"My Lord,—I am to thank you for the favour of yours of 28th of the last month, by which I was in hopes you might have come by the convoye that brought my brother[1] into the Meuse yesterday, and then I should have had the happiness of seeing you before I left the Hague, which I did this morning.

"After a good deal of struggle, I think almost everybody are convinced that all the English should go to the Moselle. However, to please Monsr. D'Auverkerk I consented they should all march to Maestricht, and have assured him as well as the other generals that if they can propose any way for the forcing of the lyns (lines) or any other excursion that may be done by my staying five or six days with the English I shall be very glad to concure with them, but hitherto I do not see that they think anything can be done, so that I reckon upon the English beginning their march from Maestricht on the $\frac{3}{14}$th of this month. I shal at the same time leave them and go to Coblance, wher after having given the necessary

[1] General Charles Churchill, the Duke's younger brother, made Governor of Kinsale by William III. Was present at the battles of Steinkirk, Landen, and Blenheim.

orders for making the artillery as well of the Germain Princes as that of Holland to advance to Treves I shall go on to Prince Lewis in hopes we may agree on the methode for opening this campagne, I hope to be at Treves on the 24th and the English will be there the 28th, after which time I shall begine to act if it be possible to bring the Germains so early in the Saar. I do not doubt but Lt. General Dopff has acquainted you with what I wish, and the method I intend to take is that a detachment may follow me about the end of this month with which I flatter myself with the happyness of your company."

Prince Louis, Margrave of Baden, to whom the Duke here alludes, was a brave and distinguished officer; he had served under the famous Imperial General Montecuculi, and is said to have taken part in twenty-six campaigns, twenty-five sieges, and thirteen battles. In the earlier period of the War of the Spanish Succession he did good service, but at the date of Marlborough's letter to Albemarle he seems to have tried to obstruct rather than promote the interests of the Allies, assigning illness as the reason for his tardy appearance in the field. This conduct was attributed to jealousy of his great coadjutor and to the fear that any achievement of his would only tend to increase the renown of the hero of Blenheim.

When in the neighbourhood of Treves this same year (1705), Marlborough was compelled to retreat before

Marshal Villars, in consequence of Prince Louis not bringing up his troops in time. The Duke wrote to the French Marshal as he was moving off the ground, "Do me the justice to believe that my defeat is entirely owing to the failure of the Prince of Baden; but that my esteem for you is still greater than my resentment of his conduct."

I have already spoken of 200,000 guilders which William III. bequeathed to Lord Albemarle. It was the only property he left away from the Prince of Nassau-Friedland, whom he made his heir. The Prince dying soon after the King, it devolved upon his widow to carry out the provisions of the will, but this was a duty which her Highness showed no disposition to discharge; on the contrary, she resorted to every species of chicanery to evade the payment. Among a mass of correspondence in my possession on the subject, I select a paragraph from a letter of the Duke of Marlborough to Arnold, Lord Albemarle. "I have spoken to the Pensioner concerning your business with the Princess of Nassau, and he assures me that he is in good hopes that as soon as you shal come to the Hague that matter may be settled, for that the greatest difficulty is the term of yeares for the paying of itt; I wish with all my heart it may be as he thinkes, but Her temper is such that nobody can be sure of quietness til they have nothing to do with Her. My humble service, pray, to Lady

Albemarle, and believe me that I am with much truth, &c., MARLBOROUGH."

This great captain's published despatches show that the King of Prussia was another of the Princess's creditors, and that she attempted to treat his Majesty as she had treated Albemarle, but that he threatened to make the furnishing of his contingent of troops dependent upon the Princess's liquidation of her debt to him. The whole matter was placed in Lord Albemarle's hands—with what result I have no evidence to show.

One of Lord Albemarle's most intimate friends was Henry of Nassau, better known to history by his title of Auverquerc (or Overkirk). The acquaintance of these two Dutchmen may probably be dated from the time that they were members of the household of William of Orange before he became king, the one as captain of his body-guard, the other as his page. Auverquerc's father was a natural son of William's grandfather, Maurice the Stadholder. He attended his kinsman through all his campaigns. At the battle of St. Denis in 1678 he shot a French dragoon just as he was in the act of cutting down the Prince. For this service the States-General awarded him a sword of great value. When William ascended the throne of England he appointed Henry van Nassau his master of the horse, and gave him the lordship of Auverquerc. At the death of the king,

Auverquerc, like Albemarle, returned to his native country. He was now promoted to the rank of field-marshal, and assigned the chief command of the Dutch forces, a post which he held till he died of fatigue and old age at the siege of Lille in 1708. The history of the War of the Succession best attests his merits as a general, and Marlborough's despatches show in what estimation he was held by that consummate commander. For his services in that war he was raised to the peerage by the titles of Earl of Grantham and Viscount Boston, but he never appears to have assumed his British honours.

FIELD-MARSHAL AUVERQUERC TO ARNOLD, LORD ALBEMARLE.

"A LA HAYE, *ce* 21 *Avril.*

"MONSIEUR,—Jugeant bien que vous ne resterez pas long temps après que vous aurez fini vos affaires, à venir ici, je ne vous ai pas fait sçavoir comme aux autres Généraux l'intention de l'Estat pour que vous vous trouviez le quinze de ce mois à Maestricht ou à Liège. Jai appris avec bien de déplaisir que vous avez esté incommodé.[1] La malheureuse chute du pauvre Milord Buurri[2] m'a beaucoup affligé ; je serais

[1] Lord Albemarle had been suffering from an attack of gout.

[2] William Anne, Viscount Bury, at this time three years old, succeeded his father in 1718.

ravi d'apprendre que cela n'aura pas de mauvaise suite; je vous prie de le vouloir bien embrasser pour moi, et Madame la Comtesse de l'assurer de mes tres humbles respects.

"Je suis, MONSIEUR,

"Vostre tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur,

"AUVERQUERC."

"Milord Buurri," as the gallant veteran calls my great-grandfather, received no permanent injury from his fall. Not many months after, as I find by a Dutch letter in my possession, a formal application was made to Queen Anne to give her godson a captaincy in the army. One of the pleas urged in favour of this appointment was that the father of the boy was "boezem vriend" [bosom friend] of the Duke of Marlborough, and in the Duke's published despatches will be found a lengthened apology to Lord Albemarle for not complying with the request. Parliament, it seems, had begun to question the propriety of placing military commissions in babies' hands. So the young Dutchman was obliged to wait a few years before he was permitted to jump over the heads of all the subalterns in the British army.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*Ce* 1 *May.*

"Vous voulez bien, Monsieur, que ie me donne l'honneur de vous assurer par celle-ci de mes très humbles services, et que ie vous dise en mesme temps que dans ce moment ie pars pour assembler l'armée de la Meuse, laquelle sera fort mediocre touchant la force et que i'aurais affaire à Monsieur l'Electeur de Bavière qui a encor dans les Pays-bas cent bataillons et nonante escadrons. I'espère que i'aurai bientost l'honneur de vous embrasser. Ie vous prie d'assurer Madame la Comtesse d'Albemarle de mes très humbles respects, et d'embrasser le petit de ma part. Ie suis très parfaitement, &c.,

"AUVERQUERC."

Lord Albemarle returned to Holland soon after the departure of the Duke. On the 11th of June he joined the army under Marshal Auverquerc, who, the following month, arrived just too late to share with Marlborough in the honour of forcing the French lines at Terlemont. "I had no troops with me in this last action," writes Marlborough to his wife, "but such as were with me last year; for Mr. Overkirk's army did not come till an hour after all was over."

[1706] In 1706 Albemarle was present at the Battle of Ramillies.

On the 11th of July, 1708, at Oudenarde, he had a horse shot under him at the siege of Lisle.

[1709.] On the surrender of Tournay to the Allies in 1709, Lord Albemarle entered the town at the head of twelve thousand men, and was that same evening appointed Governor—a post which he held till the town was ceded to Austria by the Treaty of Utrecht.

[1710.] The first event of the campaign of the year 1710 was the attack made by Lord Albemarle, on the 14th of April, on Mortaigne, a castle seated on the confluence of the Schelde and Scarp. The French garrison made some resistance, but was obliged to surrender as prisoners of war. "This was of some importance to the Allies as well as a good omen of their fortune for the remainder of the campaign."[1]

In the September of the same year the Duke despatched Lord Albemarle with forty squadrons, and the Prince of Anhalt with a like number of battalions, to invest Aire, a town of Artois, situate on the river Lys, surrounded by a marsh on three sides, and only approachable on the fourth. The siege was long and bloody. Rain fell in torrents during the whole month of October. The Marquis de Gobriant, the

[1] Eugene and Marlborough's Battles.'

commander of the citadel, turned the sluices upon the assailants. Still Marlborough considered himself bound, for the credit of the army, to continue the siege. "Take it we must," he writes to Godolphin, "for we cannot draw the guns from the batteries. But God knows when we shall have it, for night and day our poor men are up to their knees in mud and water." On the 10th of November M. de Gobriant surrendered to the allied forces. The conquest was achieved at the loss of seven thousand men killed or wounded, and almost double that number by disease. To the Council of State Marlborough writes on the 8th of November, "Je vous félicite de tout mon cœur de cette heureuse fin de la campagne."

[1711.] On the 30th of April, 1711, Marlborough joined the confederate forces between Lisle and Douay. The Duke's army was formed into two lines, the one commanded by himself, the other by Lord Albemarle. In this second line were the generals M. Fagel and the Prince of Anhalt, nine lieutenant and twenty-eight major-generals, fifty battalions, and sixty-three squadrons. The principal event of this campaign was the reduction of Bouchain. Lord Albemarle was not present at the siege, his *corps d'armée* being principally occupied in observing the movements of the French in the vicinity of Valenciennes.

In July of this year Lady Albemarle gave birth to a daughter in the Government House at Tournay.

The little lady grew up to be a very pretty woman, if the picture I have of her, by Allan Ramsay, does no greatly flatter her. She married Captain, afterwards General Thomas, one of her father's aides-de-camp. Walpole makes frequent mention of her in his memoirs. Marlborough writes on the 8th of July, from the camp at Lens, "Mr. Fink [1] left us yesterday, so that I conclude the little one was made a Christian to-day. Pray repeat my compliments to Lady Albemarle. I hope soon to hear she is well up again. Your lordship need be under no concern to leave her, for you may depend upon my giving you timely notice to come to the army when there may be occasion."

While the works and breaches of Bouchain were repairing, the Duke wrote to Prince Eugene, "J'ai oublié dans ma derniére de ce mois de marquer à V. A. que javais persuadé à My Lord Albemarle de faire un tour à la Haye pour tâcher de faire gouter au Conseil d'Etat notre premier projet, et de représenter à ces Messieurs que la raison de guerre demande plus que jamais qu'on s'y conforme . . ."

The "premier projet" here mentioned was to obtain the assistance of the Council of State in laying siege to Quesnoy, the reduction of which town would have entirely broken down the French defences and have protected all the new conquests of the allies.

[1] A general in the Dutch army.

But their high mightinesses refused to furnish the necessary supplies.

In answer to Lord Albemarle's announcement of the ill success of his mission, the Duke writes on the 28th September :—

"J'ai reçu ce matin l'honneur de votre lettre du 25 de ce mois, laquelle à la vérité m'a tellement surpris, et me touche si sensiblement que je ne sais ce que vous repondre. J'étais si fortement persuadé que ce projet etait le seul moyen de réduire les ennemis à la raison, et les obliger à songer, cet hiver mesme, à la paix, que j'ai été etonné qu'on y a pu hésiter un seul moment. . . . Enfin je ne puis que plaindre notre malheureux sort, et je ne saurais finir sans prédire que nous en repentirons indubitablement quand il sera trop tard. . . . C'est une réflexion qui m'est si sensible que je ne puis rien dire davantage ; ce me sera pourtant une petite consolation que je n'aurai rien à me reprocher. Vous y avez aussi fait votre part, et je dois vous remercier des peines que vous avez bien voulu prendre."

Although the States refused to enter upon any new operations at this advanced period of the year, they consented to allow their troops to be quartered in the frontier towns, as well to hinder the enemy from throwing up new lines as to enable their own army to assemble early in the following spring. Having seen his troops established for the winter, Marlborough

quitted them on the 27th of October, and was entertained the same day at Tournay by the Earl of Albemarle.[1] It proved to be the end of that great captain's military career. After remaining six days with his friend the Duke set out on his journey homewards.

In the published Despatches there are several letters from the Duke to Lord Albemarle, written soon after his arrival in England.

One, dated 28th December, refers to Lord Albemarle having advanced to repel the enemy, who had threatened the frontier.

"I have received the honour of your lordship's letter of the 20th instant. We had before an account of the precipitate retreat of the enemy, which everybody allows is owing chiefly to your Lordship's great care and diligence in drawing the troops together and marching to oppose their designs. The whole I think must turn to their confusion, besides the great loss and damage sustained by assembling so great a body of men at this season of the year. . . . "

[1712] Upon the recommendation of the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Albemarle was appointed to the chief command of the Dutch forces.

"It was with great satisfaction," writes Marlborough, March 4th, 1712, "that I had the honour

[1] Mil. Hist. ii. 165.

of your lordship's letter of the 21st ult., by Colonel Oughton, for none rejoice more than I shall do at everything that may contribute to your advantage. I presume this will meet you at the Hague, and hope you will be so kind as to let me have the pleasure of hearing from you sometimes in my retirement how matters go on on your side, but when you have no other conveyance than the ordinary post, I must caution you to write nothing but what may be seen. An account of yours and Lady Albemarle's good health will be always most welcome, for I am sure I can never enough acknowledge the many obligations I owe you both, and only wish it may be in my power to show how sensible I am of them, for none can be with greater sincerity," &c.

An unusual degree of alacrity was shown by the States-General for an early opening to the campaign of 1712. Arras was fixed upon as the point of attack. It was the last of a line of fortresses that remained to France to arrest the progress of an invading army. Two years before Marlborough had intended to lay siege to the place. "Our project," he writes to Godolphin, June 2, 1710, "was to have attacked Arras as soon as the siege of Douai was over, but the French having drawn together many more troops than we could have imagined, which gives them certainly a great superiority as to numbers, which will make

another siege impossible till we have obliged them to send some of their troops into garrison, or decided the fate of Europe by a battle."

On the 1st of March Lord Albemarle, the new Commander-in-Chief of the Dutch army, having previously fixed upon a place of meeting for the garrisons of Lisle, Bethune and Tournay, marched out of the town of Douai at the head of the garrison with two thousand workmen, under the command of Major-General Ivoy. He had with him Lieutenant-Generals Hompesch and Cadogan. At four in the afternoon he arrived at the plain of Arras with thirty-six battalions. The workmen soon raised batteries of heavy cannon, mortars, and howitzers. There fell at this time so thick a fog that the place was invested before the besieged were aware of the existence of an enemy. Several sorties were made by the garrison; some were successful, but they were finally repulsed. The bombardment began at five in the evening and continued till the following morning at daybreak. At eleven at night on the third of March, the town and citadel caught fire and were reduced to a heap of ashes. The magazines of wood shared the same fate, "a more frightful scene of destruction was scarcely ever beheld. About an hour before (March 4th) the day broke, the Earl of Albemarle drew off his artillery and his troops and retired in triumph to Douai, having executed

with the greatest *éclat* the enterprise he had undertaken."[1]

The Duke of Ormond, who succeeded Marlborough as Captain-General of the British forces in the Netherlands, assured the States on his arrival that he had orders to act vigorously in the prosecution of the war. At that very moment he had in his pocket a letter from Secretary St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, ordering him not to hazard a battle.

The contents of this order St. John communicated to Torcy, the French minister, through a priest of the name of Gaultier. "When I asked him," said Gaultier in his despatch, "what Marshal Villars was to do in case Prince Eugene or the Dutch attacked him, he replied there was only one thing to do—to fall upon him and cut him to pieces, him and his whole army." The hint was not lost on the French commander.

Having brought the confederate forces into the midst of their enemies, Ormond withdrew the British from the field, and declared an armistice by the sound of trumpet. He called upon the contingents in the pay of England to follow his example. Prussia, Denmark, Saxony, and Hanover, refused to share in this infamous abandonment of the alliance, and threw in their lot with the army of the Empire and the States.

[1] Mil. Hist. ii. 177.

After the departure of the British the Prince laid siege to Landrecy, the last of the barrier fortresses on the road to Paris.

Lord Albemarle was posted at Denain, a village with an abbey seated on the Schelde, between Valenciennes and Bouchain. For the security of his position he threw up a double line of entrenchments, extending from the plain of Denain to the Abbey of Beaurepaire. Through these lines the convoys passed from Marchiennes to Denain, and thence to the army before Landrecy.

The only means of communication between Denain and the grand army was a single pontoon bridge. There had been other pontoons, but Prince Eugene, under the impression that Landrecy would be the point of attack, had sent them to assist in the investment of that place.

Albemarle had borrowed some pontoons from Ormond, but the Duke, the day on which he declared the armistice, insisted upon their being returned, "nor could all the earl, the prince, or the States-General say prevail with him to leave them but for eight days."[1]

Looking to the base part which Ormond allowed himself to play in the transactions of this period, and to the now notorious fact that he was at this

[1] Rapin's "Hist. of England."

time in correspondence with Villars, is it too uncharitable to suppose that the withdrawal of the pontoons was a preconcerted scheme between the English captain-general and the French field-marshal?

Fully alive to the importance of a readier means of communication with the grand army than a single bridge, Albemarle employed all the carpenters of the force under his command in the construction of a new one, and sent six hundred men in search of timber necessary for the purpose. This bridge would have been finished in a day or two at most if the position had not been attacked in the meanwhile.

Lord Albemarle's force consisted of ten battalions and twenty-three squadrons. They were posted along the entrenchment from left to right. The artillery was placed in a park in rear of the camp.

On the 19th of July the French army crossed the Schelde above and below Cambray under the command of Marshal Villars, who gave out that he was resolved to fight.

All the movements of the French general for the four following days were executed with a view to make Eugene believe that his design was to raise the siege of Landrecy, whereas his real object was to attack Albemarle in his entrenched camp at Denain.

The first intelligence that Prince Eugene received of this design was at seven o'clock in the morning of the 24th. Lord Albemarle was apprised half an hour

later by the field officer of the day, who, on visiting the camp, perceived the French troops in motion in the direction of Avesnes. He now posted his battalions along retrenchments under the command of Lieutenant-General Count de Dohna and other general officers.

Eugene visited the post in person, approved the disposition of the infantry, and ordered the cavalry to recross the Schelde, thinking their presence would be more likely to prove an obstruction than a benefit. The execution of this seemingly necessary order was attend in the sequel by the most disastrous consequences.

The Prince, observing that the force under Albemarle left a great part of the entrenchments unguarded, ordered six Imperial and Palatine battalions to take ground on the right under the command of Lieutenant-General Secquin and Major-Generals the Prince of Holstein and Zobel.

The enemy were at this time in order of battle. Thirty battalions, eighty companies of grenadiers, all the piquets of the army, and the dragoons dismounted, advanced to the attack, supported by two other columns of like dimensions. They were received by a fierce cannonade from the six pieces in the centre of the camp. The enemy returned the fire from an eminence over against the entrenchment.

Prince Eugene, who was in a redoubt on the other side of the river, desired Albemarle to defend himself as long as possible, and assured him he would support him with the whole of his infantry.

Lord Albemarle, perceiving that the enemy intended to direct their principal effort against his centre, ordered Count de Dohna to attack them in flank. The order was obeyed without the desired effect. At about one o'clock the enemy began the attack. The first place which felt the fury of their arms was a redoubt in which the regiment of Welderen was posted. That regiment kept up a fire against the assailants, who, however, drove them to the retrenchment, the parapet of which fell in, and the enemy entered with fixed bayonets. The retrenchment was forced on that side: the Dutch troops threw down their arms, flying with precipitation, some to the pontoon, others to a water-mill.

Albemarle now attempted to throw some regiments into the houses and abbey on the right of Denain. As some of the troops were in tolerable order, he placed himself at their head, and rushed forward, in the belief that he was followed, but, turning his head, he found himself at the feet of the French general's horse. That officer shall tell his own story:—

"J'entrai dans le retranchement à la tête des troupes, et je n'avais pas fait vingt pas, que le Duc d'Albemarle, et six ou sept Lieutenant-Généraux de

l'Empereur se trouvèrent aux pieds de mon cheval, Je les priai d'excuser si les affaires présentes ne me permettaint pas toute la politesse que je leur devais ; mais la première était de pourvoir à la sûreté de leurs personnes."

While this disaster was enacting on the left bank of the Schelde, Prince Eugene had brought up fourteen battalions to Albemarle's assistance to the very brink on the opposite side, but they could not pass, because the only bridge, crowded with horse and baggage, had unhappily broken with all upon it. "Military men," says Bishop Burnet, "assured me that if it had not been for that misfortune, Villars' attempt might have turned fatally on himself and to the ruin of his whole army."[1]

As might have been expected, severe reflections were made on Lord Albemarle for the loss of the battle ; but the States having appointed some deputies of their own to examine his reasons, "it was resolved not only to declare that the Earl had behaved with prudence and bravery in that action, but also to return him thanks for his conduct."[2]

At the same time Prince Eugene wrote as follows to one of the ministers :—"I am surprised and troubled to hear of the injustice done to my Lord Albemarle. He performed all that a courageous, prudent, and

[1] Burnet's Hist., vol. ii., p. 610.

[2] Rapin's "Hist. of England," v., p. 285.

vigilant general could do, and had all the troups done their duty the affair would not have gone off as it did."

The French have made the most of their victory. On the Paris and Valenciennes road, where it abuts on that to Denain, is a pyramid, on the base of which are Voltaire's lines:—

> "Regardez dans Denain l'audacieux Villars
> Disputant le tonnerre à l'aigle des Césars."

Upon this trophy the descendant of the defeated general would make one remark. If—as Marlborough at Blenheim, at Oudenarde, or Ramillies—Villars had gained a victory over an enemy of superior force, he might have had good reason to be proud of his achievement, but such an hypothesis could not apply here. Albemarle's whole force consisted only of sixteen battalions and six guns; that of Villars of one hundred and thirty-three battalions and two hundred and fifty dismounted squadrons which acted as infantry, together with a proportionate quantity of artillery.

The November following, Prince Eugene passed the greater part of the winter with Lord Albemarle at the Hague.

On the death of Queen Anne, Lord Albemarle was sent by the States-General to congratulate her successor on his accession to the English throne, and the new monarch, and his son the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards George the Second, passed the first night of

their journey to England with Lord Albemarle, at his house at the Voorst. In 1717 he was nominated by the nobles of Holland to compliment Peter the Great on his arrival in that country, and attended him to Amsterdam—that city which his Imperial Majesty first entered as a journeyman carpenter. Lord Albemarle died the following year.

[1718] When I had last occasion to speak of William Anne, the first Lord Albemarle's son and successor, he was three years and a-half old, and had been just refused a company in a marching regiment. However he had not very long to wait for his promotion, for at the age of fifteen he was appointed to a company in the First Regiment of Foot Guards, which gave him the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army, a grade which his biographer and the present bearer of his title did not reach until he was on the wrong side of forty.

On the revival of the Order of the Bath, George the First appointed him one of the thirty-seven knights, to which number that institution was then restricted; he placed him as a Lord of the Bedchamber in the household of the Prince of Wales, and appointed him one of his own aides-de-camp.

At the age of twenty-one Lord Albemarle married Lady Anne Lenox, daughter of Charles, first Duke of Richmond, by Anne his wife, daughter of Francis, Lord Brudenell, and became the father of fifteen

children. In 1733 he was constituted Captain and Colonel of the troop of Horse Guards. Four years later he obtained the lucrative sinecure of Governor of Virginia, and became major-general in 1741. In the preceding year died Charles the Sixth, last male Emperor of the House of Hapsburg. By his will, the famous Pragmatic Sanction, he declared his daughter the sole possessor of his titles and estates. Every reader of history knows how her claim to the imperial throne was resisted by France, Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria; how she threw herself on the protection of her Hungarian subjects, and how they made their patriotic but ungrammatical declaration, "Moriamur pro nostro rege, Mariâ Theresiâ!" The enthusiasm of her subjects for this beautiful young Princess was shared by the people of England, who, in a fit of chivalry, sent an army to defend her cause.

In 1742 the "Pragmatic Army," as it styled itself, set out from England under the command of the Earl of Stair, and was afterwards reinforced by a body of troops under Major-General the Earl of Albemarle. But little was done in that campaign.

In the spring of 1743, Lord Stair advanced as far as Hoechst, a village within four miles of Frankfort-on-the-Main. In attempting to cross the river he was repulsed with loss. After this mishap, George the Second resolved to command his army in person. The King took with him to the seat of war, his son

William, Duke of Cumberland, then a youth of twenty-two; and his Royal Highness was attended by Lord Albemarle's eldest son, George, Viscount Bury, in the capacity of aide-de-camp—the Duke's junior by three years.

On the 19th of June the King joined the allied army, consisting of Austrians, Hanoverians, and English at Asschaffenburg, a town on the right bank of the Main. On the same day Marshal the Duc de Noailles, Commander-in-Chief of the French army, formed his troops in order of battle, facing the allies on the opposite side of the river. In order to prevent his adversaries from crossing the Main, he made himself master of the fords above and below the confederate position. Another part of his tactics was to starve them out of Asschaffenburg, and to force them to fight him on ground of his own choosing. With this view, he sent out strong detachments which cut off their supplies, intercepted their provision boats, and burnt those carrying forage. This part of the scheme had the desired effect. After tattoo on the evening of the 26th, George the Second ordered the tents to be struck and the troops to remain under arms, till daybreak, when they were to march in two columns in the direction of Hanau, where they would find supplies and reinforcements.

Noailles was informed by some deserters soon after midnight, of the intended movements of the allies

In anticipation of their line of march, he had erected six batteries on the left bank of the river.

At Seligenstadt, a short distance below Dettingen the French commander threw over the Main two pontoons, and was thus in military parlance *à cheval* on the river. By means of these bridges the French marshal took over with him to the right bank unperceived by the allies, 30,000 chosen troops, which he placed under the immediate command of his nephew, the Duc de Grammont, and selected a position above Dettingen. After giving his kinsman strict injunctions to receive and not to give battle, he returned to the left bank to watch the movements of his adversaries, and placed himself under the cover of his batteries.

On the morning of the 26th, the British army proceeded on their march. Immediately on their evacuation of Asschaffenburg, 13,000 French troops took possession of the town and its surrounding heights. George the Second set out in a carriage, but had not gone far when he was told that the French were in force and in a strong position on the right bank. He accordingly mounted his horse to ascertain the truth of the report.

As soon as the leading column of the allies had reached Kleinostheim, the first French battery opened fire, the noise of the guns caused the King's horse to take fright, and it would soon have carried its royal

burden into the enemies' outposts, if its bridle had not been seized by an equerry. His Majesty now descended from his unmanageable steed, and continued the rest of the day on foot.

The position of the French army was admirably chosen: between it and the allies lay a dangerous morass, a swampy rivulet, a narrow defile, and the village of Dettingen, about which had been thrown up redoubts and other field works: its left flank was protected by a range of hills, its right covered by a battery on the opposite bank of the river. The whole force was drawn up in two lines.

Between the base of the Spessart range of hills and the river opposite Dettingen there are scarcely 1,200 paces of level ground. Within this narrow compass the confederates were forced to arrange their order of battle. The infantry were formed in four lines, and in rear of each line cavalry were posted. The first line of horse was led by General Honeywood, Lieut.-Generals Campbell, Ligonier, Baron de Cenvrières and Major-General the Earl of Albemarle.[1]

It was observed that George the Second wore on the occasion the yellow sash of Hanover. His Majesty took up a position on a rising ground of the Sternberg on the right wing of the allied army. The spot is still shown where he stood. It was here

[1] "Life of H.R.H. William, Duke of Cumberland," p. 64.

that, according to Frederick the Great, the King was to be seen with his sword drawn, resting on his left leg, and in the attitude of a fencing master. The Duke of Cumberland was posted on the left flank of the front line.

Noailles's plan, which called forth the admiration of Frederick the Great, was to allow a portion of the allied forces to cross the defile, and to bring them under such a murderous cross fire as would compel them to surrender at discretion. He further hoped, by means of his cavalry, to cut them off from the remainder of the allied army, who would be attacked by the French troops from Asschaffenburg in their rear, by the six batteries along the river on their left flank, and by the 30,000 men in their front.

This skilful strategy was rendered abortive by the Duc de Grammont, a hot-headed youth, who, eager for the fray, and relying upon the mettle of the French household troops, disobeyed his uncle's orders, left his vantage ground, crossed the defile, left behind him morass, rivulet, and intrenchments, and rushed impetuously to the attack.

To make amends in some degree for the folly of which he had been guilty, Grammont, at the head of the household cavalry, attacked some English battalions with such intrepidity that he compelled them to give ground, and forced his way through the

first line of the confederates, but unable to penetrate further into the solid phalanx, was repulsed with loss. In the course of the day he made two such attempts, and with a like result. As soon as the French commander perceived the blunder his nephew had committed, he hastened across the river in the hope to avert some of its evil consequences, but he seemed fated to be the victim of the insubordination of his lieutenants.

The Duc d'Harcourt, a young man of the Grammont stamp, conceived the design of turning the flank of the Pragmatic army, of thereby bringing the victory to the standard of his sovereign, and of obtaining for himself a marshal's *bâton*.

Taking with him a brigade of French foot guards of which he had the command, he issued from Dettingen, marched up stream, and took up a position in front of the French battery on the left bank of the river, which was immediately silenced by his presence, it having up to that time made dreadful havoc in the ranks of the allies. Some Austrian, English, and Hanoverian battalions, under the command of the Imperial General, Marshal Salm, now came to the rescue of their threatened left wing.

The French Commander-in-Chief had given strict orders to his infantry to wait for the first fire of the enemy, and then to rush in upon them bayonet in

hand.[1] The corps de garde seem to have obeyed the former part of the order so well as to incapacitate themselves for performing the latter part; for the first fire of the allied infantry proved to be so thoroughly effective, that, instead of using the bayonet, the French guards thought only of flight. First they tried to regain the village of Dettingen, but finding the passage barred, they rushed into the river as the only shelter from the pitiless storm of iron that showered upon them—a proceeding which obtained for their corps the nickname of "Les Canards du Maine."

Many were drowned in the attempt to cross the river, and those who reached the opposite bank spread dismay into the other regiments. In this disastrous affair the French Guards lost two hundred and five killed, and two hundred and four wounded—amongst whom was their leader, the Duc d'Harcourt.[2]

While the allies were employed in repelling the attack made on their left flank, the English cavalry, of which Lord Albemarle's brigade formed part of the first line, were ordered to the front. They had been exposed for several hours "to the most severe

[1] "Noailles hatte wohl ſeinem Fußvolke den Befehl gegeben, da erſte Feuer des Feindes abzuwarten, und dann mit dem Bayonette auf denſelben loszugehen."—Archiv des hiſtoriſchen Vereins von Unterfranken und Aſſchaffenburg.—S. 3.

[2] Oeſterreich-Militäriſche Zeitſchrift. Jahrgang 1830. Heft 10. Seite 17, 18.

cannonade that ever was known,"[1] and now found themselves engaged with the French Cuirassiers de la Garde, a body of men composed for the most part of Irish gentlemen's sons. They charged with such impetuosity as to cause a general wavering in the ranks of their adversaries, who, when they beheld the disaster that had befallen Harcourt's brigade, lost all presence of mind, fled in the utmost confusion, and even threw away their cuirasses that they might run the faster.[2]

The panic soon spread over the whole of the French right wing: the left wing, with which was the Duc de Noailles, remained for a short time firm, and it was thought that he would try to carry out his original design of disputing the passage of the defile, but his troops were too dispirited to offer any effectual resistance. The allies crossed unopposed, and victory declared in their favour.

The loss of the French has been computed at six thousand men; that of the allies at half that number.

Lord Albemarle, who is reported to "have behaved with great gallantry in the action," was honourably mentioned in the despatches. "The horse," writes Walpole, "were pursuing when the letters came away, so there is no certain account of the slaughter. Lord Albemarle had his horse shot under him; in short, the

[1] "Life of Cumberland."

[2] M. M. Clarke's Geschichtskunde von der Regierung Friederich's des Großen. 1 B. S. 109.

victory was complete. . . . Oh! in my hurry I forgot the place—you must talk of the Battle of Dettingen."

George the Second was highly delighted, as well he might be, to escape out of the *cul de sac* of the morning, and allowed his attendants to stick a sprig of laurel in his hat.

The winners and losers of the fight had each their jokes on its unexpected issue. The confederate generals were seen drinking the health of the Duc de Grammont, through whose manœuvres their army had been saved from destruction, and before Noailles's dwelling was suspended a sword with the inscription, "Thou shalt do no murder."

The youthful Duke of Cumberland, attended by his still more youthful aide-de-camp, behaved with the hereditary gallantry of his race. He was to be seen throughout the day wherever by his words or presence he could encourage the troops to do battle at such tremendous odds. He rode a beautiful Turkish horse, which was killed under him, having four balls in its body. "His Royal Highness, the Duke," writes Lord Carteret, "commanding with great bravery at his post of major-general, received a musket-ball which went through his leg." This wound, from his gross habit of body, occasioned him much torture at different periods of his life.

When taken to the surgeons, the Duke insisted upon giving the precedence to Count de Fénelon, a young

French officer who had been sabred by some Grenadiers. "Begin," said His Royal Highness, "with the wound of the French officer; he is more dangerously hurt than I am, and stands more in need of assistance."[1]

Smollett places Lord Albemarle and General Huske among the wounded; this was true only of the latter. John Huske, who commanded a brigade of infantry, received a shot through the heel which broke the bone. On the cover of Lord Bury's autograph orderly-book of this campaign, I find the following verses —probably the first and last inspiration of his muse:

"Go on, brave Huske, and tread the paths of glory,
A fate like thine we read in Grecia's story;
Old Homer's hero, most renowned in war,
Except in heel, was proof to every scar;
Immortal honour shall attend his deeds,
Who bravely fights, and like Achilles bleeds."

[1745.] On the 25th of April Marshal Saxe, at the head of an army of eighty thousand, invested Tournay. A force, consisting of British, Hanoverian, and Dutch, was despatched to raise the siege. Of that force the Duke of Cumberland was appointed to the chief command. "Poor boy," writes Walpole, "they call him 'generalissimo'; he is Brunswickly happy with his drums and trumpets." From my

[1] "Life of Cumberland," p. 75.

grandfather's orderly-book of this campaign, I find the following list of his Royal Highness's personal staff, Captain Napier, Viscount Bury, Captain Honourable Joseph Yorke, Lord Ancram, and Lieutenant-Colonel Conway.

On the 9th of May the Duke first came in sight of the enemy. They had crossed the river Schelde, at the side opposite Tournay. The right wing of the French army rested, one flank on the river and the village of Antoin, and the other on that of Fontenoy. The centre extended from Fontenoy to the Bois de Barri. Its front line composed exclusively of household troops under the Duc de Biron, comprised the Brigade du Roi, the Regiment d'Aubeterre, four battalions of foot guards, two of Swiss guards. The left was composed of several brigades, the most distinguished of which was the Franco-Irish, consisting of the regiments Lally, Dillon, Berwick, Ruth, and Buckley, and commanded by Lord Clare. One formidable redoubt was erected in front of the village of Antoin, another at Fontenoy, and two more at the extremity of the Barri wood. These were connected for the most part by field works, and mounted altogether one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery.[1] Louis XV. and the Dauphin, who had arrived on the evening of the 9th of May, occupied a tent near the wind-

[1] "Mémoires de Richelieu."

mill. Two pontoon bridges were thrown across the river—the one for the King and his household, the other for the troops.

On the morning of the 11th, Cumberland ranged his troops in order of battle; the Dutch, under the Prince of Waldeck, in front of the village of Piéronne, extended almost opposite Fontenoy and formed the left. The Hanoverians, commanded by Major-General Zastrow, the centre, and the British the right of the allied army. The operations of the British infantry were placed under the direction of Lieutenant-General Sir John Ligonier.

To Lord Albemarle was assigned the command of the brigade of Guards and seven other infantry regiments. His division formed the first line of the allied army. The engagement began at five in the morning. At about nine it was arranged that the Dutch should break the French line between Antoin and Fontenoy, but they suffered so severely from the artillery and musketry of the enemy, that after two attempts they retired out of the range of fire, and "remained," says Richelieu, "for the rest of the day '*paisibles spectateurs du combat,*'" so at this early period of the day the confederates, already inferior in number to the enemy, had to fight the battle *minus* their left wing. The redoubts at the extremity of the Barri wood giving great annoyance to the English front line, General Ingoldsby was despatched with a brigade of

infantry and a few squadrons to take them; but by some fatality he failed in the attempt.

The Duke now determined to force the French centre. Lord Albemarle, whose division led the attack, posted himself with the colours of the Third Guards. The column advanced through an aperture about 600 yards broad, between the Fontenoy and Barri redoubts. Marshal Saxe had neglected to throw up any earth-works here, thinking that no troops would face the murderous fire to which such an atempt would expose them. Regardless, however, of the storm of musketry and artillery that assailed both their flanks, the confederates succeeded in passing through the hollow way and dragging with them six field-pieces—a movement which they effected with as much order and regularity as upon an ordinary field day. James, Earl of Crawford, who commanded the cavalry, an old campaigner, said it "was the noblest sight he ever beheld."

The barrier passed, the English and French brigades of Guards found themselves confronted with each other at a distance of thirty yards. A pause ensued of sufficient duration to enable Lord Charles Hay to make some chaffing observations to Count d'Aubeterre, and to bring to the front the Duc de Biron, General of the French Household Division, and holding a corresponding rank to that of Lord Albemarle. Then is said to have occurred that strange colloquy between

the English and French commanders. Lord Albemarle, taking off his hat, calls out, "*Messieurs les Gardes Françaises, tirez,*" whereupon the French General, not to be outdone in politeness, answers, "*Messieurs les Gardes Anglaises, tirez-vous les premiers; nous riposterons.*"

Although I hold the story to be a myth, I am inclined to believe that it arose from the practice then prevalent in the French army of receiving the enemy's fire before they fired themselves. Now I have already shown that the Duc de Noailles gave such an order to the infantry at Dettingen, and I find that later in the day, at Fontenoy, the Franco-Irish Brigade "marched up to the British line *without firing.*"[1] Hence I infer that the Duc de Brion, in conformity with military precedent, gave like instructions to his men—not, however, with either the knowledge or approval of the Commander-in-Chief, Marshal de Saxe, who, in his memoirs, has entered a strong protest against the then prevailing custom.[2]

This invitation to the first fire has been attributed to others than Lord Albemarle, but it is hardly necessary to observe that no officer of inferior rank would have ventured to enter upon such a dialogue in

1 "Life of Cumberland," p. 223.

2 "Mémoires de Saxe," t. v., p. 299.

the immediate presence of the French and English generals of division.

From whatever cause, whether according to tradition of the "*courtoisie intempestive*" or not, certain it is that the first volley of the Guards and the six field-pieces killed eighteen officers and placed *hors de combat* six hundred of the French Guards, nearly annihilated another regiment, beat down the front French line, and caused them to retire in confusion upon their left wing.

Among the victims to this first fire was the young Duc de Grammont, whose rashness led to the defeat of his countrymen at Dettingen.

As the column proceeded it halted at intervals, and facing outward thus formed three sides of a square. Several volleys were discharged, which, together with the field-pieces charged with grape, did terrible execution on the enemy. A French writer has compared the appearance of the confederate column in that position to a hydra-headed monster belching fire and dealing destruction to all around.[1]

The French King watched the progress of the battle from a wind-mill, and was hence nicknamed 'Louis du Moulin." At the first appearance of the confederates within the entrenchments he left his mill and tried personally to rally his troops. To some he cried,

[1] DU MORTUIS, "Conquêtes de Louis XV."

"Allons! courage, mes enfans; je vais me mettre à votre tête." Over others he flourished his whip and called them miserable wretches for letting their comrades be slaughtered without flying to their rescue; but as the hostile column approached the tents of his army his nerve seems to have utterly failed him. Here is the account of an eye-witness:—

"Les ennemis avancoient toujours, et étaient presque maîtres du champ de bataille. Le roi, suant à grosses gouttes, et tout consterné, ainsi que Monseigneur le dauphin, dit dans cette circonstance, '*Qu'on fasse avancer ma maison.*'"[1]

Louis, who twice early in the day had been advised by the French marshal to leave the field, was now strongly urged by his courtiers to recross the river by the bridge that had been provided for him, and he was more than half inclined to act upon the suggestion. If he had done so his panic-stricken army would have undoubtedly attempted to follow him, and the two pontoon bridges being unable to support so large a force in all the confusion of flight, would have afforded the assailants an easy victory. Thus, Maurice de Saxe, one of the first generals of his day, was within an ace of experiencing the fate which befell my ancestor at Denain, without Lord Albemarle's excuse of having

[1] Marshal de Saxe's valet, see "Mémoires de Richelieu," tome vii. p. 143.

been overpowered by numbers. The French marshal, however, reached his master just in time to avert the catastrophe. "What blockhead," bluntly asked de Saxe of the King, "gave that advice to your Majesty? I should have been of the same opinion before the action: now it is too late." The Anglo-Hanoverian column now thought that they had gained the day. A change of position became expedient. Exposure for three hours to a heavy fire had so jammed the column together that the movement became necessarily a slow one. Marshal Saxe skilfully took advantage of the delay. Seizing some field-pieces which had been reserved for the protection of the King's person, he pointed them diagonally at the angles of the confederate square. At the same time he ordered the troops released from the Fontenoy redoubts to attack its left face, and the Franco-Irish Brigade under Lord Clare its right, while the Duc de Richelieu at the head of the cavalry of the "Maison du Roi" was directed to charge it in the front. In the official list of the wounded, Lord Albemarle is reported as "rode over and bruised." It was probably in this same charge that he received a severe contusion on the breast.

While Lord Albemarle was thus occupied with the British infantry, his son and heir was in close attendance upon the youthful generalissimo, who, says one of his staff, "was the whole day in the thickest of the

fire."[1] Another of his aides-de-camp, Colonel, afterwards Field-Marshal, Conway, writes to the younger Horace Walpole—"As to the behaviour of the Duke, of which I was witness the whole time, I can say I never saw more coolness nor greater intrepidity, exposing himself wherever the fire was hottest, and flying wherever he saw our troops fail, to lead them himself and to encourage them by his example. His horse received three wounds and he one spent ball on his wrist, which only made a slight bruise and did him no hurt. Of us, poor Ancram and Lord Cathcart[2] are both wounded, but they are in a very good way. For myself, the balls had the same complaisance for me as for the Duke; one only hit my leg after all its force was gone, and my horse, which I rid all day, received only a slight wound in the leg. Poor Berkeley is killed, which I lament excessively."[3]

To the sketch of this memorable battle I have little more to add. Exposed to this "triple ouragan" of horse, foot, and artillery on its front and flanks, cut off from reinforcements to recruit its decimated ranks, with no cavalry at hand to keep up the panic which

[1] Captain the Honourable Joseph Yorke in a letter to Horace Walpole the elder.

[2] Lord Cathcart and Lord Ancram, aides-de-camp to H.R.H. the Duke.

[3] Captain Berkeley of the 1st Regiment of Guards, a nephew of Lady Betty Germaine and cousin of Earl Berkeley.

their presence within the enemy's lines inspired, deprived of all hope of assistance from their Dutch allies, the confederates had no alternative but to retreat, and they succeeded in regaining the ground they had occupied in the morning.

In the *London Gazette*, 11th of May, 1745, the officer in the immediate command of the infantry, and the leaders of the Hanoverian and British columns of attack are thus mentioned:—

"The honour gained by the infantry was in a great measure owing to the conduct and bravery of Lieutenant-General Ligonier and Major-General Zastrow, and Lord Albemarle did all that could be expected from brave and experienced officers."

The conduct of the Brigade of Guards was deservedly eulogized in the public despatches; but there were two line regiments which should not be passed over in silence: one of them was the 42nd Highlanders, or famous "Black Watch." In the "History of the Scottish Regiments" they are stated, I believe incorrectly, to have been brigaded with the Guards; but they formed together with the Guards part of Lord Albemarle's division, respecting which division the same history says, "It so distinguished itself by its matchless valour that Marshal Saxe said of it, 'These furies rushed in upon us with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest.'" I would also say a few words in behalf of another

regiment that served under Albemarle at Fontenoy—the 23rd, or Royal Welsh Fusileers. It had behaved with great gallantry at Dettingen, where its colonel fell fighting at its head; at Fontenoy its loss exceeded that of any other regiment engaged—nineteen officers and two hundred rank and file were placed *hors de combat*. Seventy years after Fontenoy I had the honour of being brigaded with this same regiment on the slopes of Waterloo.

Sir Archibald Alison, enumerating the series of land defeats which the French had sustained from English troops, says, "Since the battle of Hastings, Tenchebray, Cressy, Poictiers, Agincourt, Verneuil, Crevont, Blenheim, Oudenarde, Ramillies, Malplaquet, Minden, Dettingen, Quebec, Egypt, Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Orthes, Waterloo, were gained by English soldiers. Even at Fontenoy, the greatest victory over England of which France can boast since Hastings, every regiment in the French army was, on their own admission, routed by the terrible English column, and victory was snatched from its grasp solely by want of support on the part of the Dutch and Austrians."[1]

The advance of the Confederates at Fontenoy is still pointed out by military men as illustrating the power of a column. Napoleon compared the early

[1] Alison's Marlborough, ii. pp. 434, 435.

operations of the Austrians at Marengo to those of the English at Fontenoy. There are certainly some points of resemblance between the two actions. In both the French were nearly sustaining an ignominious defeat. Neither at Fontenoy nor Marengo did the strategical arrangements of the French armies reflect much credit on either their Saxon or Corsican commander.

But there were also points of dissimilarity. The defeated Austrians at Marengo were put wholly to the rout. The defeated English at Fontenoy effected an orderly retreat and nearly annihilated two regiments of cavalry that tried to stay their progress."[1]

As soon as the news of the battle reached England, the Duke of Newcastle wrote to Lord Albemarle as follows :—

"NEWCASTLE HOUSE, *May* 10, 1745.

"MY DEAR LORD,—Nothing has been so great a comfort to me under the loss of so many brave and honest men as the good news that you and dear Bury was safe. I could not avoid letting you know it, and also expressing my great satisfaction to see you so greatly and honourably distinguished by His Royal Highness in the relation of the action which I shall take care shall be printed in the *Gazette* to-morrow.

[1] The regiment of Noailles was almost destroyed, and the Carabineers had thirty-two officers killed.—"Life of Cumberland," p. 226.

I suffer much for the loss of my poor friend, Colonel Carpenter.[1] It is a most terrible one to me. I have known him to be the best friend and honestest man that ever was. If there were any particular circumstances attending his case, I wish you would let me know them. My love to Bury,

"Ever y^rs.,

"HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

"Lady Alb^le. is pure well."

WILLIAM ANNE, LORD ALBEMARLE TO THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

"*August* 11, 1745.

"MY LORD DUKE,—I fear your Grace is angry with me. I deserve it to a degree, for I own I ought to have answered your letter sooner, but y^e hopes we lived in for some time to be able to write good news to our friends and protectours in England has occasioned my silence. This has not been particular to me, for I share this way of thinking with most of my brother officers. But now, my Lord, that all these hopes are vanished (at least for some time), and that we have nothing left but to make a good defence behind the canal in case we should be

[1] Colonel Robert Carpenter, of the 3rd Regiment of Guards, related to Lord Carpenter, left a wife and seven children.

attacked,[1] allow me to lay myself at your feet, and to assure that, whether a good or bad scribe, I shall always be y^r respectfull humble servant, never forgetting my obligations to your Grace and Mr. Pelham. To take up your time in presuming to acquaint you with y^e situation of our army, and y^e ground we are encamped upon to defend the passage would be wrong, knowing that you have a very regular and ample correspondence with our Chief. I will therefore only answer a question made by you in your letter relating to poor Bob. That brave man behaved with all the bravery and coolness imaginable during our long and tedious cannonading, and was killed close by me at about one o'clock by the firing of small arms. As he commanded y^e Brigade of Foot Guards, under me, we were close afoot together till y^e time of his death. He mentioned more than once to me that he thought it would please you to know that he and I had attacked y^e enemy at the head of the same regiment. Douglass[2] was killed a little before him, standing then between us. Haldane,[3] who carried the colours, was dangerously wounded, so that of five officers belonging to one platoon, only Ensign Prideaux and myself

[1] The allies had at this time retired upon the canal between Brussels and Antwerp.

[2] Lieut-Col. Hon. —— Douglass, 3rd Regiment of Guards, brother of Earl of Morton.

[3] Ensign Haldane, 3rd Regiment of Guards.

escaped. I will say no more on this subject, for it must renew in your Grace as it do's in me the sincere grief for the loss of so many worthy and honest men, and shall confine myself to acknowledge my fresh obligations to you and My Lady Dutchess for your late goodness to Lady Albemarle, in allowing her to pay her respects to you at Clermont, which she is as sensible of as

"Your Grace's most obedient humble servant,

"ALBEMARLE."

Upon the recommendation of Lord Albemarle, Capt^n. the Honb^le. Joseph Yorke was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. His father, Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, thus writes in acknowledgment of the favour shown him:—

"PARIS HOUSE, *June* 28, 1754.

"MY LORD,—I have received a letter from my son so full of acknowledgment of your Lordship's great civility and goodness to him in the affair of his late promotion, that I cannot excuse myself from owing you the trouble of my sincere thanks on this occasion; your Lordship will do me the justice to believe that the partiality of a father makes me consider this as a peculiar obligation upon myself, and that I shall rejoice in any opportunity of giving proofs of the grateful sense I retain of it. As the boy is now under

your Lordship's command, I hope and trust that his behaviour will be such as will give you no reason to repent of the honour you have done him, and your Lordship may be assured that the stronger grounds he gives you to be satisfied with him, the more I shall be so.

"The only news the last letters from you brought us is that you have changed your camp. I heartily wish that your situation in general were so too. Equality of numbers we don't think you quite want; for we are convinced that the superior goodness and bravery of the officers and troops will make up for a great deal. But so great an inferiority we cannot but lament, and wish it were in our power here to remedy. We have done all we can, and we flatter ourselves with uncommon despatch. God grant you some happy and successful event.

"It gave me much concern to hear the danger your Lordship was in, and the hurt you suffered in the late battle, and I do as much rejoice in your safety and recovery. I heartily wish you as much personal honour, less danger, and more success in some more fortunate day.

"I am, with respect and truly, your Lordship's, &c.,

"HARDWICKE."

For his conduct at Fontenoy, Lord Albemarle was raised to the rank of lieutenant-general, and

appointed to the colonelcy of the Coldstream Guards.

The town and citadel of Tournay surrendered to the French on the 19th of June. Ghent, Bruges, Oudenarde, Dendermond fell into the hands of the enemy. Ostend was next invested. Lord Albemarle was sent to its assistance, but did not arrive in time. It opened its gates to the besiegers on the 23rd of August.

[1745.] Towards the autumn, the British troops who had fought at Fontenoy were called upon to fight a foe nearer home. Prince Charles Edward, James the Second's grandson, landed in Scotland, and with his "seven trusty men of Moidart," came to claim the kingdom of his ancestors, caused his father to be proclaimed, and crossed the Border to England. Nearly the whole of the infantry were re-called from the Low Countries, and a large portion of them, comprising among others, the brigade of Guards, returned home under the command of Lord Albemarle. He arrived with them in the Thames on the 4th of November, and towards the end of the month joined the head quarters of the Royal Army at Lichfield. The young Pretender, in the meanwhile, had taken possession of the castle at Carlisle, and had penetrated as far as Lancaster. The excitement produced amongst the Staffordshire Squires at finding a friendly army quartered in their parks, and a hostile and victorious enemy on the borders of their county, may be gathered

from the letters which follow.[1] The writer was Thomas Anson, of Shugburgh Park, Staffordshire, addressing his brother, Commodore, afterwards Lord Anson, who had not long returned from his celebrated voyage round the world, having had for his first lieutenant, Lord Albemarle's second son Augustus, afterwards Viscount Keppel, and first Lord of the Admiralty :—

"*November* 25, 1745.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Marshal Wade's retiring, and the rebels continuing their march with such rapidity has struck a general terror. They were at Lancaster on Friday, which is the last I heard of them, and they seem to make their point directly at our gentlemen about Lichfield, who take it intended for them. I was yesterday to wait on the Duke of Richmond,[2] where I met with our old friends, Skelton,[3] Price,[4] and Ellison.[5] I made them from my heart an offer of anything I was capable of accommodating them in.

[1] Earl of Lichfield's MSS.

[2] Charles, second Duke of Richmond, Lady Albemarle's brother, a Knight of the Garter, a Lord of the Bedchamber and a lieut.-general. He was present at the battle of Dettingen, and was second in command of Sir John Ligonier's Staffordshire army.

[3] Henry Skelton, one of Ligonier's major-generals, Colonel of the 12th Foot.

[4] John Price, a brigadier-general in the same army, Colonel of the 14th Foot.

[5] Colonel Cuthbert Ellison, a lieutenant-general in 1759.

They were entirely communicative, and without reserve; so that I was master of the *carte du pays*. If they are well commanded, and have time to *rendez-vous* and come at the rebels, I doubt not but that they will give a good account of them; if not, the Lord have mercy upon this poor country! I shall send my sisters away to-morrow night or next morning by easy stages, the Oxford road, by Henley and Stafford, which is the safest route, and they may perhaps halt a day or two when out of the reach of the disturbance. I look upon Oxford at all times and events to be the safest and most sacred of all places—an easy distance from London, &c. I shall continue hovering about my own fields as long as I can without falling into ill hands, which I shall endeavour to guard against.

"We are, ever most tenderly and affectionately yours,

"THOMAS ANSON."

On the 28th of November, the Duke of Cumberland, attended by Lord Bury and the other aides-de-camp who had formed his personal staff at the battle of Fontenoy, arrived at Lichfield, and superseded Ligonier in the command of the Staffordshire army. Horace Walpole, writing at the period of his Royal Highness's departure from London, says: "The great dependence is upon the Duke; the soldiers adore him, and with reason, for he has a lion's courage, vast

vigilance, and, I am told, great military genius. For my own particular, I am uneasy that he is gone; Lord Bury and Mr. Conway, two of his aides-de-camp, and brave as he, are gone with him. The ill behaviour of the soldiers lays a double objection on the officers to set them examples of running on danger."

At Lichfield the Duke of Cumberland was joined by Lord Albemarle, who brought with him three battalions of Guards. On the 1st of December, His Royal Highness marched with the whole body of his forces to Stone, a town seven miles south of Macclesfield, in expectation of meeting the Pretender on his way to Congleton, but receiving intelligence that the rebels were advancing to Derby, he returned to Lichfield, and had intended to march towards Northampton, and intercept them in their march to London.

THOMAS ANSON, ESQ., TO COMMODORE ANSON.

"*December* 2.

"I suppose nothing of consequence has happened in town these two posts, or I should have had the pleasure of hearing from you. Anything particular, now, is extremely agreeable, as I don't find there is any punctual correspondence settled; and the Duke was saying yesterday, that since he left London, nobody writes to him. I passed all that day at Lichfield, where I found myself in the midst of my acquaintance,

particularly the aides-de-camp. Everybody in spirits and jollity, impatient for action, and no fear but that the rebels might slip into Derbyshire, Wales, or return by the way they came. The last account of them was that the main body of them was at Manchester,[1] and parties at Knutsford. They do not, by all accounts, exceed 7,000, and whatever has joined them, can make no addition to their strength. The last battalion of Guards got into Lichfield at three yesterday, and Lord Albemarle came in the moment we sat down to dinner. I left them about eight o'clock, and the Duke proposed to be at Stafford to-day, and the three battalions of Guards were to march thither this morning. About eleven o'clock this morning, Sir W. Bagot[2] and Sir Philip Musgrave[3] called upon me in a violent hurry to let me know that the artillery which halted at Rugely and was gone to Stafford, had passed through Heywood for Stone; and the Duke and the Duke of Richmond had taken the same route,[4] which was true, but they added that the occasion was an

[1] All the Pretender's army were at Manchester on the 29th and halted there the 30th November.

[2] Sir William Bagot, created Baron Bagot in 1780.

[3] Sir Philip Musgrave, Bart, M.P. for Westmoreland.

[4] "The Duke of Cumberland had marched from Stafford to Stone; so that the rebels, in turning off from Ashby to Derby, had gained a march between him and London. Had Charles proceeded in his career with that expedition which he had hitherto used, he might have made himself master of the metropolis, where he would have

express received, that the rebels from a misinformation of their strength, taking them to be no more than 2,000 or 3,000, had advanced near Newcastle,[1] so that the engagement would probably be next day. I told them my first care was where I should take my stand to see the battle most commodiously, but that I fancied the thing was premature. We mounted our horses for further intelligence, and at Park Brook saw all the Guards march full of health and spirit. Lord Albemarle came in the rear, who told me that soon after I left them, they received an account that the rebels were at Macclesfield and Stopford last night.[2] I asked where Mr. Wade was;[3] he shook his head, and said he was not so near them as was expected. He could not stop to refresh himself, though he was so near me, and said he should leave Stafford to-morrow morning. You will find by this last motion that the rebels incline towards Derbyshire, as if they had a mind to slip both armies, and speak with you in town. If not, we are certainly *à la veille d'un combat,* which I heartily wish, and am in very little pain about the success of it. All the

been certainly joined by a considerable number of his well-wishers." —Smollet's "England," vol. iii. p. 169.

[1] On 2nd Dec. Charles marched to Congleton, within nine miles of Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire.

[2] This information was correct.

[3] "Wade lingered in Yorkshire."—Smollett.

troops, except one or two regiments, may be got together upon a few hours' notice. They consist of between seven and eight thousand foot, old corps and good, besides the horse and dragoons. I don't know how I missed of Lord Sandwich. I met Speed at the head of his regiment at Rugely. They are admirable for the time. '*J'espère que nous ferons bien, je n'en doute nullement,*' was our parting. However heavily the Duke of Bedford may take it, I do not think his rheumatism so grievously timed. No mortal doubts his spirit, but the thing does not require him.

"The post comes in so late that I have but just received a letter from Mytton, who enjoins me to write on pain of his displeasure, so that you will take care to send him this scrawl, and save the trouble of expedition, especially as I am now you will imagine pretty much employed, and have my house full of soldiers."

"Yours ever."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*December* 2. *Ten at Night.*

"Lord Albemarle read me a letter he had just received from your pupil as he calls him.[1] Tell

[1] Captain the Hon. Augustus Keppel, Lord Albemarle's second son, at this time in command of the *Sapphire*, a frigate of forty tons. He accompanied Anson in his voyage round the world, entered the *Centurion*, the commander's ship, as a midshipman, and

Adair[1] Lord Bury is the most charming of the sons of men. 'Tis now eleven at night. My servant is just returned from Stafford with an account from Lord Albemarle, that most of the troops are already marched out of Stafford, and he setting out in a hurry upon the arrival of an express. I shall look upon Ligonier as a prophet; four days ago he said, 'About Tuesday or Wednesday we shall certainly be in their Buff.' At the date of the next letter, the rebels were at Derby, where they remained the following day."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*December* 4, *Wednesday*, 4 *o'clock.*

"You will share my disappointment when I relate the sequel. After the alarm of the midnight watch, and the most positive assurances that the rebels were at Newcastle, I went to Stone in the morning full of the battle I was to see, and met crowds of people coming back in great consternation, who cried out it was begun. I heard no firing. When I came I found all the troops in and about the town. I found my way to the Duke's quarters, where I learned that the

eventually became her first lieutenant. As long as Anson lived Augustus Keppel was his favourite pupil.

[1] William Adair, the army agent in Pall Mall, a great friend of the Keppel family, and of Lord Bury in particular.

rebels were at Leek. Having been long tired to death, I got home as fast as I could, and found the rascals left Leek at one this morning, and it is supposed will be at Derby to-night. The troops are all returning in great haste, and all measures are taken for forwarding their march, I suppose either to intercept or overtake them, which does not seem to be very practicable. Two thousand are quartered in this parish, and a company at least upon your humble servant."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*Saturday, December* 7.

"I fancy there has been a general panic about London upon the rebels seeming to make a point that way, but it appears that they understand their business better, and yesterday morning about eight o'clock, marched out of Derby, and lay at Ashbourne and the adjacent villages, as they had done on Wednesday or Tuesday last. This I had certain intelligence last night, which considering the uncertainty of their motions roused me pretty early this morning, and I continued prepared to fly at a minute's warning, till a person who was sent to reconnoitre, brought an account, that at about ten this morning he saw at three-quarters of a mile distance, the whole body pass along a valley on the other side of the Weaver hills, three miles from Ashbourne. The road to Newcastle

is Leek, for they might turn either way after he lost sight of them. Our army was last night at Mereden and Coventry. I have heard nothing of them to-day. All the most credible accounts agree that the number of the rebels does not exceed seven thousand, three or four thousand good troops, the rest rabble and boys. The Pretender's son, who was generally in the rear before the army was so near them, has since marched at the head. He is something under six foot high, wears a plaid, walks well, a good person enough, but a melancholy aspect, speaks little, and was never seen to smile.—So much for rebels and armies. My situation is still the same—between two fires, and the prospect I fear does not mend upon us. Can you send us any consolation? Let Mr. Legge know I saw them all well at Blythfield[1] yesterday, tho' in the height of alarms."

On the 21st of December, the Duke of Cumberland proceeded to Carlisle, which he invested on all sides. After seven days' resistance, the rebels hung out a white flag. The Duke immediately sent a message by Lord Bury and Colonel Conway, his aides-de-camp, to acquaint them that he would make no exchange of hostages with rebels, and that the only terms he would grant, would be that they should

[1] Blythfield, Staffordshire, seat of Sir William Bagot.

not be put to the sword, but reserved for the King's pleasure. This done, confidence and security were given to the northern parts of England, and the Duke returned to London, appointing General Hawley Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Scotland. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the disaster that befell this General at Falkirk, or how the royal army would have been altogether put to the rout but for the assistance of General Huske, who, with great skill, secured the retreat of the royal forces. There was now again an unanimous call for the Duke of Cumberland, who accepted the office of Captain-General, and arrived on the 13th of January at Edinburgh, attended by Lords Cathcart and Bury, Colonel Conway and Colonel Yorke, four of his Fontenoy aides-de-camp.

Immediately under the Duke were two Lieutenant-Generals, Henry Hawley to give a more general superintendence to the operations of the cavalry, and Lord Albemarle to those of the infantry. The officer with whom Lord Albemarle was thus associated in the operations of the new force commenced active service as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 4th Dragoons in the rebellion in 1715. Civil strife is not a period for acquiring the amenities of war, and probably in that campaign General Hawley acquired that ferocity of disposition towards those who came under his power, and to the Highlanders in

particular. He is stated, by the Jacobites, to have been the most remorseless of all the commanding officers employed by the Duke in the suppression of the Rebellion of 1745. "He is called," says Walpole, "'Lord Chief Justice.' Frequent and sudden executions are his passion. Last winter (1745) he had intelligence of a spy to come for the French army: the first notice our army had of his arrival, was seeing him dangle on a gallows in his muff and boots. One of the surgeons of the army begged the body of a soldier who was hanged for desertion. 'Well,' said Hawley, 'but then you shall give me the skeleton to hang up in the guardroom!' He is very brave and able, with no small bias to the brutal." Such is Walpole's sketch of his character; later, his own letters will fill in the details of the picture.

Early in April, the Duke of Cumberland put all the divisions of his army into motion to advance towards the rebels. He arrived at Banff on the 10th, and encamped the next day at Cullen, where he was joined by the troops under Lord Albemarle.

On the 15th he arrived at Nairne, and there learned that the rebels had collected their forces about nine miles distant. The Royal Army decamped from Nairne at daybreak the next morning. After a march of eight miles they came in sight of the rebels drawn up in battle array, on the moor near Culloden

House, in order, to use their own expression, "to give Cumberland another Fontenoy."

As at Fontenoy, Lord Albemarle commanded the front line of the infantry. His force consisted of the 4th, the 37th, the Scotch Fusileers (21st), the 14th, the 34th, the Royal Scots (the 1st). Ten pieces of cannon were planted in all the intermediate spaces between each of the battalions; the left flank was protected by the 11th Dragoons, under Colonel the Earl of Ancram, and the right by the 10th, commanded by Major-General Bland.

The second line, led by Major-General Huske, comprised the 8th, the 25th, the 20th, the 48th.

Brigadier Mordaunt commanded the third line, which consisted of the 27th Baterau's,[1] the 13th, the 3rd (Buffs).

The front of the rebel army, formed by the clans in thirteen divisions under their respective chiefs, was commanded by Lord John Drummond, the right wing by Lord George Murray, the left by the titular Duke of Perth. General Stapleton commanded the second line. The Pretender himself, with a small body-guard, was upon a rising ground to the rear.

The Duke having sent Lord Bury forward within one hundred yards of the rebels, to reconnoitre something that appeared like a battery, the rebels opened fire upon him. Thus began the battle of Culloden.

[1] Disbanded in 1749.

An incident, which was nearly ending fatally to my grandfather, is thus recorded in a contemporary account of this action:—

"A poor mountaineer, resolving to sacrifice his life for his Prince and clan, approached the line of the English, demanded quarter, and was sent to the rear. As he lounged backwards and forwards, apparently indifferent to what was going on, and even paying no attention to the ridicule with which the soldiers greeted his uncouth appearance, Lord Bury, son of the Earl of Albemarle, an aide-de-camp to the Duke, happened to pass in the discharge of his duties, when all at once, the Highlander seized one of the soldiers' muskets and discharged it at that officer, receiving next moment with perfect indifference, and as a matter of course, the shot with which another soldier immediately terminated his own existence. He had intended to shoot the Duke of Cumberland, but fired prematurely, and without effect, at an inferior officer, whose gaudy apparel seemed, in his simple eyes, to indicate the highest rank."[1]

The Highland Infantry first made a push on the right of Albemarle's line, where the Duke was in person to receive them at the head of the 34th regiment. They next made an onslaught on Albemarle's left flank, and discharged all their fury

[1] Chambers's "History of the Rebellion," p. 247.

on the 4th regiment. Thereupon General Huske brought the 25th and 26th regiments to its support, and a dreadful scene of slaughter ensued.

All was now confusion in the ranks of the rebels. To complete their destruction, Lieutenant-General Hawley and his dragoons, together with some loyal Highlanders, attacked them in flank and rear. A general flight ensued; they perished in heaps, unassisted by their French allies, who never fired a shot.

In Prince Charles's tent was found a silver punch-bowl, which was given by the Duke of Cumberland to Lord Bury, and is now an heir-loom in the Keppel family.

On the evening of the day of the battle, Bury was despatched by the Duke with a letter to the King, giving an account of the victory.

HORACE WALPOLE TO SIR HORACE MANN.

"ARLINGTON STREET, *April* 23, 1746.

"MY friend Lord Bury arrived this morning from the Duke, though the news was got here before him, for with all our victory, it was not thought safe to send him through the heart of Scotland; so he was shipped at Inverness, and then put on shore at North Berwick, from whence he came post in three days to London, but with a fever upon him, for which he had been twice blooded but the day before the battle; but

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he is young and high in spirits, and I flatter myself will not suffer from this kindness of the Duke. The King has immediately ordered him a thousand pounds, and, I hear, will make him his own aide-de-camp.

"The town is all blazing round me, as I write, with fireworks and illuminations. I have some inclination to wrap up half a dozen skyrockets to make you drink the Duke's health."

On the same day the Duke of Newcastle writes to the Duke of Cumberland,—"Could your Royal Highness have seen the pleasure with which His Majesty received your letter and Lord Bury, I am sure your Highness would have had as much satisfaction as His Majesty and your faithful servants felt, to see your Royal Highness's merit and services so justly acknowledged and so graciously received by the King .. . . Poor Bury was much mortified at being tossed about so long at sea. I carried him to the King, and he was most graciously received and very much questioned, and he behaved like a hero and a politician. Had your Royal Highness dropped one word in his favour, his business, I believe, would have been done. We will do our best in our circumstances, but I wish your Royal Highness would enable us by a line from you."[1]

The Duke of Cumberland remained in Scotland three months after the battle of Culloden. He left

[1] Coxe's "Pelham Administration," part i. p. 484.

behind him fearful traces of the havoc and ruin which he had commanded or connived at. With whatever horror we, who live in a more enlightened age, and whose hearths and altars have been free from an invader, may regard the rigorous measures to which he had recourse, no such feeling existed in the breasts of the English people at that juncture; they indeed would have been highly indignant had the march to Derby not been avenged by severe retaliations. The Highland clans were dispersed but not disarmed. The Scottish Jacobites were busy as ever in intrigues or in devising new combinations. The epithet of the "Butcher," one of those expressive and concise nicknames that stick like burrs, applied to his Royal Highness for the cruel use of his victory, was long retained in men's memories, and is not quite forgotten now. I seek not to justify or even extenuate the rigour of the English commander, but while condemning his cruelty, it should not be forgotten that the Highlanders then, before and after, never scrupled to indulge their thirst for vengeance and rapine at the cost of their fellow-mountaineers. The atrocities committed in '46 were more brief in duration, and can hardly have exceeded in kind those of the Campbells and Macgregors, or those of James the Second while he was Lord Deputy of Scotland, or of Kirke and Jefferies after the rout of Monmouth at Sedgemoor.

To lay waste a rebel's country, to check and disable

him from attempting yet another descent on the Lowlands or South Britain, to destroy by famine those whom fire and sword had spared, to intimidate the clans, to break down the power of the chieftains, was thought a necessity at the moment, and was a process akin to that which neither French nor Prussian would, to judge of the one by former and of the other by later deeds, have scrupled to employ. The truth is, that the march on Derby had produced a panic of which we can form no adequate conception; and when men are thoroughly frightened, the still voice of mercy is never raised or never heard.

> "There's no philosopher but sees
> That fear and rage are one disease;
> Though this may burn and that may freeze,
> They're both alike the ague."

On the departure of the Duke of Cumberland from Scotland, Lord Albemarle was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces in that country. His Royal Highness set out on his return home on the 18th of July, and reached Edinburgh on the 21st. The inhabitants would fain have greeted his arrival in their city with splendid illuminations and other demonstrations of joy, but he, bearing in mind the reception they had given, only a few months before, to the claimant of his father's throne, declined the proffered honours. "I hear," writes General Mordaunt to Lord

Albemarle, "that the people of Edinburgh met the Duke at Linlithgow with a gold box, but he refused it and treated the Judases as they deserved."

The progress of the Duke further south is recorded in the following letter to Lord Albemarle from Colonel the Honourable John Fitzwilliam, the Groom of the Bedchamber in waiting on His Royal Highness:—

"London, *Saturday, July* 26, 1746.

"My Lord,—If my letter has the fortune of being open'd within a month after your Lordship's receipt of it, I shall think it has made haste into your hands; but as the handwriting of the superscription is a novelty to your Lordship, curiosity may perhaps induce you to see from whence it comes, and as I trust it to that accident I have taken the liberty of writing. It is to tell you that I overtook my master at Edinburgh, that is, he overtook me there twelve hours after I had been in bed.

"His reception at Newcastle and at York detained him three hours—at both which places he received golden freedoms; and arrived at Hatfield on Fryday morn, nine o'clock, where we were met by Colonel Lord Bury, to whom I gave my place in H. R. H.'s chaise, and who led us to Kensington, thro' Durham's Park,[1] and so on the back way to Kensington. Lady

[1] Dyrham Park, Barnet; now the property of Frederick Trotter, Esq.

Albemarle made her curtsey to my master, *en volant*, and at twelve H. R. H.'s face was covered with the powder of His Majesty's periwigg.

"Bury is in such favour with the King, that after having been conversed with six days together after his arrival, is now no more talked to, but is always talk'd of as he deserves. Whatever honours or promotions he receives I shall ever rejoice at, first, because he will merit them, and because I wish well to a family from which I have received many obligations. I am almost at a loss how to apologize for troubling you with this letter, and can account for it no other way but that I had a great inclination of assuring your Ldship. how much I am

"Your most obt. sert.

"JNO. FITZWILLIAM.

"My best complimts. attend General Huske."

The writer of the next letter, Colonel William Windham, the father of the celebrated statesman of the same name, and the son of Ash Windham, of Felbrigg Hall, Norfolk, Esq., and M.P. for that county, was a great friend of Lord Bury. At an early age, young Windham quarrelled with his father, and set out for the Continent in quest of adventures. Handsome in person, symmetrical in form, a splendid horseman, a dexterous sworder, ardent in spirit,

he was seized with a chivalrous feeling of devotion towards Maria Theresa, the young, beautiful, and spirited Empress-Queen, ranged himself under her banner as an officer of Austrian cavalry, and fought for and bled in her cause at the battle of Dettingen. At the desire of his father, to whom he had become reconciled, he quitted the Austrian service, and was afterwards a member of the Duke of Cumberland's household. A lover and promoter of manly sports and exercises, a man of fashion, the associate of the wits of his day, a good classical scholar, a proficient in modern languages, an author, an amateur actor, he added, as his letter will show, a critical knowledge of the fine arts to his other accomplishments.

COLONEL WINDHAM TO GEORGE LORD BURY.

"My Lord,—I was this morning at Moriers,[1] and hearing that your Lordship had been there, I beg leave to give my opinion concerning his battle-pieces. With regard to that of Dettingen, his first orders and instructions were, to draw up the allied army in order of battle, making as just a disposition as was possible

[1] David Morier, a native of Switzerland—came to England soon after the battle of Dettingen, was presented by Sir Everard Fawkener to the Duke of Cumberland, who settled upon him a pension of £200 a year—he became celebrated for his battle-pieces.

of the different corps. This, with the group of figures representing the King and his attendants, forms a representation of our army. On the other side is the French army drawn up likewise in order of battle, most contemptible with regard to numbers, and not appearing a quarter so large as ours. However, be this as it will, an army drawn up in this manner can have no other appearance than that of a review; yet to give a little idea of the victory, the French line is disordered and torn to pieces by nobody knows what, while our troops preserve a most amazing order, and regularity enough, indeed, to make an enemy run away, but not to destroy them; in short, if the original plan is to be preserved, another picture must be made to represent the victory, for both together are absolutely incompatible. But as only one picture is wanted, and the victory the most agreeable representation, enough might be expressed to distinguish the battle by representing the most material circumstances, the principal of which was the first attack that begun by the *gensd'armes*, with some other notable occurrences that happened, preserving at the same time the general disposition as far as is consistent with the disorder and confusion of an engagement.

"As to the battle of Culloden, the same objections arise in that picture, from an endeavour to represent a line of battle; and here the same remedy may be applied by introducing the most material

circumstances in that affair. Suppose that of Pulteney's regiment recovering their arms at the Duke's commands; not to mention several other remarkable facts that would serve to illustrate the whole, by which means the picture would be agreeable, as well as instructing; for you must have your incidents and your accidents in a painting as well as a landscape.

"This is the only style and manner that Morier can paint in, for to draw up an army in perspective is what he never attempted in his life before, and could not have executed any part of it without Sandby's[1] directions.

"To all this, it may be said, would you then leave this genius to his own wild imagination? By no means. I have taken a precaution to keep him within bounds. Colonel Watson, whom I have conversed with upon the subject, has promised to call upon him constantly when he is at work.

"I beg His Royal Highness's pardon for interfering without orders, but really, the two pictures are at present very ridiculous, and must be altered before they are hung up.

"I am, your Lordship's

"Most obedient and most humble servant,

"WM. WINDHAM.

[1] Paul Sandby, born at Nottingham in 1732, was employed as a draughtsman by the Duke of Cumberland, became a member of the Royal Academy, died in 1809.

"N.B.—I take Morier to be as good a battle-painter as any in Europe, but then you must indulge him in the same liberties that they all take; and what would Bourgignon, or the best of them be, without fire and smoke, blood and wounds, falling men and falling horses? Now, in Morier's battle of Dettingen, I think I am the only man who is killed of our side."

"Great intercession," writes Walpole, "is made for the two Earls (Kilmarnock and Cromarty). The King is much inclined to some mercy, but the Duke, who was not so much of a Cæsar after a victory as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed to present him with the freedom of some Company: one of the Aldermen said aloud, 'Then let it be of the *Butchers.*'"[1]

In another letter, the same writer says:—

"Popularity has changed sides since the 'year 15,' for now the City and the generality are very angry that so many rebels have been pardoned. Lady Cromarty presented her petition to the King on Sunday. He was very civil to her, but would not at all give her any hope."

General Stewart says that "when Lady Cromarty presented her petition she was accompanied by ten children, while her eldest son, Lord Macleod, was

[1] H. Walpole to H. Mann.

prisoner in the Tower, but not yet brought to trial; herself eight months gone with child. The family threw themselves on their knees before the King, and the mother pointing to them said: 'These are your Majesty's petitioners for the life of their father.' His eldest son had also joined the rebel standard, but on account of his youth and the supposed influence of his father, received an unconditional pardon."[1]

The above quotations will render intelligible some allusions in the following characteristic letter from General Hawley to Lord Albemarle. The tenor of the letter, and of others which follow from the same writer, will bear out Walpole's sketch of him that he is "clever, with a bias to the brutal."

"LONDON, *August* 16, 1746.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I had the honour of your letter of the first but yesterday here, when I came back, having been downe for a few days to see my little house,[2] which is all gone to ruin and decay. Our gen[3] has been to see his farme too.[4] I have spoken to him but once since he came. He seems to have no more

[1] Stewart's "Highlanders," vol. ii. p. 152.

[2] General Hawley had a small country seat near Portsmouth.

[3] The Duke of Cumberland.

[4] His Royal Highness had just been appointed Ranger of Windsor Park, and Great Windsor Lodge assigned him as a residence.

business here than he had with us, but I believe his evenings are not so idle. His Majesty looks very sour, and only asked me if I had been at the bathe. What was in his head I don't know; but they plague him to death for pardons for all those rascalls.[1] This total defeat in Italy[2] has put him a little into humour again. . . I wish you not only out of camp, but out of the country, which I wish on fire, and nothing but the blood of the natives to quenche it. I am purely ill with them all. They say every acte of rapine, cruelty, and murder that the Duke ordered was by my advice. My answer is, that I never offered to give him any advice, but if he had asked it, I would have advised ten times more. The citty are in a flame upon Cromarty's being pardoned.

"You'll see Lord Bury, a grave senator for Chichester.[3]

"I am, my dear Lord,

"Your most faithful, humble servant,

"H. HAWLEY."

[1] Intercession for Lords Kilmarnock and Cromarty.

[2] The victory gained by the Austrians over the Infant Don Philip at Porto Freddo on the 9th of August, this year.

[3] Lord Bury was returned member for Chichester on the nomination of his uncle, the Duke of Richmond. On his elevation to the peerage in 1754, his brother, Captain Honourable Augustus Keppel, succeeded him in the seat.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL HAWLEY TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

"WEST GREEN, *September* 8.

"I had the pleasure of my dear Lord's letter of the first at this place yesterday. I have been three dayes to see the ragged troopes of my reg^t^,[1] as they cross here in their way from Berkshire to Sussex, where they are going to ride downe the smugglers, who are in a sort of snivelling rebellion, depending upon the two Sussex Dukes,[2] for as long as they live, no Sussex man will be hanged.

"As to the knowledge of the honest people you have to deal withe, I owne you paye dear for it, and I heartily wish you clear of them, for I am sure that sweetening and coaxing the system of two of your Major-Generals is not the way.[3] I fancy that Skelton and Bland will both dye of the Swiss disease, and Charles Howard,[4] too, for he has writt to his brother to try by all means to get him recalled. His pretence

[1] 1st or Royal Regiment of Dragoons.

[2] The Dukes of Richmond and Newcastle.

[3] Skelton and Bland. To one of these allusion is evidently made in a letter from General Mordaunt to Lord Albemarle:—"I beg my compliments to the Cup of Mild. Tell him I set out a pupil of his but that I find a zest of the Hawley quite necessary in my government."

[4] Lieutenant-General Hon. Charles Howard, Colonel of the 19th Foot.

is, that there is a Hessian made a lieutenant-general, whom he commanded, and therefore he cannot serve. Even Polteney[1] laughs at him.

"H. R. H. is so taken up with his lodge, that I have hardly had time to talk with him, but he told me that the Dragoons are to come to England, except Cobham's and Naizon's.[2] 'Tis not certain that Kingston's are to be broke.

"I can give you no account of the court martialls here: they are in for a month. Cope's enquiry was not near finished when I came from London.[3] Were I one of those officers sent for, I should desire to know who was to pay my charges, but I guess they are glad to come.

"I could not tell you, nor can you conceive the fusse the battalions of Guards are in upon this sudden

[1] Brigadier Henry Pulteney, Colonel of the 13th Foot, died a Lieutenant-General in 1767. He was brother to William, Earl of Bath. "General Pulteney is dead, having owned himself worth a million—the fruit of his brother's virtues."—(Walpole to Mann, Oct. 29, 1767.)

[2] Cobham's, 10th: Naizon's, 13th Regiment of Dragoons.

[3] Marshal Wade, the Duke of Richmond, Lords Tyrawley and Cadogan and General Folliot have been appointed a court-martial to inquire into the conduct of Gen. Cope and Brig. Fowkes at the battle of Preston.—Scot's Magazine for 1746.

"Cope is going actually to be tried, but Hawley who is fifty times more culpable is saved by partiality. Cope miscarried by incapacity.. Hawley by insolence and carelessness."—H. Walpole to H. Mann.

embarcation from Russell[1] downe to the fatt sergeant. Youre two boys[2] seem to be in the least of a bustle of them all. The captain met me the other day at Colebrook, where I went to see a troope: he was at Windsor.[3] He seems quite sound and quite alive, very jovial and a good boy. He is my favourite.

"I tryed to seduce Bury the other day, but 'twould not do—he had half a mind, but consulted his master."[4]

There was another man who shared with Hawley the execrations of the Jacobites—the Honourable George Howard, Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding the Buffs (3rd regiment), and Governor of Carlisle Castle. The following letter to Lord Albemarle will show the *animus* of the writer towards that unhappy faction :—

"CARLISLE, *September*, y^e^ 11*th*, 1746.

"MY LORD,—The judges came back here last Monday; the tryals are begun, and will be very tedious. The Scotch lawyers, who are come here as Rebell Council, are playing all the game already, even so far as to try to suborn the king's evidence.

[1] Lieut.-Colonel Russell, major of the 2nd battalion of Lord Albemarle's regiment of Guards.

[2] Colonel Lord Bury and Captain Hon. William Keppel, both of the Coldstream Guards.

[3] At the Duke of Cumberland's.

[4] Lord Bury had had a troop in the 3rd, or King's Own Dragoons, to the colonelcy of which he was appointed in 1755.

"We have erected a fine new gallows, which will hold fifteen at a time. God send it may be made a proper use of."

The next letter relates to the use that was made of this same "fine new gallows," and it derives an additional interest from the event it records, having formed the groundwork of the grand sensational scene in Scott's novel of "Waverley"—the execution of Fergus MacIvor, the last of the Ivan MacIvors, and of his faithful attendant, Evan MacCombich. Who does not remember the description of the black hurdle drawn by a white horse, which carries the prisoners to the place of execution a mile distant from Carlisle?—the deep, dark Gothic archway that opened on to the drawbridge?—the momentary stop at this gateway while the Governor of the Castle and the High Sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power?

The only Highland chief executed at Carlisle was Donald Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart. In the Duke of Cumberland's list, this laird stands credited with a quota of a hundred men. When the Pretender raised his standard at Glenfennan, Kinlochmoidart entertained him at his house, and was afterwards sent by the Prince on a mission to the two insular chiefs, Macleod of Macleod, and Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat.

Here follows the semi-official report of the actual event :—

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HOWARD TO WILLIAM ANNE LORD ALBEMARLE.

"CARLISLE, *October* 23, 1746.

"MY LORD,—As your lordship might perhaps be desirous to know the exit that these enemies to Truth and Liberty made, I venture to trouble you with the account, and at the same time to acknowledge the favour of your lordship's letter of the 11th.

"The first execution, consisting of nine, was performed here last Saturday in the greatest decency, except on the part of the unhappy sufferers. Buchanan, indeed, behaved with the greatest calmness and resolution, and met his fate as a man should meet death. Nothing can take off from his behaviour but his obstinacy in so infamous a cause.[1] The rest, particularly Coppock, died as they lived.

[1] "The clergymen were highly charmed with the behaviour of Francis Buchanan of Arnprior, Esquire. He discovered a sweetness of temper, an undisturbed calmness and presence of mind beyond expression; his sentiments about religion and dying were just. After the rope was about his neck he said: 'If I have offended any, I earnestly beg they will forgive me, for I am sure I forgive all the world.'"—"Scot's Magazine" for 1746.

He read at his execution one of the most infamous libells that was ever heard, filled with all the inveterate rancour and cruelty that the wildest despair could suggest.[1] He gave it to the Sheriff, and it is sent up to the Duke of Newcastle. A copy of it was sent from hence into Scotland a fortnight ago: I can affirm it for truth. They all prayed for their p—— (prince), and gloried in their conduct.

"Some may, perhaps, call this dying bravely; if it is, I hope my fellow-countrymen will ever let it remain the unenvyed glory of the Jacobite and the Atheist.

"Buchanan's body was afterwards brought into town and interred, at which ceremony Doctor Douglass, Mr. Graham the apothecary, Mr. Lowry, and Mr. Campbell of Brampton assisted publickly; the latter as mourner, the other three as pall-bearers. I think three of the four were for some time prisoners themselves. Three being reprieved, only six suffered last Tuesday at Brampton, who behaved in

[1] Mr. Coppock made a long treasonable sermon or speech at the place of execution, prayed for the Pretender, his son Charles and the rest of the Stuart family.

"Some of those taken at Carlisle dispersed papers at their execution saying they forgave all men but three—the Elector of Hanover, the pretended Duke of Cumberland, and the Duke of Richmond who signed the capitulation of Carlisle."—H. Walpole to Sir Horace Mann.

the same manner. I go to Penrith with the other six[1] on Monday next.

"The obliging manner in which your lordship mentions what I said to Mr. Gray, if possible lays me under a new obligation, and I have the honour to assure you that I shall ever be most desirous to show that I am with the greatest esteem and gratitude, &c.

"G. HOWARD."

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL HAWLEY TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

LONDON, *October* 2, 1746.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I have the favour of yours of the 25th. Nothing you can say of the country you are in is new to me. There's no newse of Lestock; the Guards are at last gott safe to Plymouthe. The Duke of Richmonde and I have been Evidences at Oglethorpe's tryall.[2] Dellawarr is a Judge, and seems

[1] Mr. Chambers gives the names of seven persons who suffered at Penrith, one of whom was the Rev. Robert Lyon, a young Presbyter of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. In Mr. Forbes's collection "is the copy of the Communion Office which the Rev. Robert Lyon made use of in consecrating the Holy Eucharist in Carlisle Castle, where he had the happiness to communicate above fifty of his fellow-prisoners, amongst whom were Mr. Thomas Coppock, the English clergyman, and Arnprior" (Francis Buchanan). —See note, Chambers's "History of the Rebellion," page 392.

[2] General James Oglethorpe—born 1696, died 1785 :—

"One driven by strong benevolence of soul
Shall fly like Oglethorpe from Pole to Pole."—POPE.

to preside, for he directs. I think 'twill laste some days and I think he'll come off, tho' they should all be broke who were with him. Napper is prosecutor, but the charge seems to be wrong layed. He has one O'Harney as madd as himselfe by way of Councill; at the same time, he takes every thing downe in short-hand, and behind him are two clerks of the Parliament doing the same, so I guess you'll have the tryall printed. This I never saw at a court-martiall before.

"I have moved my camp, and have pitched fronting Grosvenor Park gate. You muste remember a single chattau that fronts the gate, where the Duke has been twice by seven o'clock about his dragoons[1] cloathing, horses, &c. He is so full of them, I thinke he has forgott the Guards; however, I am reducing the size of my men and horses: I have sold him 12 of my men above six foot highe for six guineas a man, with their own consent tho'. I am trying to recruit the Horse Guards with my tall horses, and then I'm sure you'll laughe, but pray keep that a

[1] The 15th or "Duke's regiment" of Dragoons formed from the disbanded men of the Duke of "Kingston's Horse," who had so distinguished themselves at the battle of Culloden. The Lieutenant-Colonel commanding was Lord Robert Sutton, brother of the famous Marquis of Granby. Lord Robert was taken prisoner the following year.

secret. Crawfurd's[1] troop does bite if they can find the money, and I hope Charley[2] and Tyrawley will bite too.[3] Dell[4] won't, tho' they are all crowded with pipers and blind ones. Mr. H. M., Lord Cathcart, Lord Cobham, Ligonier and Sinclair have 10 lb. (£10) a day. Serviteur! I had rather have nothing than the (*sic*) 10 lb. and be where you are, and nothinge I am likely to have, so I have sold almoste all my horses, and turned off all my servants, who were all spoiled by the Duke's; they would soon have reduced me from my colonel's pay to nothinge. *J'ai pendu mon espée au croque.* I have fixed my patrons and am going home where I shall be, &c.,

"H. HAWLEY."

Upon no subject has public opinion undergone so great revolution as upon that of duelling. The practice was abolished in this country mainly through

[1] James, Earl of Crawford, a Brigadier-General, Colonel of the 4th or Scotch troop of Horse Grenadier Guards.

[2] Charles, second Lord Cadogan, served under Marlborough, as Lieut.-General and Colonel of 2nd troop of Horse Grenadier Guards, and no favourite of Horace Walpole. See his Letters, vol. vii., p. 230.

[3] James, Lord Tyrawley, Colonel of the 3rd troop of Horse Grenadier Guards. At the death of William Anne, Lord Albemarle, he succeeded to the colonelcy of the Coldstream Guards.

[4] John Lord Delawarr, Major-General, Colonel 1st troop of Horse Guards.

the instrumentality of the late Prince Consort. These hostile encounters seem now confined to French or American editors of newspapers, What would people now say if a British sovereign were to instruct the Secretary for War to write such letters as the two following to an officer in command of troops?

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY FOX TO WILLIAM ANNE, LORD ALBEMARLE.

"LONDON, *November* 27, 1746.

"MY LORD,—I am to desire your Lordship's opinion with regard to Ensign Campbell and Lieut. Ferguson in a more particular manner than your Lordship has given it in your letter of the 18th instant.

"It do's not appear that Mr. Campbell had any just cause of quarrel with Mr. Ferguson, nor that the former gave the latter any opportunity of deciding the quarrel he had with him before he knocked him down.

"Mr. Ferguson is justly acquitted of the charge against him; but his complaining to a court-martial instead of resenting in another manner the usage he had received from Campbell, it must be supposed will necessarily prevent the officers of his regiment from rolling[1] with him. H. M. particularly asked if

[1] The word "rolling" had gone out of use when I entered the army. I presume it to mean "answering the roll call."

they had not their swords on when this happened, and bids me tell your Lordship that as an officer, not as a king, it is his opinion that if Campbell is pardon'd, a hint should be given to Ferguson that he must fight him or be broke.

"I thought it best to say all this in a private letter to your Lordship, and when I have the honour to hear from you again upon the subject, you will I dare say immediately receive such an opinion from St. James's as shall be entirely conformable to your Lordships. You are on the spot, and will be well inform'd of the characters of both the gentlemen.

"I am with the greatest respect, &c.,

"H. Fox."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*December* 26, 1746.

"His Majesty is pleased to pardon Ensign Campbell. With regard to Lieut. Ferguson your Lordship knows His Majesty's thoughts imparted to you in a private letter lately."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*December* 4, 1746.

"My Lord,—H. M. has order'd the 3rd and 4th Troops of Horse Guards to be reduced, his three

youngest regiments of Horse, namely, Honeywood's, D. of Montagu's, and Wade's, to be converted into Dragoons and Hamilton's Dragoons to be sent to Ireland, by all which, with the difference of few in number, perhaps encrease of strength to the army, a saving will be made to the publick of £60,000 per ann. It is therefore His Majesty's pleasure that your Lordship should order M. G. Hamilton's regiment of Dragoons to the most convenient port, to embark from thence for Ireland. I take that to be Port Patrick, and shall write to the Lords of the Admiralty to provide transports there accordingly.

"Your Lordship will I am sure excuse me, nor think me idle for postponing a little these businesses, when you consider how much, and not very pleasant work, and to be finish'd before the 24th inst. is by the Resolution mention'd in the beginning of this letter, cut out for, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most respectfull and most obedient humble servant,

"H. Fox."

The consternation produced upon those colonels who were deprived of their regiments by this reduction may be gathered from an extract of the following letter from General Hawley to Lord Albemarle:—

"My dear Lord,—The cavallery lay their reduction to my door and look very sour, but upon my word and honour, I never knew a syllable of it till I was in the country and the Duke gone,[1] but the poor unfortunate gentlemen make the most pitiful figure of all. I have taken one of the 4th troope for a cooke. I believe it will kill Mellonière.[2] That rogue Hodson[3] put into the papers that the first troope of Grenadiers was to go. It gave D——[4] suche a sweat he has not stirred out since. Charley[5] won't speake to me. I dare not laugh but to you. I dine withe Charles Howard to-morrow to make fair weather. I have laughed too muche there. He built strongly upon promotion to exclude him, but now there's none. 'Tis not yet sure that

[1] The Duke of Cumberland was in Holland during all December concerting measures with Marshal Batthiaini, the Austrian commander-in-chief, for the operations of the next campaign.

[2] Colonel Anthony Lamellionière, Lieut.-Colonel of Lord Tyrawley's, or 4th Troop of Horse Grenadier Guards, wounded at Dettingen and again at Fontenoy.

[3] Captain Studholme Hodgson, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland, *vice* Colonel Lord Bury, appointed aide-de-camp to the King.

[4] "D——" John, seventh Lord Delawarr, a general officer, Colonel of the 1st Troop of Horse Grenadier Guards, afterwards a Knight of the Bath; created in 1761 Viscount Cantalupe and Earl of Delawarr, died in 1766.

[5] Charles, Lord Cadogan, a Lieut.-General, Colonel of the 2nd Troop of Horse Grenadier Guards.

Douglas[1] goes. I hear no Scotche on the staff, but Crawfurd[2] out of charity.

"My service to Huske—Sinclair[3] don't go. Some talk of Huske, and some of none—only the two deputyes."

It is evident from Lord Albemarle's letters that the chief command in Scotland had been neither sought for, nor desired by him. The nature of the employment was alien from his naturally humane disposition, but whenever he asked to be relieved from the post, he was answered that there would be great difficulty in finding a fit successor. One of his friends, General Douglas, who served under him in the campaign of the following year, writes:—

"I am extremely sorry that your present situation is not easy and agreeable to you. After a violent and raging storm, the ocean can't resume its smiling face of a sudden. Some swell and hollow grumblings will for some time remain. I can't help wishing you had been left the Neptune to compose and settle the troubled waters. I hear you are very acceptable and popular. I should be much surprized if you was not. At the same time have my fears you may have a successor that won't make so good a Neptune."

[1] General Douglas served in the campaign of 1747.

[2] James, Earl of Crawford, Major-General.

[3] The unsuccessful general of the attack upon Port l'Orient.

This letter is dated December 29th, 1746. Two weeks later Lord Albemarle received the following from General Hawley :—

"*Friday, 16th January*, 1747.

"MY DEAR LORD,—'Tis but this day declared that you and Major-General Huske are of the Flanders staff to everybody's joy, and mine in particular. The rest of the staff you'll learn from others. I write to-night because to-morrow I have the honour to salute at the head of the Foot Guards and the Welche Fusileers who came in here but to-night, but you know 'tis no matter how they appear, anything passes there.[1] We are in a great hurry. The Duke fancys the transports will be ready in a fortnight here. I give him a month. Mordaunt and I go with the first embarcation. Haye, three battalions, and Riche's dragoons.

"Hamilton's affair[2] has made rare work here. There's a certain Duke[3] takes all sorts of pains to tell everybody there's nothing in it, and it has been wrong represented. His Majesty flames. The Duke swears, and the Scotch dare not speak. I am glad you are quitt of them. Give 'em your curse at parting from the highest to the lowest."

[1] An inspection of these regiments prior to their embarkation for foreign service.

[2] A Scotch regiment being sent to Ireland.

[3] The Duke of Newcastle.

[1747.] The writer of the following letter was Lord Albemarle's third son—the young Guardsman who produced so favourable an impression upon General Hawley. He writes to his father from his uncle the Duke of Richmond's country seat.

CAPTAIN HON. WILLIAM KEPPEL TO WILLIAM ANNE LORD ALBEMARLE.

"GOODWOOD, *January the 2nd*, 174⅞.

"MY LORD,—I hope you'll excuse me for not answering your letter sooner, but I have had an inflammation in one of my eyes, which has hindered me of writing till now. I have been here a fortnight, and have been a hunting once upon my blind horse, who carried me excessively well at the beginning of the chase, but an unlucky hill which I imprudently galloped upp tired him so much that I was quite thrown out.

"Upon hearing that our regiment[1] was not to goe abroad, I desired Lord Bury to speak to H.R.H. (knowing your lordship would have no objection to it) to lett me go a volunteer, and he has been so gracious as to say I should goe in some shape or other; as I can't flatter myself with the thoughts of the honour of attending H.R.H., I hope your lordship will be so kind as to take me in your *suite;* if the Duke don't post me to one of the battalions, which I hear he intends to do with all volunteers that they may not be

[1] The Coldstream Guards.

troublesome to general officers, and that they may do duty in the line. Perry and Barrington[1] have offered themselves to goe also, and have leave from

"Your most dutyfull son,

"WILLIAM KEPPEL.

"P.S.—The Duke is expected in town the day."[2]

Captain Keppel was appointed aide-de-camp to Sir John Ligonier, the general commanding the British cavalry in the ensuing campaign.

It was a characteristic of the armies in the middle of the last century that while the *élite* of the troops of the French King consisted of Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen—witness the names of the regiments of the Franco-Irish Brigade at Fontenoy—so, on the other hand, many officers in the English service belonged to the families of French Protestants who had been driven from their hearths and homes by the stupid and barbarous revocation of the edict of Nantes. Take up any army list of that period, and looking over only that of general or field rank, you find such names as St. Hipolite, St. Clair, Dejean, Duroure, Cracherode, Chenevix, Dusseaux,

[1] Brother officers of Captain Keppel, the latter, the Hon. John Barrington, became a General officer.

[2] From Holland.

Prideaux, La Faussillé, Trapaud, Guérin, Vignolles, Desmarettes, &c., &c.

A type of this class of men was William Keppel's Chief.

The family of the Ligoniers had been seated for many centuries in the province of Languedoc. The father of the General was Lord of Monseuget, Viairon, and Aillot. At the age of fifteen, John Ligonier joined Marlborough's army, in Flanders, as a volunteer, assisted in an attack on the citadel of Liége, which was carried by storm; shared in the victories of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, and at the sieges of Tournay, Douay, Menin, Ghent, and Aire; was in the front line of cavalry at Dettingen, and for his services on that day was knighted in the field by the King under the royal standard.

The gallant veteran lived to become a Field-Marshal, Master-General of the Ordnance, and Colonel of the Blues. In 1766 he was raised to the peerage by the title of Earl Ligonier. Walpole tells us that "he had all the gallant gaiety of his nation. Polished from foppery by age, and by living in a more thinking country, he was universally loved and respected."[1]

[1747.] On the 30th January, 1747, the Duke of Newcastle writes to Lord Albemarle:—

"I doubt not but you are extremely happy with

[1] "Memoirs of George the Second," vol i. p. 40.

the order you have received for going immediately to Flanders. I can easily see that your situation in Scotland could not be the most agreeable to you, and that the serving under H.R.H. in Flanders must be so in every respect. But I must own the universal opinion of all mankind that you could do the king more service in Scotland where there is great occasion for it than any other man in England except the Duke, was a very flattering consideration, and as it is a great truth, might have induced you and your friends to wish you to stay. But as that is over we must do the best we can."

Two days later the Duke of Cumberland writes to him in the same strain.

"Tho' I am personally glad that I have you with me on the Flanders staf: yet I fear the king's affairs will not be in such good hands in Scotland, but that's over, so that I'll not name it more.

"When you can get altogether you'll make all possible expedition to join the army which, they flatter me, will be in a condition to take the field in the beginning of March (new style). Will you be so good as to take Capt. Townsend of Sackvilles over with you, as I shall make him one of my aide-de-camps, but he must absolutely not come to London, for I won't have that ——— his mother see him. I can't conclude without thanking you for having answer'd so fully the expectations I had given the

king and his servants of your capacity and dilligence in the affairs trusted you.

"I remain your affectionate friend,

"WILLIAM."

The lady to whom the Duke so uncourteously alludes in the preceding letter was Ethelrida Harrison, the beautiful and witty wife of the then Viscount Townshend. For her sayings and doings see Walpole *passim*. If half what that writer says of her be true, especially as relates to her conduct during the trial and execution of the rebel Lords, His Royal Highness's dislike of her may be easily accounted for. George Townshend, the Duke's new aide-de-camp, was her eldest son, and nephew of the Duke of Newcastle. He is described by Walpole as "a very particular young man, who with much address, some humour, no knowledge, great fickleness, and with still more disposition to ridicule had once or twice promised to make a good speaker." He continued on the Duke of Cumberland's staff till 1750, when for some fancied slight he threw up his appointment, went into fierce opposition to his quondam master, lost no opportunity of turning him into ridicule, and of drawing caricatures of him and his household. The Duke keenly felt the ingratitude of Townshend, whom he had made every effort to oblige. One of these burlesque sketches drew upon him a challenge from George,

Lord Albemarle, his former brother aide-de-camp. The parties met, but their hostile intentions got wind, and the duel was prevented.

In 1784, William Pitt the younger, wishing to draw Coke, of Holkham, from his allegiance to his rival, Fox, sought to bribe him with the earldom of Leicester, which had been previously in his family. The offer was indignantly refused. To spite Coke the Premier bestowed the title upon his near neighbour, George Townshend, eldest son of the "Captain" in the preceding letter, who had now succeeded to the family honours.[1] Before accepting Pitt's offer, Mr. Townshend wrote to his father to ask his approval and received for answer:—

"DEAR SON,

"I have no objection to your taking any title but that of your affectionate father.

"TOWNSHEND."

Three years later the Viscount himself was advanced to the dignity of Marquis. This jumping over each other's heads was likened by the wags of the day to a family game at leap-frog.

Before the opening of the campaign of 1747, Lord Bury, who had already been promoted to the rank of

[1] I had this anecdote from Mr. Coke himself who, in 1837, was raised to the peerage by the title which he then refused.

full colonel, was appointed aide-de-camp to the king, —a flattering distinction for a youth of three-and-twenty to receive.

The Duke of Newcastle writes :—"I heartily wish you joy of Bury. He is the finest and most delightful young man I ever knew, and I am glad to say my affection descends from father to son.

"As to your appointments. The treasury is very low ; but Bury and I wish to be your solicitors. Tho' really you want none with the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

The Duke was right; Mr. Pelham, Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury, needed no "solicitors" to plead to him in favour of Lord Albemarle, for whom he entertained the warmest friendship. In answer to one of that lord's letters to him to befriend a Scotch *protégé*, he answers, on 2nd February :—

"MY DEAR LORD,—I will certainly take care of *John Goorman*, upon the first opportunity. All I desire is, don't do like Sir Everard,[1] encourage all the beggars of Scotland to come up here, and then put us to the necessity of giving them what they want, if it is only to get rid of them from hence. But my dear Lord, whoever you recommend, you may be assured,

[1] Right Hon. Sir Everard Fawkener, military secretary to the Duke of Cumberland, and a joint Postmaster-General.

shall succeed, unless I meet with powerfull and good reasons to the contrary. I heartily wish you a good passage to Holland, and good success when you come there. I don't like the face of affairs in Provence, I hope for better things towards Flanders, tho' I cannot be so sanguine as to expect any decisive stroke even there. Pray God bless you all, and believe me, dear Albemarle,

"Your most affectionate and faithful servant,

"H. PELHAM.

"P.S.—Remember me to Huske, to whom I will write in a post or two."

For the campaign of this year the Duke of Cumberland was appointed captain-general. Sir John Ligonier became general of horse, having under him Hawley as lieutenant-general. Lord Albemarle commanded the British infantry; there were also eight other general officers serving under the respective commanders of the horse and foot.

"The Duke of Cumberland attended by Colonels Lord Bury, Lord Cathcart, John Fitzwilliam, and other officers of distinction, set out from St. James's on the 1st of February to take the command of the confederate army, consisting of English, Hanoverians, Hessians, Dutch, and Austrians, about 126,000 fighting men.

The French forces under Marshal Saxe continued quiet till towards the latter end of May, when Louis XV. arrived at Brussels. They now made the necessary disposition for an attack upon Maestricht. The Duke set his army in motion to thwart this design.

On Saturday both armies were drawn up in order of battle. The French had taken possession of the heights of Herdeeren immediately above the allies. The Austrians, forming the right wing of the confederate army, extended as far as Bilsen. The Dutch formed the centre, and the British and Hanoverians the left, which extended to Wirle, a village a mile to the south of Maestricht. In the front of the left wing was the village of Laffeldt in which were posted several English and one Hanoverian battalion.

The battle began the following morning at 10 o'clock. "The French King," Walpole tells us, "saw the whole through a spying glass from a Hampstead hill environed with twenty thousand men."

The French marched down the hill, and attacked the village of Laffeldt, the key of the confederate position. The place was defended with amazing obstinacy. The assailants, especially the Irish brigade, that had fought so obstinately at Fontenoy, suffered terribly in their approach, and met with such a warm reception from the British musketry that they were broken and dispersed. Fresh brigades of the enemy

succéeded each other with great perseverance. The confederates were driven out but soon returned. Four times in this day was the village taken and retaken, and the place exhibited a scene of terrible slaughter.

"The British and Hanoverian troops behaved so well in the line, that at noon the Duke ordered the whole left wing to advance upon the French, whose infantry gave way so fast, that they were obliged to put cavalry behind them and on their flanks, to drive them on with their swords."[1]

Victory seemed about to declare for the allies, when fortune took a sudden turn against them. Several squadrons of Dutch cavalry went at full gallop to the right about and overthrew five British regiments that were moving up from the reserve. One of these corps, the Royal Welsh Fusileers, was so enraged at the behaviour of their allies, that they poured two volleys into them as they fled. Profiting by the confusion thus produced by the cowardice of the Dutch, the French cavalry charged with great impetuosity and penetrated through the confederate line. The defeat would in all probability have been total had not Sir John Ligonier resolved to sacrifice himself to save the rest. At the head of three British cavalry regiments, and some squadrons of Imperial horse, he charged the whole French line of cavalry with such

[1] "Life of Cumberland," p. 445.

intrepidity that he overthrew all before him, and enabled the Duke of Cumberland to effect an orderly retreat to Maestricht, and to repass the Meuse.

In this charge Ligonier's horse was shot under him, and he was hurried into the enemies' ranks. In the confusion he endeavoured to pass for one of their own officers, and even cheered on the French troops, but the Order of the Bath being observed under his coat he was recognised as a British officer and obliged to surrender. He was presented to the French King by Count de Saxe himself. "Here," said the Marshal, "is a gentleman who has thwarted all my measures." Louis received the veteran very graciously, and invited him to dinner the same evening, instead, as Voltaire insinuates he ought to have done, "of putting him to death as a rebel."

I have no particular notice of Lord Bury in this action, but we know that he was in personal attendance on the Duke of Cumberland, which is tantamount to saying that he was all day in the thickest of the fire. One of the Duke's aides-de-camp was killed, and another wounded. "The Duke himself was very nearly taken, having, through his short sight, mistaken a body of French for his own people."[1]

Of Ligonier's personal staff, Captain Henry Campbell, second son of John (afterwards fourth Duke of

[1] Walpole.

Argyll), was killed, and Captain Keppel, another aide-de-camp was "much wounded," and shared in the captivity of his chief.

"In this battle the French had about twelve hundred horse, and nine thousand foot either killed or wounded, but the loss of the confederates did not exceed six thousand." [1]

"It is impossible," says the Official Despatch, "to commend too much the behaviour of the Generals, both horse and foot. Sir John Ligonier, who charged at the head of the British Dragoons, with that skill and spirit that he has showed on so many occasions, and in which he was so well seconded, had the misfortune to have his horse killed in the second charge of cavalry, and was made prisoner."

"Lord Albemarle did all that could be expected from an officer, as the behaviour of the British infantry fully shows." [2]

Fontenoy and Laffeldt both furnish examples of the unskilfulness of the commander, and of the indomitable pluck of his men. No better critique can be given of the latter action than that contained in one of Walpole's letters, which was doubtless an echo of the opinion of his friend Conway:—"We would fight, which the French did not intend. We gave them, or did not take, advantage of the situation.

[1] "Life of Cumberland." [2] *Ibid.* p. 446.

What part of our army was engaged did wonders, for the Dutch ran away, and we had contrived to post the Austrians in such a manner that they could not assist us."

By a curious coincidence Lord Albemarle's second son, Captain Augustus Keppel, was also a prisoner of war in the same year of 1747. He was in command of the *Maidstone* frigate, and was giving chase to a privateer when, by the unskilfulness of his pilot, the ship was wrecked on the coast of Brittany. He wrote to his friend Admiral Anson, "I have now on shore with me 334, which leave forty-eight still missing, besides what were in my prizes. I have written by this post to the Count of Maurepas, Minister of the Marine of France, for a speedy return of my people to England." The Minister, in answer, sent him a passport, giving him the choice of returning to England by any route he thought proper, even by Paris, if so disposed.

In 1748 Lord Albemarle was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British forces serving in the Low Countries, and his friend, John Huske, now a Lieutenant-General, his second in command.

The war party in England, ranking among its members the King, "the Duke," and the Duke of Newcastle, talked of bringing a numerous army into the field for the campaign of 1748, and believed that the progress of the enemy might still be stayed, and

that even some of the losses which the confederates had sustained might be repaired. This sanguine view was shared neither by the commander of the British forces nor by his lieutenant. In a letter dated Gertrudenburgh, January 11, 1748, Huske writes to Albemarle:

"I am honoured by your Lordship's letter of the 10th instant by the orderly officer. Am much obliged to you for the two papers of intelligence, which I believe are mostly true and the real designs of the enemy; and that M. Saxe's design is upon Maestricht and M. Lowendahl's both by land and water. I think ourselves to be in a very unhappy situation to be upon the defensive, when we are so unprepared for it. I have no great opinion of the sea defence, any more than I have of the land. I wish, as your Lordship doth, that the British troops were out of the scrape, for I think we are all liable to be lost while England and Holland are both asleep and insensible of their danger. I hope your Lordship takes all opportunities of representing to the Duke the situation of affairs in these parts."

Much that was foreshadowed in General Huske's letters came to pass. On the 3rd of April, Marshal Saxe invested Maestricht without the allied forces being able to offer any opposition. The Austrian army posted in the neighbourhood of the fortress were compelled to decamp, leaving their magazines behind them. On the 15th of April the French opened the

trenches for a regular siege. Shortly afterwards all hostile operations were suspended, and in the autumn peace was formally proclaimed.

As Lord Albemarle was senior in rank to nearly all the allied lieutenant-generals, he came not unfrequently in the temporary command of the whole confederate army. To prevent the recurrence, Prince William of Orange, the newly-elected Stadholder of the Netherlands,[1] raised an officer of the name of Burmannia to the rank of full general.

Upon this subject Colonel Hodgson, Equerry to the Duke of Cumberland, writes to Lord Albemarle:—"The promotion of Dutch general officers is most extraordinary and unjust, and gives offence to everybody here, civil as well as military folks. I hope His Majesty will consider it."

As soon as Lord Albemarle became aware of the Stadholder's intentions he tendered the resignation of his command.

In a semi-official answer Hodgson writes to him from the Hague:—"The latter part of your Lordship's letter gives me inexpressible concern, and I am very sensible you have ample reason to be dissatisfied with what has been done in this country; but when will they act from proper motives? I am sure your

[1] Son of John William Friso, Prince of Nassau Diets, appointed Stadholder 2nd of May, 1747, and married 19th March, 1734, Anne, eldest daughter of George II.

Lordship's resolutions will give His Royal Highness the greatest uneasiness, and I believe he will hardly ever be brought to approve of them. I am sure if it depended upon him he would soon remove the cause."

The Duke of Cumberland himself, who considered the act of his brother-in-law to have arisen from jealousy towards himself, writes to Lord Albemarle on the 3rd of April from the Hague:—

"You may depend upon my getting you relieved as soon as possible. If any of the troops are to stay where you are I should be very sorry that you should serve in a manner that must be disagreeable to you.

"I am,

"Your affectionate friend,

"WILLIAM."

The following is to Lord Albemarle from Lieutenant-General Sir John Ligonier, who, with his aide-de-camp, William Keppel, was taken prisoner at Laffeldt:—

"A LA HAYE, *ce* 23 *Mars*, 1748.

"MON CHER LORD,—J'ai reçu une lettre de M. le General Elliot, par la quelle il me prie de vous recommander M. de Vaus, prisonnier de guerre à

Breda, à vostre excellence quoy que je croye la chose inutile, connoissant vostre générosité naturelle et vostre politesse. J'ay été sy bien traité l'année passée dans le même cas, que je ne puis m'empêcher de vous prier My Lord de luy offrir de ma part tous les services dont je puis être capable. Au reste My Lord vous aurez la bonté d'excuser cette liberté puis que vous êtes bien convaincu avec quel attachement je suis, &c.,

"LE CHEVALIER LIGONIER."

RT. HON. H. PELHAM TO WILLIAM ANNE LORD ALBEMARLE.

"*September 6th*, 1748.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I had the honour of your Lordship's letter of ye 10th N.S. from Eyndhoven, and am very glad to find by it that you continue in good health, and have not quite forgot your old faithfull friends in England. You are yourself the best judge as to the propriety of your application for a garter, because you only know whether it is improper for you. Your rank and figure in the world, as well as your publick character, entitle you to all the marks of Honour His Majesty can bestow upon a subject. When I have said this it is rather to bare my testimony of the regard and value I have for your Lordship than with any other view; for you must know I am

not likely to be much consulted in the disposition of those kind of court favours.

"I do not in the least know to whom His Majesty has any intention of giving the vacant garters.

"I presume Prince George[1] will have one, and I think I have heard of some foreign prince for another. But as you have spoken to the Duke, and wrote to my brother, you have done everything that is necessary on such an occasion. They will undoubtedly know whenever the King makes a promotion. I conclude the Duke will return to you very soon. He seems as eager to be with you as you are to have him. And it is with great pleasure that I can assure you there is no one for whom His Royal Highness seems to have so great a regard, nor upon whom he in a military way so much depends as your Lordship.

"By this, you see, I think you stand a good chance for whatever you desire. And I flatter myself you believe that as I always have been so I shall continue to be a sincere well-wisher for your success in all your undertakings.

"Last Thursday (1749) the king gave away the six vacant ribands, one to a Margrave of Anspach, a near relation to the queen, others to the Dukes of Leeds and Bedford, Lord Albemarle, and Lord Granville; the sixth is, at last, given to Prince George. The

[1] Afterwards George the Third.

Ministry could not prevail for it till half an hour before the ceremony."—WALPOLE TO MANN, *June* 25, 1749.

1749.

The following year Lord Albemarle was appointed ambassador at Paris, and remained in the post till the day of his death. When the diplomatic history of that period shall be better known, I think it will be found that he ably discharged the duties of his high office. I wish that his conduct in the domestic relations of life could be as easily defended. Walpole, in a short paragraph, gives us a glimpse of his mode of living, certainly not that of a poor man and the father of a numerous family. "Everybody," says he, "goes to Paris, Lord Albemarle keeps an immense table there, with sixteen people in his kitchen. His aides-de-camp invite everybody; but he seldom graces the banquet himself." One of his guests at that time was Augustus Henry, Earl of Euston, better known in after times as the "Junius," Duke of Grafton. In 1753, being then a youth of eighteen, he was travelling with a tutor. Here is a passage from his autobiography, to which I have had access by the kindness of his great-grandson, the present bearer of his title:—"Our stay in Paris and Fontainebleau was not less than five months, and I had, through the means of Lord Albemarle, our

ambassador, in whose family I was intimate, the opportunity of seeing the best company at Paris, which I cultivated, much to my satisfaction. We received particular civilities from various quarters during our short stay at the old and respectable Duke of Biron's. I dined with a numerous set of officers and his reception was flattering. He had commanded *les gardes Françaises* ever since the battle of Fontenoy."[1]

If the letters of the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Albemarle were any indication of his real sentiments, there were few persons for whom he had a more real regard. Not that this feeling exempted the subject of it from suffering in common with other friends of that minister, from his fretful and jealous capricious temper. At the date of the letter which followed, the Duke was in one of his peevish moods. He had quarrelled with Lord Sandwich, because he exceeded his instructions as ambassador to the Hague. He had quarrelled with the Duke of Cumberland, because he sought to make them friends again: he had even been uncivil to the Princess Amelia, because she was the Duke's sister. At this time, also, Lord Albemarle had become one of the objects of his resentment. Either he was jealous of a man who had owed his advancement in life to the Prince, with whom he was

[1] Lord Albemarle's special adversary in that action, and the man with whom he lived on terms of most intimacy when accredited to the French court.

now at variance, or perhaps he thought the Duke of Cumberland's friend must of necessity be the Duke of Newcastle's foe. Something of this kind must have occurred to draw from Lord Albemarle the following letter:—

PARIS, 8 *April*, 1749. 28 *March*, 1750.

"MY LORD DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,—I am sorry that my want of apprehension has given you any uneasiness. It is true my desire to pay my Duty to my Royal Master was great, and without any compliment, next to that, assuring your Grace of my just regard and respect, and I may venture to affirm, I was prompted to this from no self-interest but real inclination. My disappointment I must own hurts me; but when I consider my station here, and that my journey to London might have created suspicions amongst some people even numbers less *clairvoyant* than Mons^{r} Puysieulx (who himself would not have [been] alarmed at itt), I shall bear my present confinement with y^{e} utmost resignation, but with the flattering hopes that whenever public affairs are settled to the King's satisfaction your Grace will then use your endeavours to procure leave for your humble servant to be recalled from y^{e} French Court, and receive from my Gracious Sovereign the tokens of his approbation for my present conduct.

"I shall not obey your Grace's orders in showing

a translation of your last letter to me to Mons^r^ Puysieulx to prevent further explanations, but only tell him that the business I had at home has been transacted by my friends, and your Grace may depend upon my discretion not to speak of the contents of your several preceding ones which were all meant to give me such advice as might hasten y^e^ future happiness that I flatter myself I am about to enjoy."

Although Mr. Pelham condemned the imprudence of his brother, which had brought down upon him the resentment of the Duke of Cumberland, he at once espoused his quarrel, and discontinued those attentions to His Royal Highness which he had hitherto been in the habit of paying him, and thereby caused the withdrawal of the protection of his powerful influence from the *Adelphic* Administration. Indeed, the first Lord of the Treasury seems not only to have shared Newcastle's likes and dislikes, but also to have adopted his suspicions. Like his brother, he distrusted the friendship of Albemarle, but when assured by him, that his surmise was unjust, he wrote to him as follows :—

"RABY CASTLE, *Aug. 9th*, 1750.

"MY LORD,—Seeing an answer dated from this place, your Lordship will, I hope, conclude that I had no opportunity of returning you my thanks for the honour of your letter of August 1st, N.S., till I

arrived here. I set out with Lord Lincoln[1] and Lord Ashburnham[2] upon a ramble the very day your letter came to me, and we have been flying from place to place ever since, till Harry Vane[3] made us voluntary Prisoners here. I cannot however suffer any longer time to pass, without expressing to you the real satisfaction I had in the contents of your kind letter. I hope I am not of a very jealous temper, and yet I will own to you, that many concurrent circumstances had led me to fear I was not so kindly thought of by your Lordship, as I once flattered myself I was. But all is vanished, and I am almost ashamed to own so much as I have done. I ask your pardon for having entertained the least suspicion of your good wishes; what made me hint so much as I did, was, that I

[1] Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, Cofferer and a Lord of the Bedchamber. His mother was sister to the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham: he married Mr. Pelham's daughter, was created a Knight of the Garter in 1752, and became Duke of Newcastle in 1768. Walpole, who hated the whole Pelham connection, says "he was the mimic of Newcastle's fondnesses and follies, but with more honour and more pride: as the Duke his uncle was a political weathercock he was a political weatherglass—his quicksilver being always up at insolence or down at despair."

[2] John, second Earl of Ashburnham, was at this time talked of for Governor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Third.

[3] Harry Vane, eldest son of Gilbert, second Lord Barnard, one of those who came into office upon the breaking up of Sir Robert Walpole's administration. Horace Walpole calls him "Pulteny's *toad-eater*." He was created Earl of Darlington in 1753.

wished to have those suspicions removed, which your last kind letter has entirely effected. Were I to have the honour to see you, I could then, *to you alone*, explain a certain very *tender* point, which has given me the greatest concern, *that* may have influenced my judgment, and carried me to a wrong object. I am almost cured even there; but it is a great struggle, as I could explain to you, if I had the honour of half an hour's conversation with you. Your own good sense and discretion will tell you it is not my intention to say more now; we shall have a time of conference and confidence: till then give me leave to wish you all the success in your foreign embassy you can hope for, and all the happiness and ease in your private life which you so well deserve.

"I won't trouble your Lordship with foreign Politicks, you know my way of thinking too well to want a key for information. I heartily pity the Duke of Newcastle, he does not deserve the treatment he has met with from a certain quarter.[1] I hope and trust, however, that upright dealing will carry him well

[1] The "certain quarter" is evidently the Duke of Cumberland. While Pelham was thus pitying the Duke of Newcastle, the world thought that he was at daggers drawn with him. Lord Chesterfield said he would not be President of the Council because he would not be between two fires, and likened the two brothers to Arbuthnott's Lindamira and Indamora, the latter was a peaceable, tractable gentlewoman, but her sister was always quarrelling and kicking, and as they grew together there was no parting them. (Walpole.)

through what he has begun, and experience will convince him he is not, for the future, to trust those who are scarce to be trusted, even in their own affairs.

"I am with the truest affection and esteem, &c.

"H. PELHAM."

Many circumstances arose to widen the breach between the Court and the Pelham Administration. By the sudden death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, it became necessary to provide for the contingency of a demise of the Crown during the minority of the successor. The choice of Regent lay between Frederick's widow as mother to the heir-apparent, and the Duke of Cumberland as first Prince of the blood. The Pelhams declared in favour of the Princess. Their decision greatly exasperated the Duke of Cumberland, who believed that they had excluded him because of the countenance he had shown to Bedford and Sandwich (Bedford's protégé). Newcastle soon after procured the dismissal of Sandwich from the Admiralty, which, as he hoped and anticipated, was followed by the resignation of the Duke of Bedford of the Foreign Portfolio. Pelham's Bill in 1752, for investing the forfeited estates of Scotland in the Crown, was opposed by the Duke of Bedford at the secret instigation of the Duke of Cumberland.

In September of this same year, Pelham thus unbosoms himself to his friend Albemarle:—

"My dear Lord,—I am extremely concerned that any expression in my letter from Raby could leave you room to think that I was so unreasonable as to retain the least doubt of your goodness to me. I can assure your Lordship I meant quite the contrary; and if I had any, which upon my honour I had not, your great condescension in writing a second time to me upon the subject must have removed it entirely. I meant only to justify myself a little in some kind of suspicion by pointing out to you the quarter from whence it arose, I had not any letter of yours to my brother in my mind, nor was *He* the least cause of my uneasiness with your Lordship or any one else, for I can assure you, of what I am certain you will be glad to know, there never was a time that he *poor man*, and I, were better together than the present. I pity him, as he does me, most exceedingly. The crosses he has met with in Publick affairs, and the great distress he has been under for some time on account of the Dutchesse of Newcastle, who has for above a month been afflicted with that strange distemper, which almost his whole family have had, must call for compassion from all his good-natured friends, and now att last to hear, almost of a sudden, of the loss I have had in my family,[1] your Lordship

[1] Mr. Pelham's grandson, Lord Clinton, died on the 19th of August, 1752.

may imagine makes him almost distracted. Poor Lord Lincoln and my daughter are melancholy companions to me, they had set their hearts too much upon their eldest son, not most keenly to feel the loss of him, tho' Providence has been so good to 'em as to leave 'em two more, I hope in a fine way of doing well. You see, my Lord, what I think of you, by venturing to trouble you with the afflictions and distresses of my own family; which I should not do, if I did not think your friendship and good nature would make you take some little share in the missfortunes of your faithful servant. I have been too much used to strokes of this nature, and am therefore the better able to support those whose time of life cannot have furnished them with these kind of missfortunes. Since you desired I would explain to you what I meant, I will do it in the best manner I am able to do by letter, and I have done it as soon as my present circumstances would allow me to do. My thoughts were directed *Higher* tho' not *so near* as my Brother, the returns I have met with for a long series of attachment, and I may say, without vanity, for real and substantial services, from that quarter, joined to the coolness which I have seen from many, the natural consequence of the first alteration, might perhaps sour my temper, and make me suspicious where I ought not to be, and interpret silence, which was meant to avoid giving trouble, to a consequential

coldness, which I am now satisfied I was not the least founded in. Forgive me, my dear Lord, for what is pass'd, and assure yourself you shall never have reason to converse with me on this subject again. I have told you the truth, and the whole truth; I have own'd more to you than I have ever done before, and I am certain it is safe in your hands. When you see the Duke of Richmond, assure him of my firm attachment to his real interest, and believe me with the greatest truth, affection, and regard,

"My dear Lord Albemarle, &c.

"H. PELHAM."

"P.S. I must desire you to burn this letter."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*June 4th*, 1753.

"MY DEAR LORD,—This letter will be delivered to you by Jack Shelley; who he is, you know very well, and what he is I will tell you in a very few words: as honest and as good-natured a young fellow as ever you met with. Had his father been as generous as we suppose him able, your Lordship would probably have been acquainted with him some years ago. But nobody can persuade Sir John to part with his money; and, till very lately, it was not in my power to put him in a capacity of going abroad without some

considerable assistance from the knight. He proposes making a stay at Paris for a few months. If your Lordship honours him with your protection you will greatly oblige his friends and relatives. All I desire is, that he may see some good company, and be a little better fashioned than the University of Cambridge, one tour to Hanover, and a great deal of Ranelagh and Vauxhall have taught him. Your friendship will, I am sure, give him good advice; and your example I hope will, from his natural good sense, be his best instructor. We are now, I thank God, drawing to the end of our Session of Parliament. I hope this will be our last day in the House of Commons, where I have had a fortnight's fret upon a subject that I thought could have interested few people, but upon speculation. You will probably hear particulars from your young correspondents. What vexes me is, that the Secretary at War has taken this affair up with great violence, done himself, I think, no service, but fed the common enemy with vain and, I hope, fruitless expectations. Foreign affairs have slept here for some weeks. We don't know whether we are or are not to have a king of the Romans. For my part, save but the honour of our King and Ministers, and I shall be easy either way, the difference between His Most Christian Majesty and his Parliament taking up the thoughts of all our wise politicians, may that difference long continue! for whatever weakens you must serve

us. I believe the *friends* to the Parliament are the better men; but if I can judge at all, had their measures been pursued, this country would have felt the weight of 'em whenever France should be disposed to quarrel. That is the time I dread; till then, and for ever,

"Believe me,

"My dear Lord,

"Your most faithful and affectionate Servant,

"H. Pelham."

From the endorsement of the above letter, I find that it was the last that Mr. Pelham addressed to Lord Albemarle. He died on the 6th of March of the following year, and his brother became sole Minister. In the letter which follows the Duke of Newcastle announces his elevation.

[*Private.*]

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE TO WILLIAM ANNE, LORD ALBEMARLE.

"Newcastle House, *March 28th*, 1754.

"My dearest Lord,—Your Goodness to me at a Time, when I want all the comfort, That my friends can give me, shall never be forgot. I have the greatest loss a Man can have, and have now no view

but to endeavour to pursue his measures, Serve his Friends, and particularly to do everything that can best comfort His poor family.

"The King's Charity, Goodness and Confidence are not to be expressed, and I have no Comfort so great, as that of following my dearest Brother's Example, to the best of my Power, to do the King the best Services, and give Him the greatest Satisfaction.

"It is for that reason, that His Majesty has commanded me to go to the head of The Treasury; as thinking (and in that the King shall not be deceived) that nobody could so punctually observe all that has been intended, as myself. I shall endeavour to have the same friends by doing the best to deserve it. Be assured my Dear Lord, that I reckon you amongst them. I spoke on Sunday to the King to give one of the prebends of Windsor to your son Frederick,[1] and His Majesty has been so good as to consent to it.

"I shall always remember Your Goodness to me, upon this occasion, and endeavour to show you how much and how sincerely

"I am,

"Ever and most affectionately Yours,

"HOLISS NEWCASTLE.

"[P.S.]—M. de Puysieulx has gained my heart. I have endeavoured by the enclosed letter, (which I beg

[1] Hon. and Rev. Frederick Keppel, afterwards Bishop of Exeter.

you would give him,) to show him the sense I have of it. The Duchess of Newcastle sends you her best compliments."

The next letter from the Duke of Newcastle illustrates the anomalous position in which France and England stood at this time towards each other. Although nominally at peace neither country disarmed —and in America they were actually at war.

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE TO WILLIAM ANNE, LORD ALBEMARLE.

[*Private.*]

"NEWCASTLE HOUSE, *Oct.* 10*th*, 1754.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I must now write very freely to you upon the subject of our North American Expedition. You know how much I was, and am for it, to put the Complaint and labouring oar upon them.

"But as I would have it done *effectually*, I would, as far as it was practicable have avoided *éclat*. A most ill-judged Advertisement from the War Office has set all the foreign Ministers on fire; and made them believe that we are just going to war, which is, I hope, the furthest from our Thoughts. It is to be supposed that the French will take *alarm*, and I own

I should not be surprized if they should, as they did in Cambis's time, make some strong declaration, and then we shall be engaged in earnest. Another Inconvenience from that silly advertisement is, that the French will know our Strength, or rather our weakness, or the utmost that we intend to do, or at least send from Europe.

"But however, that is over, and we must make the best of it. The fact is that two Irish Regiments, to be fill'd up here to 500 private men, will go from hence to Virginia; These, with the Independant Companies, and such Americans as may be rais'd in those parts, we hope may be sufficient for reinstating us in our Possessions, from whence the French drove us by a regular Force.—We shall also send orders for raising two American Regiments in New England and the northern parts of our Colonies. The French have done more than this every year, since the Peace. Troops have been sent from Europe to the Mississippi and Canada, Indians have been collected, with which Force they have actually hostilely invaded our Possessions, drove us from our Forts, and are making a Chain from Canada to the Ocean by the Mississippi, to cut all our Colonies off from their Commerce with the Indians, and are building Forts on the Back of our Possessions on ground actually belonging to the Crown of Great Britain; all this done in full peace, without saying one word to us of it; during the pendancy of

the commission of the Commissaries, established for examining into these very Limits, and what is more than all the rest, making these Encroachments, and Invasions, building Forts for their Protection, contrary to the express agreement made by the Duke of Bedford, and I think your Lordship, that during the Conference or Negociation of the Commissaries, nothing should be done, no possession taken on either side; and yet after they have done this, if we endeavour to defend ourselves, prevent their further progress, or endeavour to reinstate ourselves into our possessions, *we then begin the war.*

"But whoever begins it it will be the greatest misfortune to this Country, wherever it is begun, and therefore everything should be done to prevent it consistently with the carrying on our necessary measures for securing ourselves in North America against them: nobody can do it better than yourself, and therefore I should hope that you would (as from yourself) give such a turn to all these necessary defensive measures, as may make the French Ministers ashamed to complain of them, and willing to avoid taking such notice of them as may bring on such consequences as they don't seem at present to wish. The Marquise and Miresson may be made good use of. Excuse this free Letter. But we are on a

precipice, and I am sure you will help us out, if you can, and I think you may.

"I am,

"My Dear Lord,

"Ever Yours."

From "grave to gay." The Duke in another letter of the same date thus thanks Lord Albemarle for engaging a French cook for the royal kitchen :—

"My Dear Lord,—A thousand thanks to you for the *Sieur Fontenelles.* Il est fort content de moi et de lui même, et je le suis aussi. Il est certainement bon et grand cuisinier. Il n'a pas la façon simple de Cloé,[1] que est tant à la mode ici, mais celui çi est la façon du jour, et l'autre viendra ; send me some great names who are vouchers for him. He talks of Dukes, Peers, and *Cordons Blues.* The president Hénault and the president *Montfort* have set La Grange above all the world : my Lord Albemarle with a French name or two, Monsieur et Madame la première, of whom he brags, and any other of that *vogue* would do Fontenelles and me service. The only objection I have to

[1] Cloé, the Duke of Newcastle's cook, was a great personage. His name appears in more than one of Walpole's letters. He figures in the printed letter of the Duke of Grafton about Fielding's "Miss Lucy in Town," and is also mentioned by Walpole in the "World." (Cuningham.)

him is that he lived three years with that *Booby Loss*, and but one year with *Haute-forte*, the Prince de Taxis, &c. He is certainly, as he calls himself, *le plus honnête homme du monde*, in short the Dutchess of Newcastle is in love with him, and once more many thanks to you for him. As to my wine let me have it soon, that I may drink some of it, tho' not fit to drink on the birthday. Let de Cosne[1] draw for the money.

"The king was vastly pleas'd with the *Bataille des Belles*. Send me such amusements, when you can, they will help both you and me, by diverting our master. The Dutchess of Newcastle sends her best compliments. All your secret service is paid. The king should know a little *to whom*.

"Ever most affectionately yours."

WILLIAM ANNE, LORD ALBEMARLE TO THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

"FONTEAU., *October* 23, 1754.

"MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—By the nature of our constitution nothing is kept from the knowledge of the whole world; even intentions and thoughts are guessed at and made publick by those abominable writers of daily papers. In this country I experience

[1] Colonel Ruvigny de Cosne, Lord Albemarle's private secretary.

every day the reverse. Secrecy is recommended everywhere, and nothing transpires till the King their master's will is put in execution. I wish the same could be said and established in England, but I fear I shall not live enough to see that blessing. I thank your Grace for the information you have given me of the particulars for the intended expedition to America; but I must own that I had been acquainted with them by many private letters long before I had the honour to receive yours, and even those from Sir Thomas Robinson upon the same subject, which is a proof of what I have mentioned before,—that nothing can be kept secret in England. This court had very early intelligence of her H.M.'s intentions, by what I could fish out of my friend Rouillé. But hitherto they prefer silence to clamour, and they have so far succeeded that not a word is mentioned of it in publick, and that I verily believe very few people are acquainted with it except their ministers, some of my brethren, and some merchants. Your Grace is pleased to order me to treat with M. Rouillé on this point as from myself. I have already, at two several times, with the greatest caution, as my dispatch of the 16th inst. and that of this day will inform you. But I must own that it requires a better head than mine to distinguish with proper nicety what we are now doing from hostile preparations. However, I have done my best by throwing the blame, and with reason, upon

them as being the aggressors, having already, and for several years, for they begun soon after the late peace, sent troops and warlike stores to the Mississippi, which unwarrantable conduct forced us (*malgré nous*) to act in the same manner to defend His Majesty's possessions and the undoubted rights of his subjects in his colonies now attacked by the French troops without giving any previous reason for their unjust proceedings. What turn this great affair will take will soon be known, but I must confess I look upon it in a very dubious light. We certainly may depend upon the Marchioness's[1] peaceable dispositions; but Argenson is still Minister, and at times has much influence with the King his master. Your Grace mentions M. de Miresson as a proper person to talk to, it is true, but I am certain that he has directions to avoid me; for since he came from England in June last I have never been able to have any discourse with him. At Compiegne he put me off to his return at Paris. There he has never been at home to me; he said soon after that his health required Country Air, and he went to *Meudon:* I pursued him there, but then I was told that he rid out; he has never been at my house but at hours that he was sure I was not at home. He is nowhere, and I have made three attempts at the door of his lodgings; once I was told that he was asleep; next

[1] Madame de Pompadour.

that he had taken Physick, and ye last time (yesterday), that he was gone to ye King his Master. I flew upstairs after him, but could not find him in the apartments, and I was told that he was not there. He has left his name twice at my door, but he knew that I was gone to the Opera at Court. All this behaviour looks very suspicious to me.

"I am, with the greatest Respect,

"&c., &c."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"FONTAINEBLEAU *Oct. ye 30th*, 1754.

"MY LORD DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, I should not so soon have given your Grace the trouble of a letter, as I took that liberty last week, and that my messenger with the despatches of last Thursday from England is not yet arrived, was it not to relate a short conversation I have had with the Duc de Miresson, whom I met last Sunday by chance at the Dauphinesse's apartments, and who has since eclipsed himself from my endeavours to see him. After some compliments, *de parte et d'autre*, he told me that he had writ a letter to y^r^ Grace to scold you in M. de Pompadour's name for not answering another, he writ to you about three months since by her orders, with a taste of several sorts of Liqueurs that she had sent you to chuse amongst them that y^e^ most to

y^r^ liking. If that is true I must take the liberty to say that your Grace is to blame. This subject of talk being over, I asked him when he proposed returning to England to assist me in convincing his ministers of H.M.'s just and upright measures. 'Why,' said he, 'je ne sçay pas bien ; ma Santé est foible. L'air d'Angleterre m'est contraire—la saison est mauvaise.' We were then interrupted, but by what I can conjecture from his manner of speaking, and from what Mons. Rouillé let drop inadvertently to me some days ago, I believe that your friend's scheme is to delay his leaving his country as long as he can, that he may enjoy his appointments till after H.M.'s return from Hanover, and then desire his recall, and in y^e^ meantime endeavour at some settlement at his Court, as I well know he covets the Honour of being appointed Governor to the Duke of Burgundy.

"This is y^e^ only subject of my Letter, and to intreat y^r^ Grace not to forget sending the fruit trees you have promised him, for the Duc de Biron, who every day is asking me whether I have heard any tydings ab^t^ them. He is a great friend of myne, and of a most valuable Character."

A few weeks later the writer of the above letter had ceased to breathe.

On the evening of the 2nd of December, 1754, as Lord Albemarle was going home from supper, he was taken ill at Paris, and died in a few hours.

"Lord Bury," says Walpole, "was at Windsor with the Duke when the express of his father's death arrived: he came to town time enough to find his mother and sisters at breakfast. 'Lord! child,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'what brings you to town so early?' He said he had been sent for. Says she, 'You are not well!' 'Yes,' replied Lord Bury, 'I am, but a little flustered with something I have heard!' 'Let me feel your pulse,' said Lady Albemarle. 'Oh!' continued she, 'your father is dead!' 'Lord! madame,' said Lord Bury, 'how could that come into your head? I should rather have imagined that you would have thought it was my poor brother William, who is just gone to Lisbon for his health.' 'No,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'I know it is your father; I dreamed last night that he was dead, and came to take leave of me!' and immediately swooned away." Lady Temple tells much the same story. In a letter to Lord Temple she says that Lady Albemarle "thought she saw her husband dressed in white; the same thing happened before the Duke of Richmond's death, and often has happened before the death of any of her family.[1] Methinks I see you laugh!"

When the new peer delivered to the king the insignia of his father's Order of the Garter His Majesty said to him, "Your father had a great many good

[1] Lady Albemarle's brother, Charles, second Duke of Richmond, died in 1751.

qualities, but he was a sieve :"—"It is the last receiver," maliciously adds Walpole, who gives the anecdote, "into which I should have thought His Majesty would have poured gold."

The accession of Lord Bury to the peerage effected no change in his habit of living. He took up his quarters with the Duke of Cumberland at Great Windsor Lodge. In 1756 he was promoted to the rank of Major-General.

Among my family papers I find the following :—

"George Van Keppel, present Earl of Albemarle, sold the estate of Voorst on 9^{ber} 12, 1756, to Otto Frederick, Count of Lynden." By this act my grandfather deprived himself and his family of all claim to the title of Baron as the male representative of the House, but retained the right to the nobiliary prefix of "van" to their surname.

The following year Lord Albemarle accompanied his royal master to Germany, the Duke having been appointed to the command of the army of Hanoverians to resist the invasion of the Electorate by Louis XV. Lord George Lennox, Colonel West and Colonel Carleton were the only other British officers who attended his Royal Highness on that expedition. The issue of the campaign is but too well known. Out-numbered and out-generaled, the Duke was totally defeated at Hastenbeck, and compelled to sign the same famous convention of Closter-Seven, by

which 38,000 Hanoverians laid down their arms and were dispersed into different quarters of the cantonment, Hanover being placed in military occupation of the enemy.

The Duke was immediately recalled. He arrived in England on the 11th of October. The following letter was written the next day to the Duke of Bedford, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland:—

RIGHT HON. HENRY FOX TO THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

"HOLLAND HOUSE, *Wednesday, Oct.* 12, 1757.

"MY DEAR LORD, . . . I am now to tell your GRACE all that has passed since he (the Duke of Cumberland) arrived. I went to him as soon as he arrived last night, to give him information (of which I had collected all I could). He came into the room to Windham, Napier, Sir E. Fawkner, and myself.[1] When I kissed his hand, he said, 'You see me as well as ever I was in my life, both in body and in mind.' I said I had heard with great pleasure that he had quite recovered his health, but I feared I should not have seen him well in mind. 'You have always mistaken me, Mr. Fox. With respect to the king, I am perfectly easy; I have the king's orders in writing for what I have done, and I have done better for him

[1] Lieut.-Col. Windham, Comptroller of the Household, General Napier, Equerry, and Sir Everard Fawkner, Secretary to the Duke.

than I thought the exigency would have allowed of.' He then dressed while we stood by; and then talked military to Napier, till the king came to the princesses, when he went to His Majesty. . . . He saw H.M. for a few minutes, when he left us. His reception was bad (of which he entered into no particulars). He then went to the card playing, and after the king retired desired Lady Yarmouth, in the most respectful and most submissive manner, to let the king know that he had it not in his power to serve H.M. any longer, and that he had no favour left to ask, but leave to quit. Lady Yarmouth desired him to take no resolution. . . . I told H.R.H. that your Grace expressed your dread of this step, and that it was likewise the Duke of Devonshire's and Lord Waldegrave's opinion that it would add greatly to the distress and danger of this country, already in a deplorable situation. He said a point of honour was in question, on which nobody should ask advice. His submission, his duty, his regard to the king were without bounds on any other subject; but, dear as the king was to him, his own honour was dearer to him even than the king. . . . The king sent Munckhausen,[1] who by the way must be mad, for he has treated the convention to the whole world, and even to General Napier, as *infâme, indigne, lâche*, &c.

[1] The Hanoverian Minister.

The king sent this Munckhausen to the *conciliabulum*, to show the letters that were to prove that H.R.H. had acted without orders, and these letters proved the contrary to the conviction of every minister present. 'I must,' says Pitt, 'as a man of honour and a gentleman, allow everywhere that H.R.H. had full powers to do what he has done.' Your Grace knows that before this H.M. wrote a cruel letter to the Duke, and had it translated into French, and shown to every foreign minister, and disclaimed the treaty to the king of Prussia in particular, and I believe to almost every court in Europe. H.R.H. this morning showed me the king's letters, which are not full powers only, but directions to prevent the army from becoming prisoners of war at any rate, and to sign a treaty for that purpose if necessary, without waiting for any formality or further directions from hence whatever."[1]

The original documents that would have proved the Duke of Cumberland's justification have probably been destroyed; but I find, among my grandfather's papers, the following in the handwriting of His Royal Highness's private secretary, which is evidently a transcript of one of the letters to which Mr. Fox alludes:—

[1] Bedford Correspondence.

"COPY OF H.M.'S LETTER TO H.R.H. THE DUKE, DATED AUGUST THE 9TH, 1757."

"DEAR WILLIAM,—I just received your letter of the 2nd August, by which I see the distracted situation of my affairs in Germany. I am convinced of your sense, and capacity, and zeal, for my service, therefore, you will receive powers to get me and my country out of these difficulties, at the best rate you can, by a separate peace as elector, including my allies the Duke of Wolfenbuttle, the Landgrave, the Duke of Saxony, and Count Buckebourg. Nobody attributes your bad success either to you or the troops under your command, to any cowardice or want of precaution. But it seems, fate is everywhere against us. I trust my affairs entirely to your conduct. You will talk with my Ministers and choose those you think properest for this negotiation, as in the case of war I depend upon your courage and skill, so I now depend upon your affection, zeal, and capacity, to extricate yourself, me, my brave army, and my dearly beloved subjects, out of the misery of slavery they groan under.

"I am, dear William,

"Your loving father,

"GEORGE R.

"P.S.—I hear with great concern your leg is not well, and your health none of the best. Pray take care of a life that is so dear and so necessary to me, and when you have settled every thing, come to a father that esteems and loves you dearly. Take care in your negotiation about cavils, and that there may be no tricks played either to my army or the troops of my allies."

The Right Hon. Richard Rigby, Secretary for Ireland, writes to Lord Albemarle from Dublin Castle, on the 28th of October, 1757:—

"My Dear Lord,—I hope H.R.H. and you enjoy your healths at best in your retirement. Whether you begin to grow popular yet in England I don't know, and I have so good an opinion of your understandings as to be certain you don't care. In this country, I can tell you, if it signified, H.R.H. is idolized, and the toast is now changed from the Duke of the army to the Duke of the battle of Culloden. They don't cease to drink the army because they are not fond of it, for in this country they do love the army, but they have no opinion that it will fight till he is again the general of it. They are more singular in many other things than in this notion."[1]

* * * *

[1] Bedford Correspondence.

[1762.] In the seventh year of the "Seven Years' War," England found herself confronted with a new foe. I will not stop to inquire who brought the calamity upon our land. Suffice it to say that in the month of January, 1762, war was proclaimed against the Spaniards, and at the same time was set on foot a grand secret expedition, which proved to be destined for the conquest of the Havannah, the capital of Cuba, then the greatest emporium of the western hemisphere, and the *dépôt* of the precious metals of Mexico and Peru before their final embarkation for Old Spain.

The undertaking was first suggested by Admiral Knowles, after having made a careful survey of the Island, and the plan was submitted by the Duke of Cumberland to the Government, who gave him, as the first military authority of the day, the nomination of the officer by whom the operations of the enterprise were to be conducted. His choice fell upon Lord Albemarle, his friend and pupil, for nineteen years his inseparable companion, and the comrade who had fought by his side in all his battles.

The new Commander-in-Chief of the expedition, who received the local rank of full general, was assisted by Lieutenant-General Elliot, the second in command, and by Major-General La Fausillé, and his brother, William Keppel. To the latter, whom this narrative left a prisoner at the battle of Laffeldt, were

assigned the siege operations against the Moro Castle, the fortress which commanded the Havannah and defended the entrance of the harbour.

Admiral Sir George Pocock commanded the fleet. This officer had been four-and-forty years in the service, and had distinguished himself in various parts of the world, but India was his principal scene of action. In 1757, he led the attack on Chandernagore, and though he received seven wounds, would not quit his deck till the end of the action, which lasted for three hours. He was the conqueror of the brave but unfortunate General Lally, who when brought a prisoner to England, desired to be introduced to his conqueror. "Dear Sir George," said the gallant Frenchman, "as the first man in your profession, I cannot but respect and esteem you, though you have been the greatest enemy I ever had. But for you I should have triumphed in India, instead of being made a captive. When we first sailed out to give you battle, I had provided a number of musicians on board the *Zodiac*, intending to give the ladies a ball on our victory, but you left me only three fiddlers alive, and treated us all so roughly, that you quite spoiled us for dancing."

Lord Albemarle's brother, Captain Augustus Keppel, was second in command of the naval forces, with the distinguishing pennant of commodore. Upon him

devolved the active operations of the fleet during the siege.

From the time that as a boy of ten he "went foreign" as a midshipman on board the *Oxford* man-of-war, up to that in which he was appointed to this post, his trips on shore had been almost limited to the brief intervals of hauling down his pennant from one ship and hoisting it in another. He sailed with Anson in his famous voyage round the world. At the burning of Payta he wore a jockey cap, the peak of which was shot away in the action.

In 1755 he commanded the naval force of the expedition to America, in which his military colleague, General Braddock, was killed.

In 1758 he captured the island of Goree.

In 1759 he took a prominent part in Hawke's famous action off Ushant.

In 1761 he was associated with General Hodgson in the reduction of Belleisle, which, on the 7th of June of that year, surrendered to the British arms, and he had only returned to England a few days when he was appointed to the new command.

Lord Albemarle lost no time in repairing to Portsmouth, whence he purposed to embark for the New World.

THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

"WINDSOR GREAT LODGE, *Feby ye 24th*, 1762.

"MY DEAR LORD,—A thousand thanks for your letter of the 22nd. I have felt the bad weather that has lasted ever since we parted, both in body and mind, for I have had a sharp attack of the gout, which, by ye way, is agoing off; but the contrary winds were still more unpleasant, as I dread the loss of one single day at present, and that not the less for Knowles's company, who is here, and croaking every day at dinner. Any bystander would think me the projector and *fitter-out* of the expedition, but the truth is the subject is so tender, that I cannot allow even suppositions which are perhaps not quite groundless. I must not omit saying that I gave your brother false intelligence about the *Moro Fort*, for he asked me whether ships could anchor before that Fort, and I answered in the negative, but on further enquiry of Knowles, he says the men of warr may anchor as near as they please in from four to six fathoms water. Though he assured me he had told your brother, yet I thought it safest to write it myself. I have a million of compliments and good wishes from my sister Mary,[1]

[1] Princess Mary, seventh child of George the Second, married in 1740 Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. "Princess Mary is

and you know too well how much she loves me, not to think her sincere on the subject.

"Dear Albemarle, get away as fast as I wish, judge whether I don't love my easterly wind more than ever. Nobody can tell better what you have felt on this occasion for our feals (*sic*) have truly sympathized as I am in hopes they ever will.

"Yours for ever,

"WILLIAM."

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND TO GEORGE, LORD ALBEMARLE.

"WINDSOR GREAT LODGE, *Feby ye 27th*, 1762.

"MY DEAR LORD,—We here had sent the transports round from the Downs long ago, but I was greatly disappointed to see by yours to Hodgson of the 23rd that they were not then arrived; the enclosed note of your drafts is a pretty strong proof in favour of your report of Tonyns' regiment. I am glad you like the bodies of both the 34th and 56th, though thier are many raw men in them both.

"Old Wall came down here yesterday, and as you may belcave, you made great part of our conversation

coming over from Hesse to drink the Bath waters; that is the pretence for leaving her brutal husband, and for visiting the Duke (of Cumberland) and Princess Caroline who love her extremely. She is of the softest, mildest temper in the world."—*Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann.*

tho' I had once liked to have taken Wall's civilities amiss, as no one has a right to make you and I compliments from one another as none can tell but ourselves the regard and affection we both have for one another, but you know Wall can't help saying a civill thing. All I can tell you of politicks is Russian affairs go to admiration, and that begets present unanimity at home; long may it last.

"Many thanks for your kind enquiries and wishes about my gout; the fit is quite over, and (I) have had very little pain, were the swelling quite gone nobody would see I had had a fit as my strength returned sooner then it has yet done. Pray make my hearty and sincere compliments to your brothers,

"And believe ever the same, yours,

"WILLIAM."

The expedition set sail on the morning of the 5th of March, and arrived off the Havannah on the 6th of June.

LORD ALBEMARLE'S PRIVATE JOURNAL.

"June 6th in the evening, being got near our destined port, Sir George Pocock gave Commodore Keppel orders to take six ships of the line and some frigates under his command to protect the

transports and whatever else related to the carrying on the seige. After which the admiral bore away with the rest of the fleet, consisting of seventeen ships of the line, the greater part of the frigates, and all the tenders."

GEORGE, LORD ALBEMARLE TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

"COXIMAR UPON THE ISLAND OF CUBA. HEAD QUARTERS.

"SIR,—We made our landing on the island of Cuba between the forts Boca nao and Coximar, which was completed in less than an hour without the loss of a man, upon the 7th of June, in the morning. The Spaniards had a considerable body of militia in arms; both horse and foot have been very troublesome to us, at times driving all the cattle from us and picking up our stragglers and marauders. Upon the 8th I marched to attack a body of 8,000 of them, mostly cavalry, with the regiment of Edinbro dragoons, and two companies of grenadiers, and with several Spanish officers with them. They made an appearance at first as if they would stay for us, being very strongly posted. Their cavalry, to the number of 1,500 or 1,600 came down upon the light infantry who were upon the right of the line in so formidable a way as to give me some uneasiness. Their hearts failed them at about 100 yards from the line, when they went off

with their whole corps towards the Havannah. I took post at Guanamacoa, the village they quitted, I have kept it ever since, as it gives me the command of the plain, from whence you command part of the harbour, and see almost everything that passes in the town."

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE POCOCK TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

"NAMUR OFF THE MORO, *9th June*, 1762.

"My LORD,—We keep them (the enemy) upon the alarm as much as possible to the westward, had our marines in the boats ready for landing by way of feint; frigates close in shore with the boats sounding, so that they must apprehend we have a design to make a descent on this side. It would be an excellent scheme to be able to land 3,000 or 4,000 men on this side of the town to invest it, but you know that is not practicable with our force at present, but might be very serviceable if our American troops were here; surely they were fighting with one another last night, parties coming in might occasion such mistakes. They seem to endeavour to prevent our coming into the harbour; at five yesterday evening they sunk one of the large ships, and at eight this morning another, and a third seems preparing to go down by the boats being so busy about her. Pray let me know whatever may be serviceable to the great object in our way, and

your Lordship shall be immediately supply'd. I am sorry the woods are so troublesome, it is a great impediment to the marching of men. Your North Americans will be serviceable in felling of trees."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"NAMUR, 10*th June*, 1762.

"I have the honor of your Lordship's by Captain Holmes, and shall make the feint this evening by sending in the *Belleisle* to destroy such another fort as Coximar, and two frigates to keep firing in the woods near the fort. All the marines shall be in boats rowing close to the shore in the night, which probably will have the desired effect to facilitate the attack of the hill opposite the Moro.

"I much approve of your Lordship's measure to land a considerable body of troops on this side, and no person can be chose more proper to command them than Colonel Howe.

"G. POCOCK."

"My next step," continues Lord Albemarle in his letter to the Duke, "was to take possession of the famous *Cavarnos* or Quarry hills, which Colonel Carlton did with the Light Infantry and a battalion of Grenadiers, driving about 1,000 Spaniards from a redoubt lately made, which we could not keep, as it

was within the reach of the grape-shot of the Moro. At this time the *Cavannos* and all the wood between the *Moro* and *Coximar* we were masters of, and began to look for the most proper places to erect our batteries upon, and make our approaches to the Fort, perhaps the most advantageously situated of any fortress in the world, upon a high rock commanding every approach to it with the advantage of the *Town Punta* and *shipping* in the harbour to prevent the works being enfiladed.

"I forgot to observe to your Royal Highness that the Spaniards had twelve ships of the line in the harbour, have nine now, having sunk three in the mouth of it."

It will be seen from the foregoing extract and from the letter already given from Admiral Pocock that the Spaniards at the Havannah in sinking ships at the mouth of the harbour adopted an expedient to which the Russians had recourse at Sebastopol; nor was this the only point of resemblance between the two sieges. In both the British sailors, by erecting and manning batteries on shore rendered most valuable assistance to the military operations. The blue jackets so employed at the Havannah were not, it is true, styled the "Naval Brigade," but the nature of the service was strictly identical.

What makes the coincidence the more striking is that in both cases, at the interval of nearly a century,

these field operations by seamen were conducted by a Commodore Keppel.[1]

While on the subject of family coincidences I may mention the following:—

I have in my possession a water-colour drawing representing the capture of Goree by Commodore Augustus Keppel in 1758. In juxtaposition is a print of Commodore Henry Keppel's action in the Fatshan creek in 1857.

In Augustus Keppel's autograph log-book of Anson's voyage round the world is the following entry, under date of,

"*Fryday, 14th October*, 1743, at 4 P.M.—Commodore Anson, Captain Saumarez, and myself put off from the *Centurion* in ye Barge for Canton."

Before that time no Englishman was known to have entered that Celestial City, and for a whole century afterwards its gates were closed to the outer barbarians, when, as Henry Keppel finds, by reference to his log, he gained admittance into Canton on the *21st of October*, 1843, having smuggled himself within its walls under the guise of a doctor's assistant.

In the last century "Little Keppel" was the idol of the navy, and in these days we have a "Little

[1] Commodore the Honourable Augustus Keppel in 1762. Commodore the Honourable Sir Henry Keppel, K.C.B., Commander of the Naval Brigade, in 1856.

Keppel" who is on tolerably good terms with "all hands."

SIR GEORGE POCOCK TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

"NAMUR, *June 10th, Thursday Evening*, 7 *o'clock.*

"MY Lord,—Your letter came while the *Belleisle* was battering the Fort, and all our boats ready to land rowing to the shore; but we shall keep the alarm all night, and I hope it will answer the good intent.

"I perceived some men on the top of the hill this evening."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"NAMUR CHORERA, *June 14th*, 1762.

". . . I am glad Gully and the seamen act their parts so much to your Lordship's satisfaction. Our hearts and hands joyn in the public service."

LORD ALBEMARLE'S PRIVATE JOURNAL.

"On 15th (June) I detached Colonel Howe with two battalions of grenadiers and two of marines draughted from the men-of-war, and six field pieces, to secure a pass at St. Lazare, to observe the enemy and to protect our men while they were taking in water at the mouth of the river Chorera."

Writing on the 2nd of July to Lord Albemarle, Admiral Pocock says :—"I am apt to think the Moro will not be given up till Don Velasco cannot retain it a moment longer than his force will admit; therefore we may presume he will stand a storm, and the fort is absolutely necessary to be as soon as possible in our hands. I have desired the commodore to supply the army with guns, ammunition, and men as far as he finds proper to bring us so far nearer to our possession of the Havannah.

"Our seamen are not very expert in the business in the field, but if your Lordship approves of Colonel Howe's moving to cover more ground upon the expedient proposed, it shall be immediately followed."

The sailors' batteries were named the Namur and the Valiant, after the ships of the admiral and commodore. The Valiant battery, manned by Keppel's squadron, mounted eighty thirty-two pounders, and was worked so effectually that it was fired in the ratio of three to two oftener than any other work.

GEORGE LORD ALBEMARLE TO H.R.H. THE DUKE.

"The want of earth, the great thickness of the battery, and the slowness of our engineers, brought it to the 1st of July before we opened our batteries. Two or three days before our batteries were compleated the Spaniards made a sortie from the Havannah of a thousand chosen

troops and as many negroes and mulattoes, some of them passed our advanced posts, while others engaged them and passed to our guns that were just behind our batteries, where they found some of the working party sleeping, and amused themselves with cutting the tent-poles and strings of our magazine tents till the picquets advanced and drove them back. We killed and took about 200, with a loss of about ten killed and wounded. Since that time they have been very quiet and kept within their walls, the gentlemen of the sea being very desirous of sharing in the reduction of the Moro, a scheme of Capt. Herveys, who commanded himself and behaved very well, prevailed upon Sir George Pocock against my private opinion (and would not aske for them), to send three ships against the fort, viz. the *Cambridge*, *Dragon*, and *Marlbro*, they anchored under the Moro with great skill and resolution, especially the *Cambridge*, whose captain was soon killed, and whose ship was soon demolished with above 100 killed and wounded. The *Dragon* lost about half that number, the *Marlbro* very few, being more out of the line of fire. The commodore, seeing the little service they were of, ordered them off, and very opportunely, or they would all have been lost. The damage they did the forts was very inconsiderable, it was too much above them, and commanded them so as to destroy them with grape; the only service they did us was to draw some of the

fire from our batteries. They fired with great success, and if it had not been for the misfortune of the great batteries taking fire and consuming to the ground, I am persuaded I should have been in the fort before this. I am sorry to say that almost everybody who depended upon the success of this battery, upon the loss of it began to *despair* and *despond*. Your Royal Highness may be assured I did not, and we have been hard at work ever since to get up more guns; the enemy in the meantime, who are very active, seem determined to defend this fort, have repaired their *almost destroyed works*. I have mounted as many guns, and every one of our new batteries opened yesterday with great success. I shall open another of six guns to-morrow and another of four next day. I have no doubt myself, if my soldiers last, who grow very sickly, that I shall take both fort and town."

Lord Albemarle's account of the dispirited state of the besiegers at this juncture is confirmed by a letter from Mr. Rigby to the Duke of Bedford:—

"Your Grace is acquainted with the news from the Havannah; I have a letter from there of the latest date from Jack Hall,[1] whom I recommend to Lord Albemarle, of which the inclosed is a copy. He is

[1] The fourth son of Sir Bernard Hall, of King's Walden, Herts, military secretary to Lord Albemarle. He afterwards became a general and colonel of the 17th Light Dragoons; he died in 1806.

not of a desponding turn, like his brother Berney,[1] which makes me not like the contents of it; more especially if the news of yesterday should prove true. That part of the North Americans going to Cuba are taken by M. Blenac's squadron. Will. Keppel is very ill; I believe his family do not know it; the others are well. I wish Lord Albemarle and your Grace both well rid of your Spanish difficulties." [2]

LORD ALBEMARLE TO THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

"Howe has been on the other side of the town with the grenadiers, 2,300 light infantry who were much fatigued at first and whom I am nursing now. For some time he has turned the aqueduct. Tho' he cannot extend very far, he harasses and distresses them very much. The Moro is relieved twice a day. Their guns are served by the sailors and the fort commanded by a captain of a man-of-war, Don Lewis de Valesco, a gallant man: we see him frequently exerting himself. Neither he nor his can last long."

Lord Albemarle writes again, July 15th, to the Duke :—

"Sir James Douglass's stay has been longer here than we expected, and since the date of my letter, by a

[1] Bernard Hall, afterwards a general and Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital; married Mr. Rigby's sister, and died in 1798.

[2] Bedford Correspondence.

great superiority of fire, the Moro is silenced. We are beginning our approaches and hope soon to get up our guns to batter in breach, the ditch is broad and deep. I enclose your Royal Highness a very accurate sketch of the country of Dundass's; you will see, Sir, the difficulties we have laboured under in the woods, sickness increases daily, and I have been obliged to abandon Guanavacoa, and bring back the troops to support the siege. The obstinate defence of this little fortress has made me expend more ammunition than my skanty provision will allow of. Nothing can prevent my taking the town as well as the fort, if men and ammunition do not fail. I have heard nothing of the N. Americans; if any accident happens to them I shall be undone. I have wrote to the Governor of Jamaica for 500 seasoned men and 1,000 barrels of powder. I wish he may have nothing to fear then, and comply with my request. We have found a good harbour to the westward, called Mariel, and Sir George says he will stay there if I can establish myself upon the island till a reinforcement comes from England. That your Royal Highness may see what a zealous colleague I have, I take the liberty of enclosing you a letter just received from him. I have been obliged to reduce the remains of Fréron's corps (who is dead himself), having lost thirty-five of them by desertion, and the rest were very willing to follow. I have sent them to work their passage home, and

recommended it to the Secretary of War to send them back to prison. I did myself the honor of writing a few lines by the packet, which probably will arrive a fortnight or three weeks before this.

"P.S.—This hot climate does not agree with my constitution. I have never been thoroughly well since I left Martinique, I hope I shall hold it out. We have fluxes, but no black vomits and yellow fevers. We have lost many men by the heat of the weather, few dye in our hospitals; Sir Clifton Wintringham [1] takes great care of them."

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HOWE TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

"ST. ANTONIO, *July 16th.* 11 o'clock A.M.

"MY LORD,—Our gentlemen engineers were cautious, being afraid the shot might go over the fort entirely. I think we shall disturb them at the landing-place very much. The *Punta* will be a certain object that they will strike almost every shot, and if your lordship would have the frigate moved we can do it.

"The enemy's not firing upon us gives us some *uneasiness*, but we are in hopes it rather proceeds from a want of ammunition than their not thinking us worth their notice.

[1] First physician to the Hospital.

"If the consumption of tea at the head-quarters will allow Shannon to send me a pound, the gentlemen here will be obliged to him, mine brought from England being finished, and none to be bought that is drinkable. I believe your Lordship's aide-de-camp has it in great quantities."

An officer writing home says:—

"Our sea-folks began a new kind of fire unknown, or at all events unpractised, by artillery people. The greatest fire from one piece of cannon is reckoned by them from eighty to ninety times in twenty-four hours; but our people went on the sea system, firing extremely quick, and in the best direction ever seen, and in sixteen hours fired three guns 145 times."

The effect of this rapid fire upon the enemy will be seen by the following letter.

BRIGADIER GENERAL HOWE TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

"St. Antonio, *July 17th.*

"My Lord,—This morning the *Namur* battery has so provoked the Dons that they have been firing all day, and continue at it from four thirty-two pounders from the town, and four or five twenty-four pounders from the *Punta,* but have only hit the battery twice, without doing it any damage; the situation of it, I believe, will prevent their doing us any great

hurt—it is covered by a hill which throws their shot over it; but they have obliged us to move the magazine at the red house by the walled enclosure, a shot having broke five barrels of powder into pieces, and lodged in the sixth without setting it on fire. The want of shot and wads prevents our firing in return, and the want of powder has stopped the mortars which have been thrown very successfully this morning into the town near the Point Bastion. The seamen are not so well managed on this side as with your Lordship."

July 22.—As the English approached the Moro they began to indulge the hope that they were rapidly arriving at the completion of their labours, but a new and formidable obstacle now met their view. This was an immense ditch, cut for the most part in the solid rock eighty feet deep and forty wide. It seemed at first sight impossible to fill up such a chasm in any expeditious way. Fortunately for the besiegers a thin ridge of rock facing the sea had been left to protect the ditch from the action of the waves. Along this ridge, which would only allow one man abreast, our miners wholly uncovered made their way, and soon burrowed themselves into the wall. By the 22nd of July they had penetrated eighteen feet under the face of the Bastion, opposite to the British right.

It now became evident to the Governor of the Havannah that some desperate effort should be made to arrest the progress of the besiegers. Accordingly, at daybreak this same morning (July 22nd), a body of two thousand five hundred Spaniards climbed the hills and made three attacks upon our posts, who, though surprised, defended themselves with resolution. Each *sortie* was unsuccessful: the posts attacked were speedily reinforced by Major-General Keppel, who ordered the brigades on the left to the Spanish redoubts and marched himself with the Royal Americans to the right of the British batteries. The enemy fell into terror and confusion, and were driven down the hill with great slaughter. Some gained their boats, others were drowned. In deaths alone the Spaniards lost in this sally four hundred and eighty-five men.

BRIGADIER GENERAL HOWE TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

"St. Antonio, *July 22nd*, 1762.

"My Lord,—Your Lordship's obliging note I have got by Captain Nugent,[1] and most heartily congratulate you on the reception you gave the enemy this morning. This second defeat[2] will show them that on

[1] Aide-de-camp to Lord Albemarle.

[2] At daybreak, on the 29th of June, the Spaniards made an attack on our Moro batteries and attempted to spike the guns, but were repulsed with the loss of 200 men killed and made prisoners.

the Moro side they cannot succeed as they did with us on this. How excessively unlucky Colonel Carleton is, but hope from Nugent's account of the wound that he may do well.[1]

"I was beyond our advanced sentries when the enemy began to ring the bell, as I suppose for a signal, and saw as much as any person could at a distance; distinguished the Spaniards' fire and ours at Stuart's post, and saw them retire and ours pursue them and fire into the boats.

"I shall expect the Dons again on this side when they give up all thoughts of the Moro, and will take all the care we can not to be surprised, and to give them the warmest reception in the position they may find us."

This was the last effort for the relief of the Moro, but the enemy made no sort of proposal to capitulate.

On the 30th of July the mines were sprung, a part

[1] Colonel, afterwards Lieutenant-General, Guy Carleton, Quarter-Master-General to the Havannah Expedition. In this attack on the Moro redoubts his arm was broken by a musket-ball. He served with distinction in the first and second American wars. Walpole, writing in 1776, says:—"The provincials have again attempted to storm Quebec, and been repulsed with great loss by the conduct and bravery of Carleton, who Mr. Conway all along said would prove himself a good general." For his services General Carleton received the red riband, and in 1786 was raised to the peerage as Lord Dorchester.

of the wall fell into the ditch, and a breach was made, but scarcely broad enough to admit one man abreast. "Major-General Keppel relying on the experience and bravery of his troops, lost not a single moment in making the assault."[1] From childhood I have been familiar with paintings and prints, showing from various points of view this entry into the Moro by storm. The troops are seen passing in single file along the ridge and scrambling up the steep and narrow opening in the wall. On arriving at the top of the breach the besiegers formed with extraordinary celerity and precision. The Spaniards were drawn up to receive them, but were so astonished at their resolution that they fled on every side, making but one stand against a small traverse thrown up in one of the bastions. An indiscriminate slaughter ensued. General Keppel made every effort to prevent the effusion of blood, but not till one hundred and thirty Spaniards had fallen victims to the fury of the assailants. The loss of the enemy in killed, wounded, and prisoners, made, on the whole, seven hundred and six men. The Marquis de Gonzales, the second in command, was killed while making an ineffectual effort to rally his people. Don Luis de Velasco, the governor, collected an hundred men in an intrenchment he had made round his colours, but

[1] MANT'S "Late War in America."

seeing that all his companions had either fled or were slaughtered before him, disdaining to call for quarter received a mortal wound, and fell offering his sword to the conquerors.

Thus after a vigorous struggle of forty-four days the Moro fell into our possession.

"An idle spectator," writes Colonel Howe to Lord Albemarle, July 31st, "begs leave to congratulate your Lordship on the glorious action of yesterday. The British troops have not seen its fellow for many years past."

ADMIRAL POCOCK TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

"NAMUR, CHORERA, 30*th July*, 1762.

"MY LORD,—I most heartily congratulate your Lordship upon possession of the Moro. The mine was sprung to our wishes, as it paved the way for our gallant men to enter the fort, which we perceived was soon abandoned by the enemy. We made the signal for the entire quitting of it, and every ship testifyed their joy by following the *Namur* with three cheers. I had wrote this when the honor of your Lordship's came to my hands; I now add my great satisfaction and joy to General Keppel, his officers and brave men. I saw them march up with a determined (as it appeared to me) calm and undaunted air."

The day after the fall of the Moro, Lord Albemarle

repaired to the west side of the town to reconnoitre the ground. In the meantime, the Spaniards continued to fire with great fury against the Moro. By Lord Albemarle's orders General Keppel erected some batteries on the Cavannos. On the 10th of August, the Commander-in-Chief being prepared to break ground, sent an aide-de-camp with a letter to the governor Don Juan de Prado, summoning him to surrender, "thereby to prevent the fatal calamities which always attend a siege," and pointing out to His Excellency that, "however much his disposition might incline him to humanity, it might not be possible to extend its influence to the preservation of the Spanish troops in a manner so recently experienced at the reduction of the Moro." The governor's answer was civil but resolute; he would defend the town to the last extremity, and immediately reopened fire.

At daybreak the next morning, by the signal of a rocket, the batteries, which consisted of forty-five pieces of cannon and eight mortars, poured into the enemy with such fury, that by ten o'clock the Punta, the fort commanding the harbour opposite the Moro, was completely silenced, and the north bastion very nearly so.

MAJOR-GENERAL HON. WILLIAM KEPPEL TO LORD ALBEMARLE.

(*By the "Echo."*) "CAMP, *August 11th*, 1762.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Everything goes as I could wish. The Punta is almost demolished, and I think you may take possession of it before night. The guns in that fort are also mounted on the town's side, and the batterys are now all pointed to complete a breach on yours. The north fort has likewise suffered much, and the curtain is enfiladed properly, but the damage not yet so great on account of the height of the walls and being strongest.

"The shell and carcasses do now execution, but at first they played them abominably as likewise some of our batterys, that amused themselves too much against the floating batterys, but after much swearing on my part and one or two on theirs, the defences were undertook with infinite success. We fire like devils, that's true, but, at the same time, you must allow, that we fire like angels, both artillery and sailors.

"If we can do as much mischief to-morrow as we have done to-day, which may enable you to storm the Havannah, I propose proceeding in the same manner, else shall (re) strict all my batterys to seventy pounds in the twenty-four hours.

"I think it absolutely impossible to proceed, should

the enemy continue obstinate, for want of supply of men to supply the b^ys. with ammunition and the troops with water and grogg. Therefore, as you allow that I am to clear the way for you, pray send me a strong detachment of provincials. The Governor by this time, I dare say, repents his rashness. I won't receive his flag of truce here, but will send him towards the fleet.

"I will send you another report by Captain Nugent to-night. That gentleman hardly took notice of me in the Moro, where I found him, having left your letter and orders at my tent on his way without taking further notice of me—but I despise Puppys.

"My compliments to Keppel, who I hope is better. If 32-lb. grape and wadding for that calibre can be sent us, do, for with Captain Arbutnott,[1] and an impertinent Captain Napier[2] I can do nothing.

"Yours sincerely,

"W. KEPPEL."

. . . .

"About three o'clock flags of truce were hung out all round the town, and on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, and one soon after arrived at the English head-quarters with the town mayor and an interpreter. Upon this, Sir George Pocock was immediately sent to and a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon till the 12th

[1] Captain of the *Orford*, sixty-six guns.

[2] Captain of the *Cygnet* frigate.

at noon. During this time, there arose some disputes between the different commanding officers with regard to the capitulation."[1]

It would seem from the following letter that among the disputants was the commander-in-chief's brother, William, who writes from Camp, August 11th, 1762:—

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I wish you joy from the bottom of my heart—as the batterys upon the Cavannos made the breach, I flatter myself you will, by your orders, allow (my division) and me at their head, to take possession of the Havannah. I think they deserve it, for they have worked hard for the reduction of the place, which the returns can show, being this day reduced to 1,968, all publick posts included.

"I hope you won't allow them military honours, but (will) make them prisoners of war. The Punta being totally demolished, and a breach begun at the North Bastion, which would have been completed to your wishes before morning, having ordered the [word illegible] to be opened to the left.

"As the Governor did not inform me what he beat the chamade[2] for, but only sent me word he had sent to you, I acquainted him that I expected to have his

[1] MANT'S "War in America," p. 447.

[2] *Chamade.*—The beat of the drum which declares a surrender. —JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

message to you, or I would begin to fire upon him immediately.

"If you have any commands for me, I shall lay at the Moro, and shall continue there till I receive your orders.

"I send you this day's report.

"The Governor sent me an ensign of marines who knows nothing, impertinent enough considering we have forty-eight pieces of cannon and seventeen mortars on this side, but not half so much as your aide-de-camp, Captain Nugent, which Dalling,[1] Grant and everybody present can inform you of.

"Pray don't give them too good terms. Indeed, they don't deserve it from you."

The following is of the same date as the two preceding :—

"DEAR BROTHER,—I have just received your letter with a copy of the Governor's to you. I own I was not the least surprised to see the white flag and hear the drum beat the chamade upon that part of the north bastion on which a breach was commenced, and would have been practicable to-morrow with the assistance of a few ladders and perhaps without. The Punta I

[1] Major John Dalling, 36th Foot, had a battery called by his name. He was afterwards a Major-General and Colonel of the 60th Foot.

must repeat was quite demolished, so that I think that Don Juan de Prado for his own sake, as well as the inhabitants, was commendable, though not quite so judiciously as an officer ought to have acted after his letter of yesterday. However, I thought at that time, the Cavannos application would have more effect upon him than the St. Lazare.

"Upon the Governor's sending me a dirty ensign I sent Fraser[1] to him to acquaint H. E. that I could by no means approve of such a measure, as I thought myself entitled to an officer of greater rank, and likewise as his flag was hoisted upon the breach made by the Cavannos battery, I had a right to be informed of his message, tho' the messenger was very properly sent to you. I likewise sent him word that several boats with cattle had been sent since the cessation towards [illegible] that, I not only insisted upon no more boats being sent to the Havannah, but that he should order those back that went from the town. About seven o'clock the floating batterys were brought opposite the redoubt, and the Spaniards were at work at the fort called La Fuersa, which occasioned a speaking trumpet message that if they were not ordered back immediately, I would open my batterys again and burn his town to ashes. Poor Fraser was in the Havannah all this time, and the governor made a thousand excuses

[1] General Keppel's aide-de-camp.

about it, and sent orders to have them towed all back, and to leave (off) working. The poor man was in tears, but I hope, tho' of a compassionate disposition, you won't allow him a third of the terms he'll demand —if so much.

"I must repeat my requests for the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 5th brigades to take possession of the town passing thro' the breach we have made in the Punta; it will make the corps happy, and they deserve it, and you popular, though it will be attended with a little trouble about the boats which the admiral and commodore will now give you without grumbling, and I am sure you'll allow the troops on this side deserve it. The grenadiers having done nothing on the other, but being surprised since they have been there. Don't tell Howe, or I am undone for ever in his opinion.

"The thirty-two pounders have done extremely well and likewise the Orford and Lindsay batterys, but I must not forget in justice the Dalling and Provosts, which also did great execution. Those on the left again very little.

"I am now in the Moro, and shall continue there till you order me in the town, or elsewhere, which I shall ever obey with the greatest cheerfulness.

"I am told Captain Arbuthnott has a complaint to make against your aide-de-camp, Captain Nugent.

"Yours,

"W. KEPPEL."

August 12.

The following morning, August the 12th, the day on which George the Fourth was born, articles of capitulation were agreed upon and signed by the British and Spanish commanders. The terms were more favourable to the conquered than General Keppel would have been disposed to grant them. They were allowed in consideration of the gallant defence they had made to march out with drums beating and colours flying, and all the honours of war.

"We have dealt," says Burke, in the Annual Register of 1762, "on the operations of this memorable siege a longer time than we have allowed to such transactions; because it was without question, the most decisive conquest which we have made since the beginning of the war; and because in no operation were the courage, steadiness and perseverance of the British troops and the conduct of their leaders more conspicuous. The acquisition of this place united in itself all the advantages which can be acquired in war. It was a military advantage of the highest class. It was equal to the greatest naval victory by its effect on the enemy's marine, and in the plunder it equalled the produce of a national subsidy."

Lord Albemarle would have liked to send the announcement of his conquest by his senior

aide-de-camp, but thinking that it would be more agreeable to George the Third to receive the intelligence by one of his own servants, he consigned his despatches to Captain Hervey, one of His Majesty's grooms of the bedchamber.

The news of the victory caused great rejoicings in England. Even the bearer of the intelligence came in for his share of the honours. In the broad sheets of the day appeared the following poetical greeting to Captain Hervey :—

> "Welcome, brave hero, to thy native shore,
> Blessed with thy news, Britannia asks no more.
> The king hereafter to young George shall tell
> How Hervey fought when proud Havannah fell."

To Hervey's mother, the charming "Mary Lepelle," Walpole writes, "Nobody partakes more of your satisfaction for Mr. Hervey's safe return, and now he is safe, I trust you enjoy his glory, for this is a wicked age ; you are one of those un-Lacedæmonian mothers that are not content unless your children come off with all their limbs. A Spartan countess would not have had the confidence of my Lady Albemarle without at least one of her sons being knocked on the head. However, pray, madam, make my compliments to her, one must conform to the times, and congratulate people for being happy, if they like it."

Lord Albemarle's younger brother, Frederick, who

had married Horace Walpole's niece Laura, was at this time raised to the episcopal bench. Upon which Horace writes to his friend Sir Horace Mann :—

"Mr. Keppel is made Bishop of Exeter; how reverently ancient this makes me sound! my nephew the bishop! would not one think I was fourscore? Lady Albemarle, there's a happy mother! Honours military and ecclesiastic raining upon her children! She owns she has felt intoxicated. The moment the king had complimented the Duke of Cumberland on Lord Albemarle's success, the Duke stepped across the room to Lady Albemarle, and said, 'If it was not in the drawing room I would kiss you.' He is full as transported as she is."

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND TO GEORGE, LORD ALBEMARLE.

"WINDSOR GREAT LODGE, *Octr ye* 2*d*, 1762.

MY DEAR ALBEMARLE,—You have made me the happiest man existing, nay, you have almost repaid me for the severe anxieties I have gone through for this last three months, beside the disagreeable and tedious time your absence gave without reflection of what you was to go through upon the whole, no joy equall mine, and I strut and plume myself as if it was I that had taken the Havannah. In short, you have done your king and country the most materiall service that any millitary man has ever done since we

were a country, and you have shewn yourself an excellent officer; all this I knew was in you, but now the whole world see it and own it.

"Millitarily speaking, I take your siege to have been the most difficult that has been since the invention of artillery. Sixty-eight days in that climate is alone prodigious; without my partiallity to you, 'tis a great action in itself, se ng aside the imense service you have done your country, I am so wrap'd up still in your share of honour and glory, that I don't yet quite feall that pleasure I have to come to as an Inglishman and an *old soldier*. Pray make my most sincere compliments to both the brothers; I hope before you receive this they will be both recovered. The storm of the Moro does William's heart and hedd great honor.

"I must thank you for your kind and informing letters, your difficulties my heart shared with you, but I must say I grudged even myself the trouble and pains you were at in the middle of all your hapiness and ill health to give me that satisfaction. I am sorry to say the minister is not quite so much obliged to you, for you have removed the peace;[1] by this

[1] The Minister, Lord Bute. "Yet such a victory seemed to infuse as little joy into the court of St. James's as into that of Madrid. The favourite and his creatures took no part in the transports of the nation; and when he declined availing himself of any merit in the conquest, it was plain he was grieved either to

time you know the change of hands, and great as you and the army have made us appear abroad, as litle are we at home by unavoidable divissions that increase daily. You may judge the part I take when I tell you *Permis*[1] is once a fortnight for four hours at least in the library here, you will see too much of all this at your return, and it is an improper subject for a letter. The king was very gracious to me yesterday, and seem'd to allow you and *familly* the merit you and they deserve. I won't answer for the *reward.*

"We make you as rich as Cresus (*sic*); I hope in God it is so, if not, it is the least matter, health and own'd merit are sufficient ingredients for hapiness, so much the better if you add wealth to it. Beighton illuminated his thatch'd church, and all Egham was on fire, and even Bishopsgate had its burn fires and illuminations. I hear London, the city especially, were nobly lit up.

"Keep yourself well and return to us soon, it has been a long absence for two friends like us, may it be the last.

"Ever your hearty and sincerely affectionate friend,

"WILLIAM."

have more to restore at the peace or less reason for making that peace but on the most advantageous terms."—Walpole's *George the Third*, i., p. 191.

[1] "Permis," the Duke of Newcastle, with whom the Duke of Cumberland had become reconciled. He was so called because

Under date of the 1st November, 1762, Lord Albemarle writes to the Duke of Cumberland :—

"Your Royal Highness has given me leave to say what my wishes are, and nothing should prevent my flying to Windsor if I thought I could decently leave the *Havanna*, perhaps I may carry my notions of that too far ; if I do, I hope it will be thought an error on the right side. I think a month will settle everything here to my satisfaction, when I shall return to England, and, with the continuation of Your Royal Highness's protection, be the happiest man in the world, amply rewarded by His Majesty for my services in the share of booty I receive in the distribution of it, which is, by all precedents, a third between the land and sea commanders, and will from first to last amount to £100,000 for my share."

As the Havannah was restored to the Spaniards a few months after its conquest, the wags said in reference to the share of the three brothers' prize money—that the expedition was undertaken solely to put money into the Keppels' pockets.

[1763]—On his return home in the beginning of the year, Lord Albemarle went to court, and was most graciously received by the king.

whenever he entered the Princess Amelia's apartment, he asked the question, "*Est-il permis?*"

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

"WINDSOR GREAT LODGE, *February y^e 27th*, 1763.

"MY DEAR ALBEMARLE,—A thousand thanks for letting me know your reception, as I was a little anxious that your reall and great services would perhaps have been overlook'd on account of our friendship, but I am heartily glad I was mistaken, and I don't doubt but that *St. James's* will put a stop to the silly idle censures of people that thought to pay their court by it.

"As I have been cool enough not to follow and plague you in town these five days, I hope to have you at dinner to myself next Satturday; if it can't be, let me know, I won't keep you so long as I did Monday last.

"Yours most sincerely,

"WILLIAM."

[1764]—At the latter end of 1765 Lord Albemarle's military services were rewarded by the blue riband.

THE MARQUESS OF ROCKINGHAM TO GEORGE, LORD ALBEMARLE.

"GROSVENOR SQUARE, *November y^e 1st*, 1765.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I am to acquaint your Lordship by His Majesty's orders, that it is his gracious intention to honour your Lordship with the Order of the Garter. I imagine this intention will not be long before it is carried into execution, but in the meantime, it was His Majesty's directions to us to notify it to your Lordship, and to take opportunities of letting it be known to the public.

"I am, &c.

"ROCKINGHAM.

"Friday, near four o'clock, p.m."

[1766]—On the evening of the 31st October, 1766, the Duke of Cumberland dined with Lord Albemarle at his house in Brook street: after dinner they both proceeded to His Royal Highness's house, in Upper Grosvenor Street, to attend a cabinet council. The Duke of Newcastle and Lord Normanton (the Lord Chancellor), had just entered the room, when the Duke of Cumberland was seized with a shivering fit, and

exclaiming to Lord Albemarle, "It is all over," sank lifeless in his arms.

The affection which Horace Walpole felt for Lord Albemarle a few years before had considerably cooled. After praising his friend General Conway for his disinterestedness, he thus speaks of my grandfather:— "There was another man less delicate. Lord Albemarle had been directed by the king to act as executor to his master, the late Duke of Cumberland. Ambitious, greedy, and a dexterous courtier, Lord Albemarle flattered himself that the door was now opened to him, and sought and made pretences from his trust to obtain frequent audiences of the king."

Whether this charge of ambition, greediness, and dexterous courtiership be well founded will be best tested by the following letter from my grandfather to the Marquis of Rockingham:—

"LONDON, *August 29th*, 1766.

"I WAS most graciously received at the levee—great inquiries about you, Wentworth, and the York races. I afterwards went into the closet with a window bill; repeated inquiries about your health, Wentworth, &c. I told His Majesty how uneasy I had felt myself for some time, hearing, and from tolerably good authority, that His Majesty was displeased with me. He seemed all astonishment, and wondered who could have told

me so infamous a lie; that he had the greatest regard imaginable for me and all my family. I told him the charge was heavy; and though innocent, I could not help repeating it to His Majesty, namely, that I had proposed to him Colonel Hale's [1] selling his regiment; that I had proposed to him the purchasing the second regiment of Guards, and my brother [2] to succeed me in my regiment of Dragoons; that I had solicited Windsor Park in preference to his own family; in short, there was nothing during the *late administration* I had not asked for, either for myself or family. He said he was greatly incensed against the authors; that he wished he knew them; that people in general were so false and mischievous that he wondered I could be a moment uneasy about the report. I said I was now happy with so great and good an authority to contradict the lies. His Majesty was most confoundedly confused, and so I left him."—(ALBEMARLE'S *Memoirs of Lord Rockingham*, vol. ii. p. 15.)

[1] Colonel John Hale, son of Sir Bernard Hale of King's Walden, Herts. He became subsequently a general officer, and was appointed Colonel of the 17th Light Dragoons. "Your Grace is acquainted with the news from the Havannah. I have a letter from thence of the latest date from Jack Hale, whom I recommended to Lord Albemarle." (Rigby to the Duke of Bedford, Sept. 16, 1762. Corr, i. 123.) John Hale's brother, General Bernard Hale, married Rigby's sister, and eventually became Lieut.-General of Chelsea Hospital.

[2] Lieut.-General Hon. William Keppel.

[1770]—At the opening of Parliament in November, 1770, Colonel Barré asked, "Who advised the king in military matters?" Lord Barrington replied that he did not know any officer fit to be Commander-in-Chief, and wound up his speech with saying "that in Queen Anne's reign Dr. Ratcliffe and an old woman could cure an ague, and that he and the Adjutant-General would take care of the army." "Lord Barrington," writes Calcraft, "is heart-broken at his nonsensical speech in Parliament." Junius, under the signature of "Veteran," thus interrogates Lord Barrington: "When you paid that pretty compliment to the body of general officers, had you no apologies to make to General Conway, to Lord Albemarle, or Sir Jeffrey Amherst?" Here is Lord Barrington's explanation to my grandfather:—

LORD BARRINGTON TO THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

"CAVENDISH SQUARE, *November 20th*, 1770.

"I FIND, my dear Lord, you have been informed, though not accurately, of something I said in the House of Commons the first day of the Session. I will shortly state that matter to you. Barré lamented the death of Lord Granby, and talked much of the necessity of a Commander-in-Chief at this junction. I said I had always thought that there should be *one at all times*, though I remembered when that office

was a point of opposition; but I fairly confessed that so many requisites went to the appointment of a Commander-in-Chief, and so many different circumstances must concur to make a man proper for such an officer, that I did not know any man that could *at present* be proposed for it, though we had many excellent general officers, as the enemies of this country would find if we had a war. Neither General Conway nor any other man took the least notice of this, but it was next day reported all over London that I had said we had no general who could command an army. I believe no representation had less foundation or colour. There is one man whom I love, though I do not flatter him, who, if he liked the Ministry and its measures, would, in my opinion, be a good Commander-in-Chief, but politics must change before he can be fit for that station."

Lord Albemarle's politics underwent no change, and here is another answer to the charge made against him by Walpole.

Up to this same year (1770) Lord Albemarle and his brothers, the Admiral and General, were unmarried, and had no intention of changing their, to them, state of single blessedness. Their younger brother, Frederick, Bishop of Exeter, was the only Benedick of the family, and he had a son (Frederick) ten years old by his wife, Horace Walpole's niece.

Unfortunately for the boy, his mother had somewhat of her uncle's waywardness of temper, and gave such grave offence to her bachelor brothers-in-law, that they tossed up which of them should marry, with a view to cut out the lad, who was looked upon as heir-presumptive to the title; Lord Albemarle won the toss, proposed to and was accepted by Anne, daughter of Sir John Miller, of Froyle Place, Hants, whom, two years after he left a widow, and had by her a son and successor, born the 14th of May, 1772, and at his father's death a boy four months old.

That son and successor was my father, William Charles, fourth Earl, who married in 1792 the Hon. Elizabeth Southwell, daughter of Edward, twentieth Baron de Clifford. The bridegroom was twenty, the bride sixteen; they became respectively, not only husband and wife, but father and mother, while they themselves were still infants in the eye of the law.

There issued from that early union a numerous progeny, of which the writer of these memoirs is the fifth child, third son, and the eldest survivor of the family.

CHAPTER I.

My Birth.—Elden Hall.—Early Recollections.—The "Junius" Duke of Grafton.—His friendship for Lord Keppel.—His Opinion on Naval First Lords.—Account of a Cabinet Council.—The Right Hon. Sir Robert Adair.—His First Interview with Charles Fox.—Visits St. Petersburg.—Ambassador to Vienna.—Adair and the *Anti-Jacobin*.—His Mission to Constantinople.—His last act of Diplomacy.—Sir William Keppel.—Sir David Dundas.

My birth.

On the fly-leaf of a family Bible is the following record, in my father's handwriting, of the first important event of my life:—

"George Thomas Keppel, born y^e^ 13 June 1799, christened by the Rev. — Croft, July y^e^ 7, 1799, in the Parish of Marylebone."

Childhood.

My earliest childhood was passed principally at Elden Hall, Suffolk: an estate bequeathed to my father by Admiral Viscount Keppel. Charles Fox, the statesman, who was in the habit of shooting there both in my uncle's and father's time, used to speak of Elden as the best sporting manor for its

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size in the kingdom. The property has passed out of the family; it is now the residence of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and its fame as a preserve has suffered no diminution in the hands of its present princely owner.

Death of my eldest brother.

My memory carries me back to a very early period. I have a distinct recollection of the dress and personal appearance of my eldest brother William, who died upwards of seventy years ago (1804) in consequence, as was believed in the family, of ill treatment at Harrow School.

My nursery governess.

Equally present to my mind's eye with my brother's form is that of the starch little governess who taught me my letters. How well I remember when one day she was directing my attention, pin in hand, to some such letters as c, a, t, cat, and my forefinger came in contact with the point, how the smart, the sight of the blood and the sense of injury called forth a flood of tears; how the little lady raised her hands and eyes in affected astonishment that a nephew of THE Admiral should cry at the prick of a pin. Her voice and manner led me to resolve for the future better to sustain the credit of the family, but my powers of endurance were put to a sore proof by a pretty nursery-maid, Sally Martindale by name. Cruelty is proverbially the attendant of beauty, but Sally's attribute was not of that nature of which lovers complain; it was

A cruel beauty.

not so much the hardness of her heart, as of her hand, that has left its mark on my memory.

Although my father was one of the most good-natured of men, it never entered his head to check the severe discipline carried on in the nursery. He was born in an age when the *paterfamilias* was not wont to spoil the child by a too sparing use of the rod. The coercive system had the sanction and the example of the first man in the realm. In the matter of chastisement George the Third gave a *carte blanche* to the persons charged with the education of the young princes. The Duke of Sussex, in whose household I was some years an equerry, used frequently to speak of the barbarous treatment which the Duke of Kent and he experienced from their pedagogue; and it is on record that the sub-governor of the Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick (Duke of York), a clergyman of the name of Arnald (a very different man from the Arnold of Rugby celebrity), exercised his discretionary power so *in*discreetly, that his pupils one day rose against their tormentor, and he, in turn, became the *floggee*.[1]

"*Junius*" *Duke of Grafton.*

Four miles distant from Elden is Euston Park, the residence in my young days of Augustus Henry, the third, or, as he was popularly called, the

[1] "Georgian Æra of Eminent Persons," vol. i. p. 105, 106.

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"Junius" Duke of Grafton. As I was twelve years old before he died I had frequent opportunities of seeing so near a neighbour. Once seen he was not easily forgotten. Not that I would pretend to any personal acquaintance with this formidable individual, for he had no liking for children, and when my mother took me to lunch with the ladies at Euston, if the Duke happened to enter at one door, I was always smuggled out at the other. It was while fishing sometimes for roach and dace in the stream that runs through the Park that I used to see an elderly gentleman pass by mounted on a thorough-bred horse, which he bestrode with much grace and dignity. He was of low stature and spare figure, had lank silver hair, a long nose, high cheek-bones and a stern expression of countenance, which a picture of him at Euston forcibly recalls to me. He was usually habited in a peach-coloured, single-breasted coat extending below the knee, leather breeches, and long topless boots, then only worn by bishops and butchers. On his head was a small gold-laced three-cornered hat—this whole style of dress he might almost have worn when he was Lord of the Bedchamber to George the Third's father, Frederick Prince of Wales.

His dress and appearance.

The Duke was a keen sportsman, and in his autobiography takes himself to task for liking

A keen sportsman.

hunting better than politics. His principal kennel was in Northamptonshire, but he used to bring his hounds to Euston for a part of every season. He had a great aversion to our broad ditches with their honeycombed banks, and used to call them "Suffolk graves." Indeed the whole country is a mere rabbit warren, and still goes by the name of the holey (holy) land.

In the field the Junius Duke was a strict disciplinarian. Woe betide the wight who uttered a sound when the pack was making a cast. His nephew, General William Fitzroy, told me that on one of these occasions an old gentleman happened to cough; the Duke rode up to him, and taking off his gold-laced hat, said to him, in a voice in which politeness and passion strove for the mastery, "Sir, I wish to heaven your cold was better."

His friendship for the Keppels.

But although of an irascible temper and a somewhat cold and repulsive exterior, the Duke was capable of warm and lasting friendships. With the Keppel family (my generation excepted) he lived on terms of great cordiality. It will be seen by the memoir of his life, to which I have already alluded, that some hundred and thirty years ago he was a guest of William Anne, Lord Albemarle, then Ambassador at Paris.

But it was with this Lord Albemarle's second son, and his own near neighbour, Admiral Keppel,

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that the Duke was best acquainted. Although both professed the common name of Whig, they were, as not unfrequently happened in those days, diametrically opposed to each other in politics, yet this difference of opinion never for one moment marred their private friendship. Evidence of this feeling pervades the autobiography in which the name of the Admiral is always mentioned with honour and regard.

A few extracts from the MS., while affording evidence of the estimation in which the writer held his neighbour, will show also the opinion of a distinguished statesman upon a subject that crops up from time to time—the description of person to whom the direction of naval affairs in this country ought to be consigned.

Speaking of 1770, soon after he had resigned the post of First Lord of the Treasury, the Duke writes:—

His opinion on Admiralty First Lords.

"There was a strong belief about this time that I was invited to become First Lord of the Admiralty, and in the opinion of many it was thought that I was particularly desirous of holding that office. Having gone so far, I will not close the subject (very uninteresting to any but my own friends) without mentioning my real sentiments. I was always strongly of opinion that a naval officer should preside at the head of the Admiralty.

Any other could never know enough to answer satisfactorily to the incessant questions which must be necessarily put to him by a Cabinet composed of landsmen. In such cases, what can the First Lord do but run out to get the information from others, who, in consequence, must be let into the secret of what is passing, the knowledge of which ought to be confined as much as possible to the Cabinet alone? Admiral Keppel and Lord Howe were as men and officers well qualified for the station, though probably Mr. Keppel would have declined it, as he was much connected with Lord Rockingham and his friends who were hostile to the Ministry."

The Duke reverts to the subject in 1782 when he and his friend had become members of the same Cabinet, the one as Lord Privy Seal and the other, who had just been created Viscount Keppel, as First Lord of the Admiralty.

England was then at war with France and Spain.

A Cabinet Council.

"Great was the anxiety of the public on the perilous state of Gibraltar, against which a force so very formidable had been collected both by sea and land. The enemy thought they were marching down to certain conquest, and the French Princes of the Blood came in order to be eyewitnesses of the downfall of this mighty

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fortress. . . . At Paris nothing could be admitted as fashionable which was not '*à la* Gilbraltar.' The ladies' dresses were entirely so, and their very fans represented on one side 'Gibraltar comme il était," on the other were so constructed as to fall to pieces in order to exhibit 'Gibraltar comme il est.' . . .

On the relief of Gibraltar.

"Before the arrival of General Elliot's account of the glorious defence of Gibraltar, a Cabinet was summoned to take into consideration the most effectual means for the relief of that important fortress. I was alone with Lord Keppel some time, and he opened to me the plan of operations he had prepared, and which appeared to me to be entitled to great applause, for none could be more rational or simple, or better calculated to answer the different services; and I may say that whenever I have related the detail of this business, it always conveyed to those present a high idea of Lord Keppel's naval character, with a strong conviction of the great utility of placing a seaman at the head of the Admiralty.

"On Lord Thurlow's coming into the room where we were all assembled, he asked, in his blunt manner, where was the man who could point out the means to save Gibraltar? Lord Keppel answered to the Chancellor and to us that he certainly had a plan prepared for our consideration

and approval, which he would proceed to open to the Cabinet. But he expressed his concern that he was obliged to state to them another service as pressing and equally necessary as the Relief of Gibraltar, namely, to get the Baltic Fleet safe into our ports." CHAP. I.

After giving in detail the deliberations of the Cabinet, the Duke continues:—

"We were all so well pleased with the relief which Lord Keppel had given to our minds that, after a few questions to indulge the curiosity of us landsmen, we assured him we concurred most cordially with every part of his scheme. He then acquainted us that Mr. Stephens with two Lords of the Admiralty were waiting to sign the instructions, which should go into no other hands in order to greater secrecy. We undertook to assure His Majesty the absolute necessity for the service that the whole plan should be put into motion instantly. *Keppel's scheme approved.*

"The wisest of human schemes are under superior control, and the present well-digested plan must have been deferred at least, had the wind come about too soon; but all was propitious, and gave just time to the officer commanding at Bergen to receive his orders and execute them instantly with success.

One of my first friendships, begun in the Elden

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Right Hon. Sir Robert Adair.

nursery, continued till after I had passed my climacteric, and then only ended by death, was the late Sir Robert Adair, the diplomatist. He was born in 1764, and lived to be upwards of ninety. His father was Staff-Surgeon to George III., his mother my father's aunt, Lady Caroline Keppel.

His name calls up the image of a tall, thin man, with a sallow complexion and a melancholy cast of features, who was known in the family as the "knight of the woeful countenance." Like his cousins, the Duke of Bedford and Lord Albemarle,[1] he wore his hair *à la guillotine*, that is to say, he kept it cut short, and had neither powder nor pigtail. This *coiffure* derived its name from a practice of the French Royalists who, during the Reign of Terror, being liable to be summoned suddenly from their cells to the scaffold, cut off their *queues* in prison to prevent the executioner from performing that office for them. As the fashion in England was mainly adopted by members of the Whig party, their political opponents affected to believe it was a symbol of their sympathy with *sans culotterie*. It is in this sense that Adair figures in the "Anti-Jacobin." In "A Bit of an Ode to Fox," he is

[1] Elizabeth, Marchioness of Tavistock, mother of the Duke of Bedford, and Lady Caroline Adair were sisters of George, Lord Albemarle.

described as undergoing the metamorphosis of a goose, and is thus made to address his political chief:— CHAP. I.

> "I feel the growing down descends
> Like goose-skin to my fingers' ends;
> Each nail becomes a feather.
> My cropped head waves with sudden plumes,
> Which erst (like Bedford's and his grooms')
> Unpowdered braves the weather."

Adair took early to politics. At six years old, in the Wilkes and Liberty riots, he broke his father's windows,—because he was a placeman.

Like most of his mother's male relations, he was sent to Westminster School; and with a view to his future profession of diplomatist, finished his education at the University of Gottingen. On his return to England he became a constant guest of his uncle, Lord Keppel, and was staying at Elden when the Whigs came in for their short tenure of office in 1782. In the autumn of that same year, he went over to Euston to shoot pheasants in Fakenham wood. He there first became acquainted with his celebrated cousin, Charles James Fox. That most good-natured of men, seeing a shy youth, whom nobody knew or noticed, did all in his power to set him at his ease. "Well, young 'un," said Fox, "where do you spring from?" "From Gottingen," was the reply. "Not

His first interview with Charles Fox.

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much shooting there, I suppose?" "Oh yes, we used to shoot foxes." "Hush!" said Fox; "never pronounce that word again, at least in this house, for if the Duke were to hear that you had ever killed one of my namesakes, he would swear it belonged to Fakenham wood."

In order to acquire a knowledge of continental politics, Adair, after making the tour of Europe, took up his residence for a time at St. Petersburg. Bishop Tomline, in his "Life of Pitt," asserts that he went to the Russian capital on a political mission from Fox, then a member of the Opposition. The statement was untrue, and although it met with a strenuous denial, it furnished another stanza to the "Bit of an Ode," at Adair's expense, still in his character of goose.

"I mount, I mount into the sky
Sweet bird, to Petersburg I fly,
Or if you bid to Paris.
Fresh missions of the *Fox and Goose*
Successful treaties may produce,
Though Pitt in all miscarries."

Empress Catherine.

While in the Russian capital Adair was presented to the Empress Catherine. He does not seem to have been favourably impressed with the personal appearance of that famous princess, whom he used to describe to me as vulgar-looking and shabbily dressed.

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Dines with the Empress.

Adair once accompanied Lord Whitworth, the British Ambassador, to a dinner which her Imperial Majesty gave at Tzarskaiselo. The hour of the meal was at three in the afternoon. After dinner the guests lounged about the gardens till sunset. One of the ladies of the company wishing to show her friends an ornamental box which lay on her toilet-table, a general officer sent his aide-de-camp to bring it down. Unfortunately for the young man he fetched the wrong one. Whereupon his chief began boxing his ears and pulling his hair. The aide-de-camp fell upon his knees and implored pardon for his blunder; but the general was implacable, and kicked him while in the posture of supplication. "This is not a scene for Englishmen to witness," said Lord Whitworth significantly, and he and Adair each turned upon his heel.

Appointed Ambassador to Vienna.

The acquaintance between Fox and Adair begun at the Euston *battue* soon ripened into friendship. In 1788 there was the prospect of a change of Ministry in consequence of the King's illness. It had been Fox's intention to make Adair his Under Secretary in the Foreign Office, and when the great Whig leader came into power in 1806 he sent him Ambassador to Vienna. Such confidence did Fox place in Adair, that upon his going to him for instructions, he received for answer,

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"I have none to give you. Go to Vienna and send me yours."

The Austrian aristocrats, aware of the profession of Adair's father, complained that he was not of sufficient rank to be accredited to their court, "Que voulez-vous?" said a pretended apologist; "c'est le fils du plus grand *saigneur* (Seigneur) d'Angleterre."

An early effusion of his pen was a defence of his cousin, the Duke of Bedford, against Burke's attack upon him in his celebrated "Letter to a Noble Lord." He was also a contributor to the *Rolliad*, and other satirical Whig publications. Sir Gilbert Elliot speaks of him as "a young man who wrote in the probationary odes, and is a great buff and blue squib-maker."

His paper war with the "Anti-Jacobin."

It was this literary partisanship which brought down upon him the hostility of the "Anti-Jacobin." Canning, the principal contributor, made Adair the chief butt against which he directed his shafts.

Throughout life my kinsman was an enthusiastic admirer of the fair sex, which he generally "loved not wisely but too well." Canning seized upon this foible in his character, and in the "Rovers," Adair figures as the captive in the dungeon in which he has been immured eleven years and fifteen days, and sings to the guitar his reminiscences of his college life and his college love:—

"This faded form, this pallid hue,
This blood my veins is clotting in;
My years are many—They were few
When first I entered at the U-
-NIVERSITY of *Gottingen*.

"There, first for thee, my passion grew
Sweet Matilda Pottingen;
Thou wast the daughter of my TU-
TOR, Law Professor of the U-
NIVERSITY of *Gottingen*.

Besides the squib of the "Fox and Goose," we have the "Translation of a letter in oriental characters from Bawba-Dara-Adul-phoolah, Dragoman to the Expedition to Neek-Awl-Aretched-kooez," (Bob Adair a dull fool to Nicholl [1] a wretched quiz.)

In 1808, Canning became Foreign Secretary. England was at war with all Europe. It was expedient to make peace with Turkey. The unwise passage of a British fleet up the Dardanelles and its disastrous return through the same straits had thrown obstacles in the way of pacific proposals. The services of a skilful diplomatist were wanting, no person of sufficient ability for such a post was to be found among the Tory supporters of the Government. Secretary Canning was obliged to seek for such a man in the Whig camp, and whom

Ambassador to Constantinople.

[1] Mr. John Nicholl was member for Tregony. A hostile writer describes him as blind of one eye, altogether ugly, his delivery ungraceful, and his action much too vehement.

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should he pitch upon but—"Bob Adair, the dull fool."

Before Adair accepted the appointment he consulted his political friends. He was then member for Camelford, a nomination Borough of the Duke of Bedford's, to whom he thus wrote:—

"*June* 2, 1808.

"MY DEAR DUKE,

Adair resigns his seat for Camelford.

"As it appears to be your opinion that I ought to accept the proposal made to me by Mr. Canning on my return, and which, as I explained it to you at the time, arose out of my letter to him at Malta; I think it right, in conformity with those principles of publick conduct which have invariably guided me, to request that you would dispose of my seat in Parliament. Of my steady and inviolable fidelity to those principles it will be needless to assure you. It is equally true (and on this point I am anxious to do the fullest justice to Mr. Canning's liberality) that there is nothing in the sort of duty I am about to execute which can alter my political connections; but it is no less clear, that I ought not to retain a situation which my absence will, for a time, necessarily render inefficient. It would greatly grieve me were any act of mine to have the effect of weakening, even by the suspension of a single vote, the efforts of a party in the consolidation of whose

strength, and in the prevalence of whose principles this country, in my opinion, can alone hope for salvation. I say this without any exception or reserve; but I am perhaps more particularly induced to say it from the circumstances of my not having been able to take my seat on the 25th, in time enough to support the Catholick Petition. I should be sorry, very sorry indeed, that my vote were neutralized in any future discussion of the Catholick claims.

"I am, my dear Duke,

"&c., &c.,

"R. ADAIR."

The Duke writes in answer:—

"STANHOPE STREET, *June* 5, 1808.

"DEAR ADAIR,

The Duke refuses to receive his resignation.

"I called upon you yesterday to answer verbally your letter, and to explain to you the reasons which must induce me to decline the request you make me, to dispose of your seat in Parliament. I perfectly understand the feelings which have urged you to make this offer, and I never could for a single moment allow myself to doubt your steady and unvarying attachment to those principles upon which we have uniformly acted together through life, and which ought now to be more than ever dear to us, from the irreparable

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loss we have sustained by the death of him, who was the invigorating soul of those principles; but under all the circumstances attending your acceptance of the offer made you by Mr. Canning, arising out of your communication to him from Malta, I must entreat of you to retain your seat in Parliament. The length of your stay abroad is of course very uncertain, from the nature of the mission; and as I should at all events restore you on your return to that seat which you had temporarily vacated, it would subject me to frequent elections at Camelford, an inconvenience which I must at all times wish to avoid: moreover, the electors of the Borough have retained an attachment to you, from the circumstance of your having been the means of bringing about that spirit of harmony and confidence subsisting between them and me, which would make them very reluctant to see the seat filled by any one but yourself. These are the motives which urge me to reject your proposal. I repeat that I have the fullest confidence in the zeal and steadiness of your publick principles, and, as I have before told you, your acceptance of the mission now entrusted to you has, under all its accompanying circumstances, my entire and unqualified approbation.

Reasons for the refusal.

"Ever yours truly and affectionately,

"BEDFORD."

"I accepted the mission," says Adair in his narrative of this embassy, "under an express agreement, that after having made the peace, I should be at liberty to return home, and resume my seat on the Opposition benches of the House of Commons." [1]

Prince Leopold and Sir R. Adair.

Among the principal events of 1831 were the proceedings consequent upon the separation of Belgium from Holland and the election of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg to the throne of the newly-established kingdom. On the 3rd of August (it was my wedding-day) intelligence reached England that the Prince of Orange was about to enter Flanders at the head of a Dutch army to resist the dismemberment of his father's dominions, while France was supporting the pretensions of Belgium with an army of 50,000 men. Sir Robert was sent out as Ambassador Extraordinary to prevent a collision between the parties. He was present at the wedding breakfast given by my father-in-law, Sir Coutts Trotter, at his villa at Brandsbury and immediately after set out for Belgium. He arrived not a moment too soon. The Prince of Orange was besieging King Leopold at Liége. His first visit was to Leopold, whom he had frequently met at Holkham. His Majesty was paring his nails when

[1] Sir Robert Adair's *Mission to Constantinople*, preface, p. xxi.

CHAP. I. he entered. Adair tried hard to extort from him some concession. "My good friend," said Leopold, with one of those calm good-natured smiles which all who knew him must so well remember, "I have just been elected a King. You can hardly expect that I should make my abdication the first act of my reign." Thus rebuffed the Ambassador proceeded to the hostile camp. Seizing a soldier's ramrod, he tied his handkerchief to it, and flourished it over his head. His improvised flag of truce was not respected: probably it was not understood, for, as he said in a letter to Mr. Coke, "I was shot at like a Holkham rabbit." He at length obtained access to the Prince of Orange, whom for a long time he found equally obdurate—at length he obtained from him a cessation of hostilities for forty-eight hours. An armistice ensued. Adair's last stroke of diplomacy was to save Europe from the calamity of a general war.

Sir William Keppel.

Another annual guest at Elden was my father's first cousin—William Keppel, who afterwards became a full General, Colonel of the 67th Regiment, a Privy Councillor, a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, and Equerry to George the Fourth, in whose good graces he held a high place. Sir William is associated in my mind as the bestower upon me of my first school-boy "*tip*," to wit, a bright half-guinea; and as the last

wearer of a pigtail that I ever remember to have seen. "Keppel," once said the Duke of York to him, pointing to the hirsute ornament, "why don't you get rid of that old-fashioned tail of yours?" "From the feeling," was the reply, "that actuates your Royal Highness in weightier matters—the dislike to part with an old friend." CHAP. I.

Sir David Dundas.

The name of Sir William recalls to remembrance a brother Knight and one of his oldest friends, the late Sir David Dundas. This officer had served under my grandfather at the reduction of the Havannah, and succeeded to the chief command of the army during the temporary retirement of the Duke of York. Sir William told me that being one day at the Horse Guards, the Duke expressed a wish to know whether he or Sir David were the tallest. The ex-Commander-in-Chief and the Commander-in-Chief elect stood back to back. Sir William who measured them declared they were exactly of a height. When the Duke retired, Keppel asked Dundas why he did not keep his head still while under the process of measuring. "Well, man," was the reply of the wily Scotchman, "how should I just know whether His Royal Highness would like to be a little shorter or a little taller?"

CHAPTER II.

1805.

The threatened invasion.—The Dowager Lady de Clifford.—My introduction to George, Prince of Wales.—My first school.—"ALL THE TALENTS" Administration.—My father appointed Master of the King's Buckhounds.—Visit to Charles Fox.—Anecdotes of Fox.—The Prince of Wales at "Red Barnes."—The old "Pavilion."—Chairing of Sir Francis Burdett.

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The threatened invasion.

I HAVE some vague recollection of the alarm produced by the avowed intention of Napoleon to invade England, and it was of a nature to find its way even into an English nursery. A flotilla capable of conveying 150,000 men and the *matériel* for such a force were visible to the naked eye of any one standing on the Kentish coast.

Like other children of my day, I was often frightened into submission by the cry of "Boney's coming"—a threat which in any dark or foggy night might have become a reality. Snatches of song relating to the invasion still float unbidden on

my memory. How they came there except by hearing them in the nursery I cannot divine. One of them began somewhat thus :— CHAP. II.

"Folks tell us that the French are coming to invade us,
I think they'll repent of the visit they'll have paid us ;
For their broad-bottomed boats I have a mighty notion
We very soon shall sink to the bottom of the ocean."

In the summer of 1805 my mother took me with her to London, where she became the guest of her mother, the Dowager Lady de Clifford, who had recently been appointed governess to the Princess Charlotte of Wales.

Of that dear old lady I shall have frequently occasion to speak. All I will say of her at present is that she lived at No. 9, South Audley Street, within a stone's throw of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the wife, as far as the laws of the Church could make her so, of George, Prince of Wales. *Mrs. Fitzherbert.*

But my visits to No. 6, Tilney Street, were less intended for the mistress of the mansion than for a little lady of my own age, who even then gave promise of those personal and mental attractions of which she became so distinguished in after life. This was Miss Mary Georgiana, or, as she was called by her friends, "Minnie" Seymour, afterwards the wife of Colonel the Hon. George Dawson Damer. She was daughter of Lord Hugh and Lady Horatia *Miss Seymour.*

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Seymour, who, dying nearly at the same time, appointed Mrs. Fitzherbert the guardian of their orphan child.

My presentation to George Prince of Wales.

By my little hostess, I had the honour of being presented to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth. His appearance and manners were both of a nature to produce a lively impression on the mind of a child—a merry, good-humoured man, tall, though somewhat portly in stature, in the prime of life, with laughing eyes, pouting lips, and nose which, very slightly turned up, gave a peculiar poignancy to the expression of his face. He wore a well-powdered wig, adorned with a profusion of curls, which in my innocence I believed to be his own hair, as I did a very large pigtail appended thereto. His clothes fitted him like a glove, his coat was single-breasted, and buttoned up to the chin. His nether garments were leather pantaloons and Hessian boots. Round his throat was a huge white neckcloth of many folds, out of which his chin seemed to be always struggling to emerge.

No sooner was his Royal Highness seated in his armchair than my young companion would jump up on one of his knees, to which she seemed to claim a prescriptive right. Straightway would arise an animated talk between "Prinny and Minnie" as they respectively called each other. As my father was in high favour with the Prince at this time, I

was occasionally admitted to the spare knee and to a share in the conversation, if conversation it could be called, in which all were talkers and none listeners.

Small boys are often, of course undesignedly, their own liberators from female government. A slap on the face is repaid with interest by a kick on the shin. Young master makes the nursery too hot to hold him, and he is sent to school.

My first school.

It is possibly by some such process that before I reached the age of seven I escaped out of the clutches of Sally Martindale and was placed under the ferule of the Rev. William Farley, Effingham, Surrey.

"All the Talents."

My entrance into the second of Shakespeare's ages bears the same date as a great public event, in which I had indirectly a personal interest. William Pitt dying in January, 1806, "All the Talents" came in for a short tenure of power. The post held by Charles James Fox was that of Foreign Secretary and leader of the House of Commons.

The office he held gave him no power over the Household appointments, but he succeeded in obtaining that of Master of the King's Buckhounds for my father, who, shortly after his appointment, took some of his children, of whom I was one, to Swinley Lodge, his official residence, I being thus far on my way to school.

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Meet of the King's buck-hounds.

Soon after my father's arrival at Swinley, the King's hounds met in Windsor Park; my mother took me with her to the meet. The buck was uncarted at a short distance from the spot where we were posted. The yellow barouche, the four grey horses, the postilions in their yellow jackets, the hounds in full cry and hot pursuit, the goodly assemblage of scarlet-coated horsemen—all appear as vividly to the "mind's eye" of the man going on for seventy-seven, as did the actual scene to the boy of seven.

Visit to Charles Fox.

From Swinley Lodge the family proceeded to St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey, there to pass the Easter holidays with Charles Fox.

It was just at this time that the statesman's health underwent a very perceptible change. His nephew, Lord Holland, who accompanied him to Nelson's funeral, observed that the length of the ceremony and the coldness of the cathedral overpowered him in a way that no fatigue which he had known him undergo had done before. Fox himself appears to have had a consciousness of his approaching end. "Pitt," he said, "has died in January, perhaps I may go off before June." But, when at the Easter recess he reached St. Anne's Hill, that home he loved so well, all gloomy forebodings vanished, and at the time of our arrival, the spirits of the dying patriot were at their highest pitch.

I cannot call to mind which of my brothers or sisters besides myself it was that accompanied our parents, but as Mr. Fox's private secretary, who has recorded our visit, speaks of Lady Albemarle as "the lovely mother of some fine children who were with her," I should suppose that my brother Edward[1] must have shared with me the honour of being a guest of Fox. CHAP. II.

It was at the time of our visit that the symptoms of dropsy, the disease of which Fox died a few months later, began to show themselves. His legs were so swollen that he could not walk; he used to wheel himself about in what was called a "Merlin chair;" indeed out of this chair I never remember to have seen him.

His personal appearance.

In many respects his personal appearance at this time differed but little from that assigned to him in the many prints and pictures still extant of him. There were still the well-formed nose and mouth, and the same manly, open, benevolent countenance. But his face had lost that swarthy appearance, which in the caricatures of the day had obtained for him the name of "Niger:" it was very pale. His eyes, though watery, twinkled with fun and good humour. "The thick black beard of true British stuff" had become like that of Hamlet's

[1] Rector of Quidenham, late deputy clerk of the closet to the Queen.

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father, "a sable-silvered." He wore a single-breasted coat of a light-grey colour, with plated buttons as large as half-crowns; a thick linsey-woolsey waistcoat, sage-coloured breeches, dark worsted stockings, and gouty shoes coming over the ankles.

Fox was not visible of a morning. He either transacted the business of his office, or was occupied in it, or reading Greek plays, or French fairy tales, of which last species of literature I have heard my father say he was particularly fond.

At one o'clock was the children's dinner. We used to assemble in the dining-room; Fox was wheeled in at the same moment for his daily basin of soup. That meal despatched, he was for the rest of the day the exclusive property of us children, and we all adjourned to the garden for our game at trap-ball. All was now noise and merriment. Our host, the youngest amongst us, laughed, chaffed, and chatted the whole time. As he could not walk, he of course had the innings, we the bowling and fagging out; with what glee would he send the ball into the bushes in order to add to his score, and how shamelessly would he wrangle with us whenever we fairly bowled him out!

Anecdotes of Fox.

Fox had been a very keen sportsman—too keen to be a successful one. In his eagerness he would not unfrequently put the shot into the gun before the powder. Bob Jeffs, the Elden gamekeeper (an

heirloom of the Admiral's) was fond of telling me how he once marked down a woodcock, and went to the Hall with intelligence. It was breakfast-time. Up started Fox from the untasted meal, and gun in hand followed the keeper. A hat thrown into the bush flushed the game, the bird escaped scot-free, but Jeffs' hat was blown to pieces. CHAP. II.

One hot September morning Fox set out from Holkham, fully anticipating a good day's sport at Egmere, Mr. Coke's best partridge beat. As was usual with sportsmen in those days, he started at daylight. Just as the family were sitting down to breakfast, Fox was seen staggering home, "Not ill, I hope, Charles?" inquired his host. "No," was the reply, "only a little tipsy." Being thirsty, he had asked the tenant of Egmere for a bowl of milk, and was too easily persuaded to add thereto a certain, or rather an uncertain, quantity of rum. As a consequence he passed the rest of the day in bed instead of in the turnip-field.

A party of Holkham shooters were one day driven home by a very heavy rain. Fox did not arrive till some time after the rest; he had fallen in with one of Mr. Coke's labouring men, who had come for shelter under the same tree. The statesman became so interested in the society of the ploughman, who gave him an account of the system of "turnip husbandry" just come into vogue,

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that he had great difficulty in tearing himself away.

At my father's table one evening the conversation turned upon the relative merits of different kinds of wine. Port, claret, Burgundy, were criticized in turn, but Fox, who considered alcohol the test of excellence, said, "Which is the best sort of wine I leave you to judge; all I know is that no sort of wine is bad."

Earl Russell and Admiral Sir Augustus Clifford are the only persons of my acquaintance now living who, besides myself, had personal access to this great statesman. Lord Eversley, when a small boy, had the advantage of hearing him speak in the House of Commons, but he does not appear to have highly appreciated that eloquence which so electrified the rest of mankind, for he cried out, "What is that fat gentleman in such a passion about?"

Prince of Wales and Charles Fox.

To the rear of the Rutland Arms, Newmarket, is a house called "the Palace." It was the residence of Charles the Second during the races, and was used for the same purpose by George, Prince of Wales, when he was on the turf.

Mr. Tattersall, the founder of the celebrated establishment that goes by his name, had a breeding farm at Ely, called "Red Barns." Here stood his famous horse "Highflyer." The Prince,

who was very intimate with Mr. Tattersall, and joint proprietor with him in the *Morning Post*, was a frequent, though an uninvited guest at Red Barns. His Royal Highness used to take his own party with him, and the consumption of port wine on such occasions was something awful.

Orgies at "Red Barns."

Mr. Edmund Tattersall told me that his uncle Richard, the grandson and successor of the founder of the firm, when he was a boy of about nine years old, saw a post-chaise and four drive furiously up to the "Palace" door one day, William Windham riding leader, and Charles Fox wheel, while the Prince of Wales, too full of Red Barn port to be in riding or even sitting trim, lay utterly helpless at the bottom of the chaise.

After the Easter holidays, I went in Mr. Fox's carriage to my first school, kept, as I have already mentioned, by the Rev. William Farley. Here I remained two years.

My first school.

Like all boys in a like situation, I had to submit to the catechism which is inflicted on the new comer, "What's your name? Who's your father?" &c. I thought to impress my querists with a due sense of my family dignity by informing them that my father was master of the King's Buckhounds, but was somewhat mortified by being pointed at as the son of a blackguard old huntsman.

I passed a portion of Christmas this year with

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my family at Brighton, the Prince of Wales having lent my father the Pavilion; my recollection of the building is a small low-roomed, mean-looking house, constructed of Bath bricks, only two stories high. It stood, as I have since learned, upon the sixth part of the ground occupied by the edifice which now goes by its name.

Chairing of Sir Francis Burdett.

During my summer holidays in 1807 I was taken to see the chairing of Sir Francis Burdett, the successful candidate for Westminster in the general election of that year.

The occasion was one of intense public excitement. A month before the ceremonial, Sir Francis had a quarrel with Mr. James Paull, the member for that city in the preceding Parliament, who was then seeking re-election. The result was a duel on Wimbledon Common. Burdett and Paull each hit the other in the leg. Both combatants were conveyed to town in the same carriage. While they lay ill in bed of their wounds their respective partizans placed them in nomination for Westminster. Burdett was returned by an enormous majority.

All that I can recollect of this ovation is the appearance and demeanour of the successful candidate. He was drawn in an enormous triumphal car and seated on a chair of state, raised so high as to be on a level with the balcony from which I saw

the procession. Sir Francis's dress indicated the Whig colours of the day — a blue coat, buff waistcoat and breeches—the wounded limb reposed artistically on a large purple cushion, and was covered by a bandana handkerchief. CHAP. II.

Except for this outward evidence, Burdett seemed to have entirely recovered from the effects of his late encounter. His antagonist was not so fortunate; his wound never healed, and a few months later he died by his own hand.

CHAPTER III.

My entrance into Westminster School.—Masters and ushers.—Fagging.—Dowager Lady Albemarle.—Dowager Lady de Clifford.—Appointed governess to Princess Charlotte.—George the Third to Lady de Clifford.—Prince of Wales to Lady de Clifford.—Memorandum for Lady de Clifford from the Prince of Wales.—The Princess of Wales and Princess Charlotte.—Lady de Clifford's recollections of the Princess of Wales.—Letter from the Princess of Wales.—Princess Charlotte as a child.—Her dressers.—Rev. George Nott.—Letters from Princess Charlotte to Lady Albemarle.—Princess Charlotte's will.

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I am sent to Westminster school.

AFTER two years unprofitably spent at Farley's, I was sent to Westminster. My entrance into that famed seminary is one of the events of my life of which I have a most lively recollection. It was at three in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 14th of March, that, almost a man in my own estimation, I took my seat at the examination-table. Across the building, which looks like the nave of a church, and immediately above my head, was an iron bar, on which formerly hung a curtain, and on which there still hangs a tale.

The rent curtain.

The intention of this curtain was to separate the upper from the under school. In the reign of Charles the First, when Dr. Busby reigned paramount in the school, a boy, one John Glyn, tore the curtain. The name of the culprit is suggestive to me of Legion, for there was a whole tribe of Glyns in my day, one of them being my old friend, the late Lord Wolverton. In school phrase, Glyn funked his "six-cutter," and prevailed upon a form fellow, William Wade, to take the blame and bear the punishment.

Some years after the execution of Charles the First, John Glyn, now a serjeant-at-law, sat upon a Commission which sentenced a batch of prisoners to death for conspiring against the Commonwealth. Among the condemned Glyn recognized the vicarious sufferer for the rent curtain. He said nothing, but rode post-haste to the Lord Protector, and succeeded in procuring his friend's pardon. John Glyn lived to become Lord Chief Justice. There is a picture of him in his judicial robes and gold chain in Lord Wolverton's house, in Carlton Gardens, and another, I believe, in the possession of Mr. Gladstone.

I was ruminating on the novelty of my situation when there came towards me two burly-looking clergymen in full canonicals, master of arts' gowns, with pudding sleeves, and wearing on their heads huge three-cornered cocked hats, powder in their

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hair, and large silver buckles in their shoes. They took their seats side-saddle fashion on the table, one on either side. The examination was a very short one—Æsop's little fable of "Mater ad Cancrem" was given me to construe—a few questions were put to me respecting the parts of speech, and I was placed in the under first, the lowest remove in the lowest form save one (petty).

Shadow and Substance.

When a boy enters Westminster his existence is almost ignored. If admitted to be a sentient being at all, it is not one responsible for its actions. He is called a shadow, and to him is attached a form-fellow, his "substance," who initiates him into the ways of the school, and becomes in a certain degree liable to punishment for his misdeeds. My substance, with whom I lived for many years on terms of great intimacy, was the late Major-General Sir Henry Barnard, K.C.B., and Chief of the Staff at the siege and fall of Sebastopol.

I found my new schoolfellows to the full as inquisitive about my private affairs as those whom I left at Farley's; my first week was passed in answering questions respecting myself and my belongings.

Charles Atticus Monk.

This habit of prying into the birth and parentage of the new comer recalls to mind the stereotyped answer which, some years later, I used to hear given by a little fellow who boarded in the same

house with me. It ran thus: "I am Charles Atticus Monk, born at Athens in Greece, son of Sir Charles Monk, of Belsey Castle, Newcastle-upon-Tyne." This formula the poor child was teased into repeating a hundred times in a day. One afternoon Charles Atticus was missing: a hue and cry was raised. Advertisements appeared in the newspapers respecting him, and after a fruitless search for his son, his father threw himself despairingly in the night mail. He was within a couple of stages of Newcastle, when he heard a little boy ask the coachman to take him on the box. Sir Charles thought he recognized the voice, but doubt became certainty when he heard the words, "I am Charles Atticus Monk, born at Athens, in Greece," &c. The fugitive was returning to Belsey Castle, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Sir Charles brought back the truant to Westminster, and implored Dr. Page to remit the penalty usually attached to such a delinquency. He might as well have talked to the winds. The young Athenian got his "six-cutter"—and, *me teste*, well laid on too.

At the time of his escapade, Charles Atticus had half-a-crown in his pocket. He owed the pastry-cook eighteenpence, which debt he loyally discharged, and with a shilling in his pocket, and his biographical shibboleth on his tongue, he

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accomplished the long and then expensive journey into the North of England.

"CAREY, vetus SMEDLEY, JEMMY DODD, simul et JOHNNY CAMPBELL, KNOX, ELLIS, LONGLANDS, PAGEQUE *furore gravis.*"

Masters and ushers of Westminster.

These doggrel verses (they are not mine) comprise the names of the masters and ushers of my day. Dr. William Carey, whose name stands first on the list, was head-master. Before I left Westminster he became Bishop of St. Asaph, and was afterwards translated to the see of Exeter. The doctor was a thickset, bandy-legged man, with punch-like nose and chin, but with a good-humoured expression of face, pleasant, affable manners, and was alike a favourite with parents and boys.

The last name in the pentameter designates Dr. William Page, for twelve years under-master, and in 1814 the successor of Carey in the chief command. He was a wittier man and a riper scholar than his principal, but in no other respect equal to him in the requisite qualities for the conduct of a public school. The epithet "furore gravis" was not ill applied. With a more savage, ill-tempered man I have seldom come in contact.

The great Dr. Busby used to assert that the rod was the proper instrument for sifting the wheat of learning from the chaff. Dr. Page was so far of the Busby school, and unfortunately for

me I was that description of grain that frequently underwent this species of winnowing.

Fagging in the early part of the century.

For the seven years that I spent at Westminster I boarded at "Mother Grant's," as had done generations of Keppels before me. The fagging system was then in full vogue. My first fag master—I have reasons for suppressing his name, for though a kinsman of my own, he was "less than kind"—was a good-looking fellow, who left Westminster for the Peninsula, and served afterwards at Waterloo.

For the edification of a more luxurious and less oppressed generation of fags, let me give a sample of a day's work during this his period of servitude.

I rose as the day broke, hurried on my clothes, brushed those of my master, cleaned several pairs of his shoes, went to the pump in Great Dean's Yard for hard water for his teeth, and to the cistern at Mother Grant's for soft water for his hands and face, passed the rest of the time till eight in my own hasty ablutions, or in conning over my morning school lesson.

Eight to nine.—In school.

Nine to ten.—Out for my breakfast, or rather for my master's breakfast. I had to bring up his tea-things, to make his toast, &c.—my own meal was a very hasty affair.

Ten to twelve.—In school.

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Twelve to one.—In the Usher's correcting room preparing for afternoon lessons.

One to two.—Dinner in the Hall—a sort of roll-call—absence a punishable offence, the food execrable.

Two to five.—Evening school.

Five to six.—Buying bread, butter, milk, and eggs for the great man's tea, and preparing that meal.

Six to the following morning.—Locked up at Mother Grant's; till bed-time, fagging of a miscellaneous character.

I had borne this description of drudgery for about a fortnight, when, without weighing the consequences—remember, reader, I was not nine years old—I determined to strike work. Instead therefore of preparing tea as usual, I slipped behind one of the maids into the coal cellar, and there lay *perdu* for a couple of hours. I was at length dragged out of my hiding-place and delivered over to the fury of my tea-less master. He made me stand at attention, with my little fingers on the seam of my trousers, like a soldier at drill. He then felled me to the ground by a swinging buckhorse[1] on my right cheek. I rose up stupefied, and was made to resume my former position, and received a second floorer. I know

[1] "Buckhorse," in Westminster language, a blow on the cheek with the open hand.

not how often I underwent this ordeal, but I remember going to bed with a racking headache, and being unable to put in an appearance next morning at school.

"Oh! the merry days when we were young!" Such is the burden of one of Moore's charming melodies, which I have frequently heard its gifted author sing. Yet the sentiment appears to me more poetical than true—at least it could hardly apply to a Westminster fag when this century had not yet reached its teens. For my own part, I can truly say that the least "merry days" of my long life, were when I had Dr. Page for my master in school, and his promising pupil for my master in what were facetiously called my "hours of recreation."

Boys having relations in London were permitted to go home to them from the afternoon of a Saturday till eight in the morning of the following Monday. Now I had the good fortune to have two grandmothers permanent residents in the metropolis, and my weekly visits to one or the other of them were the "silver linings to the clouds" which lowered upon this period of my school life.

Dowager Lady Albemarle.

My father's mother, the Dowager Lady Albemarle, lived at No. 10, Berkeley Square. She was the daughter of Sir John Miller, a Hampshire Baronet; a kind-hearted woman, but not attractive

CHAP. III. to her grandchildren. Her manners were formal, and she had but little indulgence for our youthful follies. Moreover, her temper was not of the best. I remember her boxing my ears after I had served the Waterloo campaign. She had been a great beauty in her day, and she took care to let us know it, but as time had obliterated the traces of these good looks, we were somewhat sceptical of the assurance. Yet when I gaze upon a picture I have of her by Romney, I am inclined to believe that the good old lady did herself no more than justice.

One anecdote she used to tell of herself, and if she repeated it somewhat too often it was her wicked grandchildren who were to blame, for they took a pleasure in inducing her to bear record of the homage that had once been paid to her loveliness.

"When I was a girl," she would say to us, "young ladies used to wear aprons of valuable lace. A clever young gentleman in our neighbourhood happened to tear this ornamental part of my dress. 'Really Mr. ——,' said a witness of the accident, 'you ought to make an ample apology to Miss Miller for your awkwardness,' upon which he immediately produced the following elegant impromptu :—

"'I tore your apron, lovely maid!
But you the injury doubly repaid,
For, from your eyes, you sent a dart
Which tore as much my bleeding heart.'"

After her husband's death in 1773, Lady Albemarle lived much in retirement, her principal associates being a set of elderly females whom we grandchildren irreverently called her "toadies." One of them—a certain Mrs. B.—I have good cause to remember. I met her one evening in Berkeley Square in company with the rest of the antiquated *coterie*. I was to return to school the next day after the Christmas holidays. It was Twelfth Night. We drew King and Queen. My character was a sailor "Jack Generous," my motto :—

A female "Toady."

"A friend ever willing
To share his last shilling."

After we had eaten our cake we played at Pope Joan. At that game I acted up to my character, "not wisely, but too well," for all the "tips" of Jack Generous, which were to have served him for "next half," found their way from his pocket into that of Mrs. B——. The next morning, one of the dullest and bitterest of January, with a heavy heart and a light purse, I "trudged like snail unwillingly to school."

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Dowager Lady de Clifford.

My other grandmother, the Dowager Lady de Clifford, was the very opposite of her in Berkeley Square. If the one was too hard upon my faults, the other erred in the opposite extreme. She was ever ready to help me out of my scrapes, and up to the time of her death would fight my battles against all comers. She had passed much of her time abroad, and been acquainted with many of the notabilities of the Court of Louis the Sixteenth Until age had impaired her faculties she was full of anecdote, and a very agreeable companion. Moore, the poet, whom I introduced to her, has made honourable mention of her in his journal. She used to tell me that as a young woman she was quite plain; but I had difficulty in believing her, for she had a lively, intelligent expression of countenance, bright hazel eyes, and when, according to the fashion of those days, she was turbaned, powdered, and rouged for an evening party, I was quite proud of her. She was a woman of great personal courage. When she was travelling with her dying husband through France by easy stages on her way to England, she stopped at a small road-side inn. Hearing a noise at midnight, she opened her door and saw a man stealing into her husband's bedroom. She seized him by the collar, threw him down stairs, ordered horses immediately, and proceeded on her journey.

Her personal courage.

Not long before her death—she was then eighty-four—some robbers climbed over the garden wall which lines the north side of Hill Street where it abuts on South Audley Street. They had nearly succeeded in gaining an entrance into the house, when the old lady threw open her window, discharged one of the pistols which she always kept loaded, and lustily cried "Thieves." The rogues made off, no doubt resolving that when next they attacked a lone elderly woman, it should be one less ready to show fight.

Appointed governess of Princess Charlotte.

It was in the month of January 1805, when the Princess Charlotte of Wales had completed her ninth year, that an establishment was formed for her education, and placed under the control of my grandmother.

Subordinate to Lady de Clifford were two sub-governesses, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Udney, one of whom was required to be in constant residence with her royal pupil. It is to the former of these ladies that the following letter refers.

GEORGE THE THIRD TO THE DOWAGER LADY DE CLIFFORD.

"QUEEN'S PALACE,
"*February* 22, 1805.

"The King thinks it right to acquaint Lady de

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George the Third to the Dowager Lady de Clifford.

Clifford that he received an intimation this morning from the Countess of Ilchester, of Mrs. Campbell's being far from well, and requiring indulgence from her nerves being much agitated from the looking most anxiously to the employment on which she is now entering.[1] The King trusts Lady de Clifford will see the propriety of therefore not requiring her attendance at Windsor on the present occasion, as His Majesty trusts a little rest and quiet will enable her to be in future of greater utility.

"GEORGE R."

Royal animosities.

The dislike with which, at this time, the Sovereign and the Heir Apparent to the throne regarded each other was so intense, that any circumstance affecting their mutual interest would suffice to fan their animosities into a flame. Thus the question of the future care of the young Princess led to an open quarrel between father and son.

A few months prior to my grandmother's appointment to her charge, the Prince of Wales

[1] Mrs. Campbell, widow of an officer—a *protégée* of Lady Ilchester, with whom she resided to the day of her death. It was probably to her interest that she owed her appointment. The late Lord Ilchester and his brother, father of the present Earl, used to call her "Tam"—their infantine mode of pronouncing her name (Campbell). Both brothers always spoke of her as a most charming person.

Disputes between the King and Prince respecting the care of Princess Charlotte.

offered, through Lord Moira, to consign the Princess entirely to the care of her grandfather. The King eagerly accepted the proposal, and gave orders for the Lower Lodge, Windsor, to be prepared for her reception. As the time for the fulfilment of the engagement drew nigh, the Prince changed his mind, alleging as a reason for withdrawing from his proposal, that it was made "before he had seen the King at Windsor,"—a brutal insinuation that his royal father had in the interval been afflicted with insanity, and was therefore unfit for so important a charge. On the other hand, George the Third was determined to keep his son to his engagement, and communicated this intention to him through the medium of Lord Chancellor Eldon.

On the 1st of March, 1805, the King writes to Lord Eldon:—"The preparations for establishing the Princess Charlotte at Windsor are in such forwardness that the King can authorize the Lord Chancellor to acquaint the Prince of Wales that the apartments will be completely ready for her reception in two weeks, and that he shall then give notice to Lady de Clifford for her removal to that place."

The same evening that the Prince received this intimation from the Chancellor he wrote to my grandmother as follows:—

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Prince of Wales to Lady de Clifford.

"My dearest Lady de Clifford,

"I am only this instant returned home, and I have so many letters to write and so much to do this evening that will not admit of delay, in order to summon an early meeting to-morrow morning, that it will be too late before I have finished all my business to attempt to come and see your little charge and you. However, at one to-morrow, you may be certain of seeing me and, I hope, Mrs. Udney.

"Pray, if possible, let me have the little watch, that I may give it to Charlotte in your presence. I shall be most happy to do so for every reason, but I shall consider myself most fortunate the having it in my power thus early in life after your very short acquaintance with her, not only to prove to her my readiness to acquiesce in, and to forward every reasonable wish she may entertain, but also the implicit confidence I place in you, as well as that you *are* the medium,[1] and *ever* must be the properest medium through which her wishes and inclinations must be conveyed to me. Excuse my saying anything more at present, for I am, as you may believe after so long and so very irritating a day, quite worried to death. If you wish for me

[1] The "*medium*" employed by the King was Lord Chancellor Eldon.

later this evening, I mean by *that* between eleven and twelve o'clock, you will know where to find me. CHAP. III.

"Ever most affectionately yours,

"GEORGE P.

"CARLTON HOUSE, *Friday*, 8 *o'clock*, *March* 1, 1805.

"P.S. Say everything that is most kind to the child and to Mrs. Udney, whose goodness in temporising with her present situation I can never forget."

Lord Chancellor Eldon.

The allusion made in the following document, in the Prince of Wales's handwriting, in which he deprecates the interference of any other person "*whatever except his Majesty*," has evident reference to Lord Chancellor Eldon, whom the King would insist upon employing as the medium between himself and his son.

"MEMORANDUM

"FOR LADY DE CLIFFORD FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES.

"*March 4th*, 1805.

"Lady de Clifford and the Bishop of Exeter[2] having now entered upon the important functions committed to them, the Prince is desirous that they

[1] At Mrs. Fitzherbert's in Tilney Street.

[2] Preceptor to the Princess Charlotte.

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should from time to time lay before his Majesty such ideas as occur to him as to the details necessary for carrying into execution the general opinion adopted respecting the education of Princess Charlotte. This memorandum is intended to apprise them of the present state of the business, and to serve as a guide for them in such conversations as his Majesty may honour them with on this subject.

The Prince of Wales to Lady de Clifford.

"In consequence of some previous intimation which the Prince had received of his Majesty's wishes, the Prince has expressed that without meaning to discharge himself in any degree of that duty of superintendence and control which nature imposes upon a father in all that relates to the education of his child, he was at the same time desirous of receiving the benefit of his Majesty's gracious assistance and advice in a matter so interesting to his feelings, and of giving the Princess Charlotte the full advantage of that affectionate interest which his Majesty is graciously pleased to take in her welfare. But a reason which it is not here necessary to particularize compelled the Prince to require that the person through whom this communication was made should respectfully but distinctly explain to his Majesty that the Prince could on no account agree to the interference of any other person *whatever except his Majesty* in the dispositions to be made on this subject, and

that this point must at all times be considered as the indispensable condition of the Prince's consent to any arrangement present or future.

"What has hitherto been done on the subject has, as the Prince conceives, been intended to be regulated by this principle. The next point to be adjusted for giving effect to it is that which relates to the residence of the Princess Charlotte, on which subject the Prince desires that Lady de Clifford and the Bishop will submit to his Majesty for his gracious consideration the following ideas.

The Prince of Wales to Lady de Clifford.

"The Prince thinks that during the period of the year in which he is usually resident in London his daughter can nowhere so properly be placed as under her father's roof, where her education may be carried on without interruption, and where he himself will have the constant opportunity of observing its course and progress. His Majesty's habit of doing business in London several days in each week during most part of the year will afford to the Princess Charlotte ample opportunities of paying her duty there to the King and Queen as often as they may be pleased to require it, and it is by no means the Prince's idea that this arrangement should exclude such short visits to Windsor during the season of holidays or on other temporary occasions as may be found not to break in too much on the course of her education.

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The Prince of Wales to Lady de Clifford.

"During those months when the Prince is usually not resident in London, he would have great satisfaction in his daughter's being allowed to reside with his Majesty, at Windsor, Weymouth, or elsewhere, reserving to himself in the same manner as above stated the pleasure of seeing her sometimes, if he should wish it, on short and occasional visits.

"The communications already made to Lady de Clifford seem to give every reason to hope that these ideas are very little, if at all, different from those entertained by his Majesty on the subject. And at all events, the Prince is confident that they cannot fail to be considered as fresh proofs of his respectful desire to meet his Majesty's wishes in every way consistent with his honour and with the feelings of paternal affection and duty towards his daughter."

Royal reply to the Memorandum.

This memorandum, though professedly for the guidance of Lady de Clifford, was of course intended for the King, who, upon its receipt, wrote to Lord Eldon:—"His Majesty must either have the whole care and superintendence of the person and education of the Princess, or entirely decline any interference or expense."

In reference to the "memorandum" just quoted, his Majesty in the same letter says, "The Lord Chancellor is desired to take a copy for the King

The Princess of Wales a fresh element of discord in the family quarrel.

of this returned paper of instructions, and prepare the paper to be transmitted to the Prince of Wales, who certainly means further chicane."

While the young Princess's father and grandfather were thus engaged in inflicting pain upon each other, her mother appeared on the scene, and infused a fresh element of discord into the family feud.

When the Princess of Wales was driven from under her husband's roof, she retired to a villa in the neighbourhood of Blackheath. Princess Charlotte was subsequently removed to Shooter's Hill, and placed under the care of the Countess of Elgin, but she was there nearly as much in her mother's company as before. When, however, the new educational arrangements were made, the visits of the Princess of Wales became more restricted, and it was the great object of the Prince that they should cease altogether. It would doubtless have given the King a great advantage over his rebellious son if he had been in a position to throw over his daughter-in-law the ægis of his protection, and to insist that no obstacle should be thrown in the way of her intercourse with Princess Charlotte. This, however, his unhappy niece and daughter-in-law had thwarted by her own conduct; for such was her levity of deportment at this period that the King was prevented from receiving her as a

CHAP. III.

member of his family. All he could do without infringing upon the decorum of his court was to assign to the Princess of Wales apartments in Kensington Palace, to allow her to take place with the Princesses at public ceremonials, and surreptitiously to encourage her to resist the machinations of her husband to separate her from her child.

The Prince and Lady de Clifford.

I cannot find among my grandmother's papers any reference to the communication which the Prince of Wales made to her at this time, but the nature of it may be inferred from the following passage in a published letter of George the Third to the Chancellor, in which he declares his belief that "Lord Eldon could not sanction the language held by the Prince of Wales to Lady de Clifford." One can imagine the pleasure with which his Majesty penned the next paragraph, knowing, as he must have known, how soon it would meet the eyes of his son. "It is quite charming to see the Princess and her child together, of which I have been since yesterday a witness, and I must add that Lady de Clifford's conduct is most proper." [1]

At the time of Lady de Clifford's death in 1828 I had just entered my thirtieth year. During the latter period of her life I was almost her sole male

[1] Jesse's *George III.*, iii. p. 424.

companion. We had few secrets from each other; there was indeed as free an interchange of thought as could well exist between persons so different in age. She used often to recount to me the events of her court life. The behaviour of the Princess of Wales naturally came under review. I fear that the judgment she formed of the conduct of this much sinned against and sinning lady coincides but too closely with the verdict that public opinion has since passed upon her. To Lady de Clifford she was a source of constant anxiety and annoyance. Often when in obedience to the King's commands my grandmother took her young charge to Charlton Villa, the Princess of Wales would behave with a levity of manner and language that the presence of her child and her child's governess were insufficient to restrain.

Caroline, Princess of Wales.

On more than one occasion Lady de Clifford was obliged to threaten her with making such a representation to the King as would tend to deprive her altogether of the Princess Charlotte's society. These remonstrances were always taken in good part, and produced promises of amendment.

From the day that this poor Princess landed in England she became fully aware that she was beset by persons of her own sex who looked upon her as a rival, and who endeavoured to make her an object of disgust to her husband. The odd thing was that

Anecdotes of Her Royal Highness.

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with all her cleverness she should have had so little discernment as to become a dupe to their devices. One of these ladies told her that the Prince was a great admirer of a fine head of hair. "Now you know," she once said to my grandmother, "we Germans are very proud of this ornament, so the moment the Prince and I were alone I took out my comb and let my hair flow over my shoulders, but my dear," she added, with a loud laugh, "I only wish you could have seen the poor man's face."

Anecdotes of the Princess.

The Princess landed, as is well known, at the Greenwich Hospital stairs. She was conducted to one of the Governor's rooms which looked out on the quadrangle, in which were assembled groups of maimed Greenwich pensioners. They were nearly the first Englishmen she had seen on their own soil. "Comment," she exclaimed, to a lady near her, "manque-t-il à tous les Anglais un bras ou une jambe?" but, as she said to Lady de Clifford, to whom she told her story, "my little pleasantry was crushed in the bud by a harsh 'Point de persiflage, Madame, je vous en prie.'"

Here is one of a series of letters written in the same spirit:—

Princess of Wales to Lady de Clifford.

"The Princess of Wales being under great anxiety since yesterday concerning Princess Charlotte's not coming to see her at Kensington, as she has done the

last two weeks, is under the dreadful apprehension that some unforeseen accident or sudden illness deprives the Princess of Wales of the happiness of seeing her daughter. The Princess begs Lady de Clifford will be obliging enough to acquaint her with the real motive which prevented the Princess Charlotte from coming as usual to Kensington to dinner. The Princess of Wales would have come to Windsor herself to-day to see the Princess Charlotte had not an attack of bile prevented her, but the Princess of Wales shall certainly, if the Princess Charlotte is not well, be with her next Monday.

"By return of the servant the Princess hopes to receive a comfortable account of Princess Charlotte."

"KENSINGTON PALACE, *August* 1, 1805."

Educational deficiencies of the Princess.

We learn from Lady Rose Weigall's interesting memoir of the young Princess, that Her Royal Highness owed much of her early instruction to Mrs. Gagarin, one of her dressers—indeed, I question whether she received any other teaching, although a sub-governess and a tutor were specially appointed. From Lady de Clifford's account it would be difficult to imagine a young lady of a like age so uninstructed and so undisciplined as was the Princess when she first came under her care. It was

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her common practice to rush impetuously into my grandmother's room at all hours, and, as a rule, to leave the door open. "My dear Princess," said Lady de Clifford once to her, "that is not civil; you should always shut the door after you when you come into a room." "Not I, indeed," she replied, in the loudest of voices; "if you want the door shut, ring the bell," and, so saying, out she bounced again.

Mrs. Gagarin.

This Mrs. Gagarin, to whom Lady Rose Weigall makes allusion, had been married in early youth to a Russian nobleman. But soon after giving birth to a daughter she discovered that his first wife was still alive. She left him immediately without claiming a maintenance for herself. I was for three years a witness to the Princess's affection for her. It was like that of a child for its mother. At the time of Lady de Clifford's retirement from office, Mrs. Gagarin's health began to fail. "While," says Miss Knight, "she (Mrs. Gagarin) was capable of taking airings, Her Royal Highness constantly sent her out in a carriage, and when she grew so weak as to be confined to her room, visited her two or three times a day, carried her in her arms to the window, and exerted every faculty to soothe and comfort her." She died on the first of July, 1813, at Warwick House. "Her last moments were solaced by the condescending and unremitting

attentions of Her Royal Highness, reflecting a lustre on the native goodness of her heart, superior to all the appendages of her exalted rank.[1] CHAP. III.

The other dresser was a Swiss of the name of Louis, between whom and the Princess there also existed a warm attachment. *Mrs. Louis.*

I have given these two persons a place in my memoirs, because I was well acquainted with them both, because their names will occur in some letters which follow, and because they are examples of the Princess's kind treatment of her dependants. It was, indeed, the warm interest which she took in their weal or woe that formed so prominent a feature in her character.

The Rev. George Frederick Nott, of whom Princess Charlotte speaks in one of her letters, was her chaplain and one of her sub-preceptors. His grandfather was a German, had a situation in George the Third's household, and was a great favourite of His Majesty. *Rev. George Nott.*

Of the three following letters to my mother, the first is the only one with a date, but they appear to be all of the same period.

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, for August, 1813.

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H. R. H. PRINCESS CHARLOTTE TO THE COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE.

"*November* 12, 1805.

"My dear Lady Albemarle,

"I am quite shocked at not having written to you before. I now take this opportunity to amend my fault. I hope that you have not thought I had forgotten you. Accept my best thanks for you kindness to me in sending the game.

"I saw papa the other day, and he said he hoped he should be able to come and see you soon. Pray tell me how your cold is. I hope Lord Albemarle is well.

"And believe me to be,

"Your ever affectionate

"Charlotte."

"P.S. We rejoice to think we are to see dear Lady de Clifford so soon. I am sure you must have been very happy since I wrote the above. Some game is arrived from Scotland, and am happy to give you some; pray accept a part of them. I hope you will find them good."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"My dear Lady Albemarle,

"If you want to see Mrs. Campbell[1] you have only to call at Old Burlington Street, Lady Ilchester's, you will find her their (*sic*). Love to you all.

"I am,

"Your affectionate

"Charlotte."

"Mrs. Luice [Louis], Mrs. Gager [Gagarin], and myself, and Mr. Nott, are very unhappy about Mrs. C—— Young."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"My dear Lady Albemarle,

"I am very much obliged to you for sending me the game. But I must tell you about the dog. I am quite obliged to you for giving me a [illegible] but I [would] rather have a pug. Pray have the goodness to tell me how old the pug is. Pray give it a name, and tell me whether it is a female or not. I must add that you have no

[1] Mrs. Campbell was the widow of an officer, a *protégée* of the Countess of Ilchester, by whose interest she was appointed sub-governess to the Princess Charlotte.

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idea how good and kind dearest [name illegible] is. I knew you would like him, he is so very kind to me that I cannot do to [too] much for him. I must tell you that I beg you will forgive me if I do come back to the subject of Mrs. Udney.[1] I assure you I do not like her at all. Pray do not tell. Besides there is not a day but there is something that happens. She does not pass over little faults. I think that that is not kind, but I leave that to you. I do assure you that I like Mrs. Cample [Campbell] better. She is a very good woman.

"Pray how is Mrs. Durham?[2] I hope she is well. Mrs. Udney begs to be remembered to her, and to you, and to Lord A., and to all the children. I would add that myself as it makes you laugh.

"I owe a great deal to Lady de Clifford and Mr. Nott (see p. 277). Remember me to all the children and Lord A.

"Pray right (*sic*) to me soon, and right a long letter, and pray send my dog soon.

"Excuse this scrawl for I am in a great hurry, and have a bad headach. Mr. [name illegible] I hope is [was] well when you saw him. I have not

[1] Her sub-governess.

[2] Lord Albemarle's cook.

told your mother your secret. Your writing in the last letter was dreadfull. CHAP. III.

"I am your,

"Ever affectionate

"CHARLOTTE."

The dislike of Mrs. Udney which the Princess avows in her letter to my mother is further implied in the following curious testamentary document :—

Princess Charlotte's Will.

"I make my will.

"First, I leave all my best books, and all my books to the Rev. Mr. Nott.

"Secondly, to Mrs. Campbell my three watches and half my jewels.

"Thirdly, I beg Mr. Nott, whatever money he finds me in possession of, to distribute to the poor, and I leave with Mr. Nott all my papers, which he knows of. I beg the prayer book which Lady Elgin gave me may be given to the Bishop of Exeter,[1] and that the Bible Lady Elgin gave me may be given to him also. Also my playthings the Miss Fishers[2] are to have, and lastly, concerning Mrs. Gagarin and Mrs. Lewis, I beg they

[1] Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Exeter, Preceptor to the Princess Charlotte.

[2] Daughters of the Bishop of Exeter.

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may be very handsomely paid, and that they may have an house.

"Lady de Clifford the rest of my jewels, except those that are most valuable, and these my father and mother, the Prince and Princess of Wales, are to take.

"Nothing to Mrs. Udney for reasons.

"I have done my Will, and trust that after I am dead, a great deal may be done for Mr. Nott. I hope the King will make him a Bishop.

"CHARLOTTE."

"*March*, 1806."

"My birds to Mrs. Gagarin, and my dog or dogs to Mrs. Anne Hutton my chambermaid."

Two years later, when I first became acquainted with the Princess Charlotte, she was still full of complaints against her sub-governess. The cause for this aversion I never could understand; for Mrs. Udney was a lady of singularly prepossessing exterior, of refined manners, and apparently of a most mild and gentle disposition.

CHAPTER IV.

The Duchess Dowager of Brunswick.—Charles, Duke of Brunswick.—Lord Malmesbury's description of the Duchess.—The Princess of Wales to Princess Charlotte.—The Duchess of Gloucester.—Her sister Mrs. Frederick Keppel.—Prince of Wales to Lady de Clifford.—Warwick House.—Prince of Wales to Lady de Clifford.

Dowager Duchess of Brunswick

On Tuesday the 7th of July 1807 landed at Gravesend from the *Clyde*, frigate, under a salute from the batteries on both sides of the Thames, Augusta, Dowager Duchess of Brunswick, Princess Royal of England, sister of George the Third, and his senior by one year, and mother to the Princess of Wales. Her husband, Charles Duke of Brunswick, had borne a distinguished part in the Seven Years' War, and was considered by Frederick the Great to be one of his best Generals. At the breaking out of the French Revolutionary war, the Duke was appointed Generalissimo of the Austrian and Prussian forces; he is, however, less memorable for his military achievements at that period than for the violent Royalist Manifesto which goes by his

CHAP. IV. name. In 1806, Prussia called upon him to lead her troops against the Emperor of the French; but outnumbered and unacquainted with the more modern system of warfare, he sustained a total defeat on the bloody field of Jena, and was himself mortally wounded. The conqueror was requested to allow his fallen enemy to die in his own bed in Brunswick. With characteristic brutality the Corsican captain answered, "Qu'il s'en aille en Angleterre y chercher son salut. Je veux l'écraser lui et toute sa famille."

The dying and broken-hearted Duke fled to Ottersen, where he breathed his last. His dominions were immediately annexed to Westphalia, of which country Napoleon's brother Jerome was king. The French Emperor, who had not a grain of chivalry in his composition, and would as soon make war upon women and children, as men, if they lay in his way, tried to seize the person of the widowed Duchess, but she succeeded in making her escape to Sweden, where she found a temporary asylum. When she fled to this country she was not without dread that her persecutor would follow her even here.

From Gravesend the Duchess proceeded to the Princess of Wales's villa at Charlton, and the following day first made the acquaintance of her grand-daughter Princess Charlotte. Walpole,

speaking of the marriage of the Princess in 1764 says, "Lady Augusta was not handsome, but tall enough and not ill-made; with the German whiteness of hair and complexion so remarkable in the Royal Family, with their precipitate yet thick Westphalian accent. She had little grace or softness in her manner."

Lord Malmesbury's gossiping diary contains abundant details of this Duchess. His lordship seems to have been much struck with the originality of her character; a like impression was produced on Mirabeau, who met her in 1780. He describes her as a thorough Englishwoman in tastes, opinion and manners, "au point" says the Count, "que son indépendance presque cynique fait avec l'étiquette des cours allemandes le contraste le plus singulier que je connaisse."

The month following the arrival of the Duchess of Brunswick in England, the Princess Charlotte, attended by Lady de Clifford and Mrs. Udney, went to Worthing. The Prince of Wales, who was residing at Brighton, paid his daughter a long visit the next day. He invited her to dine with him at the Pavilion, and sent her in his carriage to witness a review of the 10th Hussars of which he was Colonel. The following letter which the Princess Charlotte received, in answer to one giving an account of her reception at Brighton, is to me an

CHAP. IV. enigma, its whole tone being so utterly out of keeping with the well known character and sentiments of the writer.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES TO THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

"My dear Charlotte,

Princess of Wales to Princess Charlotte. "Mama[1] and myself join in thanks, and our best love for your very entertaining and amusing letter, and we have enjoyed the rational amusements you are able to receive from the situation which you inhabit, which I have no doubt but that they will be conducive as well to your health as to your mind. But especially I have been much gratified by the account of the papers, with your reception at Brighton, which must have been an honour and a pleasure to you that your father wished to see you on his birth-day,[2] and I trust you will never in any day of your life deviate from the respect and attachment which is due to the Prince your father.

"My letter cannot be so pleasant as yours was, as my mother and I have received the melancholy account of the Duchess of Gloucester's death as we are both very much attached to dear Princess

[1] Dowager Duchess of Brunswick.

[2] On the 12th of August 1807, the Prince of Wales completed his forty-sixth year.

Sophia,[1] whose loss is irreparable, and we feel deeply for her in the new calamity in which Providence has placed her, and I trust that religion and resignation to the will of the Almighty will support her that she may not sink under the loss of both her parents.[2] CHAP. IV

"My best compliments to Lady de Clifford, and believe me for ever,

"Your unalterably sincere

"and affectionate Mother,

"C. P."

"BLACKHEATH, *August* 24, 1807."

The Duchess of Gloucester referred to in the above letter died at Blackheath on the 25th August 1807. She was once the beautiful Maria, daughter of the Honourable Sir Edward Walpole, and afterwards wife of George III.'s brother, William Henry, Duke of Gloucester. I have a picture of her at Quidenham. Her sister Laura married my great uncle, the Honourable Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter, Dean of Windsor, and Register of the Order of the Garter.

Horace Walpole, uncle of these two ladies, thus alludes to them both in his account of Mrs.

[1] The issue of the marriage of Maria Walpole with the King's brother were William Frederick, the late Duke of Gloucester, and his sister Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester.

[2] The Duke of Gloucester died the previous year.

CHAP. IV. Frederick Keppel's marriage:—"We are very happy with the match. The bride is very sensible and agreeable and good: not so handsome as her sister, but further from ugliness than beauty. It is the second (Maria) who is beauty itself. Her face, bloom, eyes, hair, are all perfect. You may imagine how charming she is when her only fault, if one must find one, is that her face is rather too round. She has a great deal of wit and vivacity with perfect modesty."

I have no recollection of the Duchess. Of her eldest sister, Mrs. Keppel, I stood much in awe, as did her two grand-children and my school-fellows, Frederick and Edward Keppel.

The following letter from the Prince of Wales to my grandmother was written on hearing of the birth of my brother Francis:—

"MY DEAR LADY DE CLIFFORD,

Prince of Wales to Dowager Lady de Clifford.

"I have only this moment learnt from Lady Haggerston that Lady Albemarle is safely delivered of a son. Pray accept my sincere congratulations on this event, as I do assure you that no one can participate more truly in everything that interests you than

"Your very affectionate friend,

"GEORGE P."

"CARLTON HOUSE, *Saturday Night, Nov.* 21*st*, 1807.

"P.S. I hope the little lady and the new-comer are both quite well. I have ordered them to be enquired after to-morrow morning, for I only heard of the circumstance too late this evening to send sooner." CHAP. IV.

Running out of Cockspur Street is a lane to the westward of Cawthorne's library. At the end of that lane formerly stood Warwick House. Attached to the house was a garden, which appeared to have formed part of that of Carlton House, from which it was separated by a wall. There was access between the residences of the father and daughter by a gate, of which the Princess Charlotte had a key.

H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES TO THE DOWAGER LADY DE CLIFFORD.

"My dear Lady de Clifford,

"I am much obliged to you for the communication you were so good as to make me respecting the notification you received from the Princess of Wales. You not only have acted up to the sacred trust imposed upon you by your office in acquainting me immediately with the circumstances, but you have shown your usual excellent judgment and good taste, as well in your way of meeting the

CHAP. IV. message, as in signifying to me the proposed visit, without any comment. Indeed, it was impossible for you not to know how I must regard it when you notice the date of this letter, and the time at which you receive it. You will comprehend that I did not wish to explain my sentiments more fully to you till the visit was actually over, lest the Princess should put any question to you, and that thereby you should be subjected to embarrassment by the answer you would have been forced to give. The step having been taken by the Princess, it was my wish that the visit should not be interrupted, that nothing might appear discordant to the polite attention always to be observed; though I might have my suspicion that the visit was not really made from a misconstruction of the license I had granted in a special instance, but was an attempt to pass beyond the line established by me through the King. In the regulation laid down, and transmitted by his Majesty to the Princess, it is precisely defined that she is not to visit her daughter at Warwick House, that house being considered as part of Carlton House. Charlotte's illness, which prevented her from going to her mother at Blackheath, was a case not foreseen, and was sufficient reason for relaxation in this particular instance. But as my daughter has been for some time able to go about again, that pretext must no longer

remain, and I cannot assent to the Princess visiting at Warwick House on any other grounds. Her apartments not being ready at Kensington can be no excuse whatever. Should you have any apprehension of a visit hereafter, I must request of you, my dear Lady de Clifford, immediately to ask for an audience of the Princess at Blackheath, when, with all that respectful delicacy which nobody knows so well as yourself how to testify, you will explain to the Princess the line herein enjoined you, and will entreat her not to come to Warwick House, which she cannot do without my previous assent, and which can only be given on some consideration as strong as what lately induced me to grant it. According to the existing regulation, Charlotte may always (in moderation) be sent for by her mother to Blackheath or Kensington, under the limitation of its not giving any peculiar interruption to her studies or the necessary train of her education.

"I remain, my dear Lady de Clifford,

"With the greatest truth,

"Ever your sincere friend,

"GEORGE P.

"CARLTON HOUSE, *Tuesday Night, April 19th*, 1808."

CHAPTER V.

My first acquaintance with Princess Charlotte.—Her ability and habits.—Her letter to me.—Her visit to Westminster.—Doctor William Short.—Lady de Clifford's stipulation with the King.—Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Exeter.—The Duke of Kent to Colonel Macmahon.—Anecdotes of Princess Charlotte.—The Dean of Winchester.—Princess Charlotte's visit to my father.—The Duke of Brunswick.—Warwick House.—Robert Tyrwhitt.

CHAP. V.

My first acquaintance with the Princess.

AT about the date of the letter just quoted (1808) I first made the acquaintance of Princess Charlotte. It was on a Saturday, a Westminster half holiday. From this time forth for the next three years many of my Saturdays and Sundays were passed in her company. She had just completed her twelfth year. Her complexion was rather pale. She had blue eyes, and that peculiarly blonde hair which was characteristic rather of her German than of her English descent. Her features were regular, her face, which was oval, had not that fulness which later took off somewhat from her good looks. Her form was slender, but of great symmetry; her hands and feet were beautifully shaped. When excited, she stuttered painfully. Her manners were free from

Her ability and habits.

the slightest affectation; they rather erred in the opposite extreme. She was an excellent actress whenever there was anything to call forth her imitative power. One of her fancies was to ape the manners of a man. On these occasions she would double her fists, and assume an attitude of defence that would have done credit to a professed pugilist. What I disliked in her, when in this mood, was her fondness for exercising her hands upon me in their clenched form. She was excessively violent in her disposition, but easily appeased, very warm-hearted, and never so happy as when doing a kindness. Unlike her grandmothers, the Duchess of Brunswick and the Queen of England, she was generous to excess. There was scarcely a member of my family upon whom she did not bestow gifts. From Princess Charlotte I received my first watch; from her, too, my first pony, an ugly but thoroughly good little animal, which, from its habit of "forging" in the trot I named "Humphrey Clinker." Poor old Humphrey! He did good service to the younger members of the family after I had reached man's estate. In speaking of the openhandedness of the Princess, I must not omit to mention sundry "tips," which I hardly think I should have accepted had I understood how near—our relative stations considered—her poverty was akin to my own.

CHAP. V.

The Princess was a great letter-writer. It is curious that of so much that she wrote to the Keppel family so little has been preserved. Her letters to me alone would have thrown much light on her character, as of all her correspondents I was probably the one to whom she wrote with the least restraint; but with shame I confess it, I gave away her letters almost as soon as read, sometimes, I fear, even before they were read. One of them, after a lapse of sixty-six years, has found its way back to the person addressed. It has been forwarded to me by my grand-niece, Lady Margaret Majendie.

"TO THE HONOURABLE GEORGE KEPPEL, AT THE DOWAGER LADY DE CLIFFORD'S, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON."

"MY DEAR KEPPEL,

Her Letter to me.

"You know me well enough to suppose that I never will refuse you a thing when there is no harm in it. But tho' I send you the money, still I must give you a little reprimand. You will, I hope, dear boy, love me as well tho' I do sometimes find fault with you. You will, if you go on asking for money and spending it in so quick a manner, get such a habit of it that when you grow up you will be a very extravagant man, and get into dept (*sic*), &c. &c.

"Your grandmamma de Clifford allows me £10 a month.[1] But though I spend it I take care never to go further than my sum will allow. Now, dear George, if you do the same you never will want for money; say you have a guinea, well then, never go beyond it, and in time you will save up. That is the way everybody does, and so never get into dept (*sic*).

"If you will call at Warwick House, my porter, Mr. Moore, will give you half-a-guinea. If you use that well and give me an exact account how you spend it, I will give you something more. I wish you was here. Write to me often, and believe that no one loves you better than I do, nor will be more happy to help you in all troubles than I. We have very fine weather, and your mamma is here and is pretty well. Gramma de Clifford sends her love to you, and I remain,

"DEAR GEORGE,

"Your very sincere and affectionate

"CHARLOTTE."

[1] "Princess Charlotte had been, until just before Lady de Clifford left her, allowed ten pounds a month for pocket-money. . . . . Lady de Clifford was obliged to furnish her with money for her little charities out of the eight hundred pounds allotted for her wardrobe."—*Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady Companion to the Princess Charlotte*, vol. i. pp. 234-5.

CHAP. V.

It was not unfrequently that this youthful Minerva would act the part of Mentor, although I fear her Telemachus was not so amenable to good counsels as the hero of Fénelon's tale.

Princess Charlotte's travelling name.

One of the Princess's great enjoyments was to go out shopping with Lady de Clifford. On these occasions she went by the name of my sister, Lady Sophia Keppel. But she was known everywhere in spite of her *alias*. In truth, the borrowed character was not at all in her line, for her freedom of deportment contrasted oddly with the reserved and timid demeanour of the person whose name she assumed.

The Princess's visit to Dean's Yard.

One day I had to take a pair of my fagmaster's shoes to "Cobbler Foots" to be mended. With the "high-lows" slung over my shoulder, I was passing through the archway which connects Little with Great Dean's Yard when I espied the Princess Charlotte's carriage. Although I was not on much ceremony with her Royal Highness, I did not care to be seen in the ordinary garb and dirt of a Westminster fag. So I tried to sneak by, but "George," uttered in a loud and well-known voice, proved to me that I could not preserve my incognito. Giving the shoes to another boy, I approached the carriage. The Princess's visit was to her newly-appointed sub-preceptor, the Rev. Dr. William Short, who lived next door to our head-master. After being

made as fit for the royal presence as a basin of water and a towel at the Doctor's could make me, we sat down to luncheon. The sub-preceptor was a handsome, good-humoured-looking man, the very opposite to his right reverend principal *the great U. P.*[1] He was somewhat portly in person, and looked as if he were not indifferent to the good things of this world. The Princess insinuated as much, and indulged in some amusing banter on the subject, she preaching rigid abstinence, he solemnly protesting that he took no more than nature craved. After luncheon we adjourned to the College Garden. It was the first and last time in my life that I had the honour of admission into the enclosure, nay, I question whether prior to this occasion

> "That sacred sod
> Had e'er by schoolboy's foot been trod."

Lady de Clifford's stipulation with the King.

When the office of governess was first offered to Lady de Clifford, she stipulated with the King as the condition of her acceptance, that being as it were the guardian of a female successor to the throne, she should have the same paramount authority in the establishment as would have been granted to the governor of a Prince in a like position

[1] The Princess Charlotte's nickname for her preceptor, the Bishop of Exeter.

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as her royal charge. To this the King gave his consent, but inasmuch as the instruction of the Princess was to include branches of knowledge not usually taught by women, he placed this latter portion of her studies under the superintendence of a Bishop.

Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Exeter.

The person selected by the King for this post was Dr. John Fisher, then Bishop of Exeter, and afterwards translated to the see of Salisbury. I used frequently to meet him at Warwick House—a dull, solemn-looking man, with a severe expression of countenance, to which a projecting under-lip contributed not a little. He was a good classical scholar, but had no more knowledge of mankind than was to be acquired in the quadrangle of a college, where he had passed much of his life. He was precise in dress and formal in manner. In language he was a thorough pedant, seeming to consider the force of words to be in proportion to the number of syllables they contained. To the Princess he was very distasteful, indeed there were few persons whom she regarded with more aversion than *the great U. P.*, as she nicknamed him from the affected emphasis he used to lay on the last syllable of the word—Bishop. I have read somewhere that the Princess once pulled off the Bishop's wig and threw it into the fire. I cannot vouch for the truth of the story; all I remember is that

The great U. P.

frequently when the Bishop's back was turned, she would imitate his voice and gesture, and shooting forth her nether lip, would give a sample of those grandiloquent homilies which he was in the habit of inflicting upon her in and out of season.

Like most members of the Bench at that time, the Bishop was an ultra-Tory. He would fain have brought the Princess to his way of thinking, and tried to insinuate into the ear of the inchoate Sovereign the pleasing doctrine of

"The right divine of Kings to govern wrong,"

but, as I shall have occasion to show, he was not successful. It may have been in the spirit of contradiction, but certainly during the short life of the Princess she lost no opportunity of repudiating her right reverend preceptor's political creed.

His interference with Lady de Clifford's province.

The dislike with which the Princess regarded the Bishop was fully shared by her governess. From the moment that Dr. Fisher was installed in his office, he began systematically to encroach upon Lady de Clifford's duties, even in matters which came exclusively within a woman's department.[1] This interference on the part of the prelate my

[1] "His (the Bishop's) disputes with Lady de Clifford had been terrible."—*Miss Knight's Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 233.

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grandmother always believed had the secret connivance of the King. It was also a source of great annoyance to the Prince of Wales, who employed his brother, the Duke of Kent, of whom Dr. Fisher had formerly been preceptor, to remonstrate with him on his behaviour, and to entreat him to confine himself for the future to the duties of his own peculiar province.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT TO COLONEL MACMAHON.

"KENSINGTON PALACE,
"*May 6th*, 1806.

"DEAR MACMAHON,

"Having just received the inclosed from the Bishop of Exeter, I am anxious to lose no time in laying it before the Prince, and therefore send it herewith to your care for that purpose. As some remark may be necessary by way of introducing it, I must just add for the Prince's information that on Wednesday evening, at the House of Lords, I spoke very pointedly to the Bishop on the limits of his duty about the Princess Charlotte, which had, on two former occasions, been the subject of conversation between him and me, although I was concerned to see it had failed to produce the effect I had expected; but the result of what then passed

between us appears to have placed everything before his eyes in its right point of view, as will appear from the annexed letter, in forwarding which for the Prince's perusal my only motive is that he should be convinced I had followed up his intentions with regard to the Bishop, and that there would *now* be no further possibility of anything incorrect from the effect of error or misapprehension on his part. I remain, with the most friendly regard and esteem, CHAP. V.

"Dear Macmahon,

"Ever yours,

"Most faithfully and sincerely,

"EDWARD.

"COLONEL MACMAHON."

The remonstrance failed to produce the hoped-for result. The Bishop waged a "seven years' war" with Lady de Clifford, and hostilities only ceased between them on her retirement from office. In the year 1813 this meddling Prelate was as busy as ever in his endeavour to add the functions of governess to those of perceptor.

After the Princess Charlotte's flight from Warwick House in 1814, she was placed in a state of durance, having for custodian her quondam perceptor. One of the caricatures of the day represents her as sitting at the window of her prison, and the Bishop

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of Salisbury as sentry over her, making his episcopal crown do duty for a grenadier's cap.

The Princess witnesses a Westminster Battle.

One Saturday the Princess Charlotte and Lady de Clifford drove down to Westminster to take me back with them to Warwick House. I was not to be found at Mother Grant's, for there was a battle on that day, and as a matter of course I was in the "fighting-green." Lady de Clifford and the Princess now went in search of me in the "Great Cloisters," the grass quadrangle of which formed the scene of action. While my good grandmamma was reading quaint monumental inscriptions, her royal charge was grasping the rails of the Cloister and eagerly straining her eyes to watch the motions of the combatants. Her Royal Highness was in high luck, for I appeal to my contemporaries whether they ever witnessed a better fought battle than that between John Erskine, afterwards Earl of Mar, and Paddy Brown, afterwards Sir John Benyon de Beauvoir.

On Saturdays I was generally the guest of the Princess. The Sundays she used to spend either at Lady de Clifford's villa at Paddington, or at my father's house at Earl's Court, Brompton.

Once outside her own gates, the Princess was like a bird escaped from a cage, or rather, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird—"in two places at once." Into whatsoever house she entered she would fly from

top to bottom, one moment in the garret, and almost in the same moment in the kitchen.

Lady de Clifford had a cook of the name of Durham, quite an artiste in her way, the same person to whom the Princess alludes in one of her letters to my mother. The Prince of Wales, who occasionally honoured Lady de Clifford with his company at dinner, used to flatter Grandmamma by asking her how she could afford to keep a man-cook. One day, however, at the hour of luncheon, things went ill; the Dowager's bell rang violently. The mutton-chop was so ill dressed and so well peppered as to be uneatable. On inquiry it was discovered that the good old lady's royal charge had acted as cook, and her favourite grandson as scullery-maid.

I have a living witness to this mutton-chop scene in the person of my kinsman, Dr. Thomas Garnier, Dean of Winchester, who assures me, through my sister, Lady Caroline Garnier, that I said, "A pretty Queen you'll make!" I do not remember this flippant speech, but the frank, hearty manner of the Princess made it difficult for her young associates to preserve the decorum due to her station.

Since making the above note the person whom I quote as an authority has passed away. The good old Dean died at the ripe age of ninety-six. Old as he was, I well remember his father, George Garnier, who was very kind to me in my childhood.

CHAP. V. Dr. Garnier was the son of my grandmother Albemarle's sister. His son, also named Thomas, was the late Dean of Lincoln, and the husband of my sister Caroline. Throughout life Dr. Thomas Garnier, senior, was a zealous Whig, and took an active part in Lord Palmerston's elections for Hampshire. From the Queen and the late Prince Consort the Dean received many marks of condescension and kindness. Lord Albemarle and he were fellow Cantabs. There was one event in his college life about which my father was fond of chaffing him.

At a certain Cambridge ball, some eighty years ago, "Cousin Tom" wore a very smart coat with filagree steel buttons. He was a most vigorous dancer, for dancing was not the inanimate affair that it has since become. While engaged in one of the most intricate labyrinths of "Sir Roger de Coverley," one of these buttons caught a ringlet of the daughter of Dr. Warton, the famous Greek Professor, and, the hair not being her own, my kinsman carried the whole head-gear away with him, through all the mazes of the dance, followed by the damsel in a state of fury at this "Rape of the Lock." He, in the meantime, was so absorbed in his favourite pastime as to have no conception of the mischief which his peccant button had caused.

Dr. Garnier was probably the last survivor of those persons who were admitted to an audience of

Napoleon Buonaparte as the first Consul at the Peace of Amiens in 1802. In the levee at which Garnier was present, General Buonaparte principally addressed himself to those British officers who belonged to the army which drove the French out of Egypt. Seeing a gentleman in a superb military uniform, the Consul asked him to what regiment he belonged. "To none, sir," was the reply. "De la milice peut-être?" was the next inquiry. No answer. "Je comprends bien," said Buonaparte, turning contemptuously on his heel. "C'est un habit de fantaisie." CHAP. V.

I have spoken of Saturdays and Sundays as Westminster holidays, but on the afternoons of Tuesdays and Thursdays also boys might go "out" to any relations who would receive them. Now my grandmother was very fond of a play, and our tastes were in this respect identical. On some Tuesday or Thursday in the winter of 1809 she was to take me to one of the theatres. I told the Princess of the pleasure I had in prospect, and of my readiness to incur the almost inevitable penalty attached to that pleasure—a good flogging the following morning. From this, as I told H.R.H., there was no escape, for how was it possible after the play and a good supper to be in time for the eight o'clock morning school? "Leave that to me," said the Princess, and forthwith penned a letter to Dr. Page, taking upon herself the blame for any anticipated *A Westminster half-holiday.*

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non-appearance. The morning after the play I came into school half-an-hour late and was "shown up" as a matter of course. With a deprecatory "Please sir," I presented my royal credentials. The doctor glanced at the seal and the hieroglyphic "Charlotte" on the envelope, and then dropped the letter into the pocket of his gown that his hand might be free to grasp the rod. His next proceeding was to perform that part of his duty which always seemed a pleasure. That done, he read the letter to the whole form, and added how glad he was that he had not opened it sooner, for he would have been under the painful necessity of disobeying Her Royal Highness's commands.

'This was not the only occasion on which the Princess made an ineffectual attempt to screen me from the consequences of a neglect of school duties. She had some project which required my co-operation. I pleaded my unfinished exercise for the Monday. It was again, "Leave that to me." I did so, but her latinity, in spite of Bishop Fisher's preceptorship, was found on examination not even to come up to my low standard. This second attempt to help me was attended with exactly the same result as the former.

Princess's visit to my father.

The house at Earl's Court, Brompton, which my father occupied, is next door to what was then a villa residence of Mr. Gunter, the confectioner,

nicknamed by us children "Currant-Jelly Hall." Our house, with the grounds attached, would comprise, I suppose, about two acres. A small gate leads out of the garden into the road; next come two large entrance gates, which open upon a court, forming a carriage drive to the house. Further on are gates leading to the stables. From the stables is a subterraneous passage which communicates with a small orchard. Encircling the orchard is a gravel walk and a garden. A semicircular plot of ground laid out in flower-beds faces the drawing-room windows.

This description of the locality is prefatory to the narrative of an event which occurred there one Sunday afternoon.

In her visits to Earl's Court the Princess usually came in my grandmother's carriage, but on this occasion in her own. The scarlet liveries soon brought opposite to the entrance gate a crowd of people anxious to get a glimpse of the Heiress Presumptive to the throne.

Soon after her arrival at Earl's Court I happened to pass outside the gates. I was asked by the bystanders, "Where is the Princess?" I told her how desirous the people were to have a sight of her. "They shall soon have that pleasure," was the reply. Slipping out of the garden gate into the road, she ran in among the crowd from the rear, and appeared

CHAP. V. more anxious than anyone to have a peep at the Princess. I would fain have stopped her, but she was in boisterous spirits, and would have her own way : she proceeded to the stable entrance, saddled and bridled my father's hack herself, and armed with the groom's heavy riding-whip, led the animal through the subterranean passage to the garden gravel walk. She now told me to mount. I, nothing loth, obeyed. But before I could grasp the reins or get my feet through the stirrup leathers, she gave the horse a tremendous cut with the whip on the hindquarters. Off set the animal at full gallop, I on his back, or rather on his neck, holding on by the mane and roaring lustily. The noise only quickened his pace. I clung on till I came to the plot in front of the drawing-room windows, when the brute threw his heels into the air and sent me flying over his head. At the same moment the Princess emerged from the rose-bushes, panting for breath. She had hoped, by making a short cut, to intercept the horse and its rider before they came into view. My cries brought the whole family on to the lawn. Of course the Princess got a tremendous scolding from Lady de Clifford. That she was used to, and took coolly enough. Unluckily for her up came my father, in whose good graces she was desirous to stand high. By looks rather than words he expressed his disapprobation. In a

short time quiet was restored, and my people returned to the house. But no sooner were the Princess and I alone again, than the heavy riding-whip was once more put into requistition, and she treated my father's son exactly as she had just treated my father's horse. CHAP. V.

My sister, Lady Mary Whitbread, reminds me of a certain mound in the orchard of Earl's Court. To the top of this mound the Princess would entice her and her sisters (who were at that time of the respective ages of seven, six, and four) to climb, in order to roll them down into a bed of nettles below. If the little girls refrained from crying and from complaining to their governess, they were sure to be rewarded for their reticence by a doll. Indeed the Princess, never so happy as when making presents, kept their nursery well supplied with dolls. Two of these Lady Mary remembers as going by the names of the Princess Charlotte and the Princess of Wales.

Duke of Brunswick.

In the same year (1809) I had the honour of being presented by the Princess Charlotte to a man with whose recent wonderful achievement all Europe was ringing. This was her uncle, the Princess of Wales's brother, afterwards "Brunswick's fated chieftain," the first officer of note who fell in the Waterloo campaign.

Early in the year, the Duke entered into a treaty with the Court of Vienna, engaging to bring

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into the field two thousand men to act in concert with the Austrian Emperor against Napoleon. He soon succeeded in raising a corps of twelve hundred men, principally university students, whom hatred of a foreign yoke had rallied round his standard. In token of the disasters that had befallen him and his house, and of his resolve to avenge the insult offered to his dying father, or to die in the attempt, he clothed his little army in black, and as if these dusky habiliments were not sufficiently expressive of his feelings, he gave them a death's-head and cross-bones as the sole device on their arms and accoutrements.

Scarcely had he taken the field, when the armistice which followed the defeat of the Austrians at Wagram left him in the heart of Germany without an ally. It remained to him to surrender at discretion to his mortal enemy, or with his good sword to cut himself a way to England. With the pluck of his race, he chose the latter alternative.

On the 11th of July, the Duke set out on his hazardous expedition, passing through Dresden, Leipzig, and Halle without striking a blow. At Halberstadt he found a Westphalian force three thousand strong in battle array. These he fought and conquered, took their General Wellingerode prisoner, together with all his officers and sixteen hundred of his men.

At Oelfern with 150 Brunswickers he took 600 more prisoners.

On his twentieth day's march he arrived at Brunswick, and bivouacked under the walls of his native city.

The following day (August 1) he learned that two corps, a Westphalian and a Saxon, threatened his flank and rear. The one he drove to their entrenchments, the other fled before him, leaving ten waggons of its wounded to his mercy.

On entering Hanover he captured a battalion of Westphalians, four pieces of cannon, and a large quantity of military stores.

After running the gauntlet of the Danish batteries, he fell in with an English squadron that had been sent in search of him, and which in a few days landed him and his men safely on British ground.

A Black Brunswicker.

It was not long after his return that I met the Duke at Warwick House—a sad and somewhat stern-looking man with sunken eyes and bushy eyebrows, and, what was then seldom seen in England, a pair of mustaches. The uncle and niece, in their demeanour, were the very opposites. His, sedate and silent; hers, impulsive and voluble. He seemed well satisfied to be a listener, and much interested in the Princess's lively and careless prattle. On her part she almost worshipped him.

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Once, after a visit from the Duke, she *improvised* a mustache, swaggered up and down the room, then making a sudden stop, with arms akimbo, she uttered some German expletives which would probably have hardly borne a translation, and thus sought to give you her conception of a "Black Brunswicker."

Warwick House.

Warwick House was so short a distance from my school that in the summer months I frequently made it "a skip out of bounds." I fear there was too much of "cupboard love" in these visits, for I was blessed with an excellent appetite, and Mother Grant's food was execrable. The Princess, aware of this, used to bring me sandwiches of her own making. I once took it into my head that I must needs have a sharer in the good fare. So I took with me my chief crony, Robert Tyrwhitt, a gentleman still living, whose name in more recent times has been frequently before the public as Chief Magistrate of Bow Street. I know not the address of my *quondam sodalis*, or I would ask him to confirm my story, for our joint adventure is not one that I think he is likely to forget. As I was a privileged person at Warwick House, I passed with my companion unquestioned by the porter's lodge, and through a small door which opened from the court-yard into the garden. The Princess greeted us with a hearty welcome. In the garden

was a swing, into which Princess Charlotte stepped, and I set it in motion. Unfortunately it came in contact with Bob Tyrwhitt's mouth and knocked him over. He forthwith set up a hideous howl. Out came subgoverness, page, dressers, and footmen. Before they reached us the Princess had descended from the swing, had assumed an air of offended dignity, and was found lecturing me on the extreme impropriety of my conduct in bringing a boy into her garden without her privity and consent. The marvel is how she or I could keep our countenance.

CHAPTER VI.

The Four-in-Hand Club.—Betty Radcliffe of the "Bell."—Charles Longley, late Archbishop of Canterbury.—The Burdett Riots.—The "Piccadilly Butchers."—The Soldier's Pigtail.—Fighting at Westminster.—The "Game Chicken."—Crib and Molyneux.—Tothill Fields.—The "Seven Chimneys."—William Heberfield.—George IV. in Tothill Fields.—Children's Balls.—The *Coiffure à la Brutus*.—The Prince of Wales's change of Politics.—His attempts to Convert his Daughter.—Princess Charlotte to the Earl of Albemarle.—The Prince Regent and Lady de Clifford.—Princess Charlotte to Lady de Clifford.—Princess Charlotte's Establishment.—Princess Charlotte to Lady de Clifford.—Princess Charlotte at Windsor.—Lady de Clifford's Retirement.—Carlton House.—The Prince of Orange.—General Sir Thomas Picton.—London "Lions."—Field Marshal von Blucher.—Hetman Platoff.—The Emperor of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg.—"All the World's at Paris."—My Last Days at Westminster.

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I HAVE been desirous to avoid breaking in upon my narrative of the illustrious young lady into whose companionship I had the honour of admittance. I must now invite my readers to return with me to Dean's Yard, Westminster.

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Four-in hand Club.

In the first year of my entrance into Westminster (1808) was established the famous "Four-in-hand Club." It soon became the height of the fashion not only to acquire the skill of coachmen, but to ape their manners, dress, and slang. In that same year the King's scholars acted Terence's comedy of the "Adelphi." My friend Mr. Granville Vernon, who had acted Æschinus, the fashionable young Athenian in the play, reappeared in the epilogue in a broad-brimmed hat and a great coat of many capes, called a "bang-up;" and thus explained to Demea, his testy rustic father, the principles upon which the new club was based;—

> "Aurigæ, moderari animos et flectere habenis
> Quadrupedum cursus, hoc satis esse putas?
> Vestitum, mores, imitabitur atque loquelam."

The Etonians, who were always lording it over us Westminsters with their superior gentility, used to boast that they would never condescend to handle the ribbons unless with four sprightly nags at their feet; in other words, they drove stage and we hackney coaches. For my part I was well content with the humbler vehicle. One Sunday evening several of us boys met by agreement at the top of St. James's Street. Each engaged a hackney coach for himself, and having deposited his "Jarvey" inside, we mounted our respective boxes and raced

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down to Westminster, the north archway into Dean's Yard being the winning-post. Over such roads, and with such sorry cattle, the wonder is that we reached the goal. Luckily for us our course was all down hill.

The Norwich Mail.

When I became big enough to manage a team, I had the honour of driving the London and Norwich Royal Mail. I generally selected the stage from Bury to Thetford, the last of my journey homewards. At the "Bell Inn" of the latter town I used to sit down to a most sumptuous breakfast of eggs, buttered toast, fried ham, &c., &c., and all for love and not money. I was a prime favourite with the landlady, Betty Radcliffe, so much so that for the many years that as man and boy I frequented her hostelry, she would never accept a sixpence from me. Betty wore a high cap, like that in which Mrs. Gamp is seen in Dickens's novel; a flaxen wig, which she appeared to have outgrown, for it ill concealed her grey hairs. Being the sole proprietress of post-horses into Norfolk, she assumed an independent demeanour and language, to which every one was compelled to submit.

Betty Radcliffe and the Duke of York.

When the Duke of York changed horses at the "Bell," on his way to Mr. Tom Thornhill's of Riddlesworth, he always had a talk with Betty. As he was paying her one morning for the horses,

she jingled the money in her hand, and said to his Royal Highness, "I may as well take a little of your money, for I have been paying your father's taxes for many a long day." CHAP. VI.

Coke and Wodehouse.

Prior to one of those ruinous election contests in which Messrs. Coke and Wodehouse (afterwards Lords Leicester and Wodehouse) engaged, the former said to Betty, "I want all your post-horses for the next fortnight." Betty gave Mr. Coke a knowing wink, and said, "I dare saa you do, but cub, baw [come, boy] along w' me. What do you see painted on that board?" "The 'Bell' of course." "And what on the other side?" "The 'Bell' too!" "Just so," said Betty. "Don't you see that my sign is painted o' both sides? You shall have half my horses, but Wuddus [Wodehouse] the other half."

To return to Westminster.

A certain number of town-boys are annually elected into St. Peter's College, to replace such of the forty King's (now Queen's) scholars who obtain studentships at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The competitive examinations, which are virtually conducted by the King's scholars themselves, last several weeks. To get in "head to college" is considered a feather in a boy's cap, and the winner of such distinction is honoured with a "chairing," and called the

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"Liberty boy." Placed on a ladder, and borne on the shoulders of his school-fellows, he is preceded by a large silk flag bearing the Westminster arms, and in this fashion is paraded through the streets "within bounds."

The "Liberty boy" whom I saw chaired in 1808 was Charles Longley, the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Phormio."

In the winter of the following year I witnessed Longley's performance of a character in Terence's "Phormio"—that of Cratinus, one of the three lawyers of the piece. Dr. Page wrote the epilogue. The subject was the O. P. riots, arising from the increase of the prices of admission to the new Covent Garden. The *dramatis personæ* retained the names they bore in the comedy. The scene was changed from a street in Athens to the Police Office in Bow Street. Demipho, the "heavy father," was the sitting magistrate. Phormio, the *mauvais sujet*, was brought before him for having interrupted the performances by imitating the sounds of divers animals. Cratinus—a radical lawyer—held a brief for the defendant. Longley did full justice to the character. With true forensic pomposity he laid it down as law that man being an imitative animal, his client had a perfect right to make a goose or an ass of himself if so inclined; but my classical readers would probably prefer the original

pleading to my translation. I give it a place here :— CHAP. VI.

"Homini certè ista licebit
Quæ porcis, asinis, anseribusque licet
Est homo naturâ—ζωὸν μιμητικὸν—ergo
Qui boat, aut balat, sibilat, aut ululat,
Qui rugit, et mugit, gannitque et grunnit et hinnit
Omnia naturæ convenienter agit."

The Jubilee.

[1809.]—The morning of the 25th October, 1809, was ushered in by the firing of guns, the ringing of bells, and other signs of public rejoicing. It was the day on which George the Third entered upon the 50th year of his reign. There stood at that time in the centre of the garden in Berkeley Square, an equestrian statue of the King, which a few years later got out of repair and was taken down. The jubilee day must have been a holiday at Westminster, for I was present at the planting of a young oak seventy yards to the north of the statue. On the base of the statue was an inscription setting forth the occasion on which the tree was put into the ground. During the winter the sapling withered and died, and the inscription was effaced. Before another 25th of October came round, the poor King, although he continued to live, had virtually ceased to reign.

[1810.]—Things went ill with the King's government in 1810. First there was the parliamentary

CHAP. VI. inquiry into the serious mismanagement of the Spanish war. Then came the debate relating to the miserable failure of the Walcheren expedition. Out of this latter question arose that of the privileges of Parliament.

Sir Francis Burdett. When the subject of the Walcheren expedition came under discussion in the Commons, the order against the admission of strangers into the gallery was enforced. A man named Jones, in a debating society, condemned the exclusion of the public from the debates. The Commons were foolish enough to send him to Newgate. Sir Francis Burdett denied the right of the Commons to imprison Jones, and they committed the still greater folly of sending Burdett to the Tower.

The sergeant-at-arms was to have served the warrant on him on Friday the 5th of April, but having failed in doing so, he purposed to discharge his disagreeable duty the following day.

At eleven in the morning of Saturday the 6th, he called upon Sir Francis, who disputed the legality of the warrant, and informed the sergeant-at-arms that he would not go unless taken by force. This refusal spread like wild-fire all over the town. Now Saturday was a Westminster half-holiday. So when at about one o'clock I entered Piccadilly on my way to my grandmother's in Berkeley Square, I found myself in the midst of a numerous and infuriated mob.

The house in which Sir Francis lived, No. 77, Piccadilly, is next door to that which his daughter Baroness Burdett-Coutts now inhabits. In front of the residence of their hero I found the populace assembled. A squadron of the Horse Guards, or the "Oxford Blues" as they were then called, was drawn up in line across Piccadilly, the right flank resting on the wooden palings of the Green Park, the left on the iron rails to the north side of the street. The men and horses were of the same colossal form as are those of the same corps in our day. Their height was considerably increased in appearance by the enormous cocked hats which they wore, what sailors would call "athwart ships." Their uniform was blue, with buff facings, which covered their chests. Over the coat were worn broad buff cross-belts. Their hair, greased and powdered, terminated in a pigtail, which went half way down the back.

As I was a stout Burdettite, I imitated the actions of his other admirers, yelled as lustily as they against the military, and cried, "Burdett for ever!" I was too small a boy to see what was going on in our front rank, and did not know till afterwards that the Riot Act was being read, preparatory to an active movement of the troops against us. Anon I heard the clattering of swords and pattering of hoofs. *Sauve qui peut* seemed

CHAP. VI. to be the order of the day with us Burdettites. For my part, I did not stop running till I found myself safe and sound at my grandmother's house in Berkeley Square.

That same evening a large and noisy multitude assembled in our square, and smashed every pane of glass in the windows of No. 12, the house next but one to Lady Albemarle's. The object of popular resentment was the Earl of Dartmouth, who rented that house of my father.

I am not aware that harm came to the mob of which I formed a part, but several lives were lost in the course of the day, and the state of public feeling may be inferred from the juries returning a verdict of wilful murder against the military.

The unpleasant duty which this portion of the household cavalry was called upon to perform on the occasion obtained for it the *sobriquet* of the "Piccadilly Butchers," and it was not till after its splendid achievements at Waterloo that it entirely lost the opprobrious name.

A little before the time I am speaking of, the hair of a soldier's head, like that of a lady's in the present day, was combed from off his forehead, not however to terminate in a *chignon*, but in a pigtail. A recruit one night was disturbing his comrades by his lamentations. "You noisy fool!"

called out one of them, "why don't you go to sleep?" "Because," was the reply, "the sergeant has tied my hair so tight that I can't shut my eyes." CHAP. VI.

Fighting at Westminster.

The autobiography of a Westminster schoolboy of the early part of the century would be incomplete without some mention of the rage for fighting with which the author of these memoirs, in common with the rest of his countrymen, was then afflicted, and which made him a performer in "the fighting green," much oftener than he now cares to specify. The "noble science of self-defence" was inculcated upon us boys as one of the essentials of a gentleman's education. It was the point upon which no difference of opinion existed either between masters and pupils or between sons and fathers.

Carey, who had been a good fighter in his day, did all in his power to foster this pugnacious feeling. When my friend and co-Busbeian, Mr. James Mure, was captain of the school, the Doctor took him to task for the idleness of one Lambert, a junior on the foundation. Mure pleaded that he had not "helped" Lambert into College, but that he believed him to be a good honest fellow and by no means deficient in abilities. "Where did he get that black eye?" asked Carey.

"In fighting a 'scy.'"[1]

[1] Westminster language for a blackguard.

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"Which licked?"

"Lambert."

"Well! if he is a good fellow and a good fighter, we must not be too hard upon him for his Latin and Greek."

When I went home for the holidays, my father preached from the same text as the Doctor. "If," he would argue, "an Englishman be discouraged from the use of his fists, he will become a dangerous character, and be always resorting to the knife as the readiest mode of settling a dispute." It was with this conviction that Lord Albemarle became a patron of the prize ring. His chief favourite of that fraternity was Henry Pearce, champion of England, better known as "the Game Chicken," a man of great strength and singular symmetry, with a generosity of disposition which mitigated in some degree the nature of his brutal calling. In his famous fight with James Belcher, the one-eyed pugilist, Pearce knocked his antagonist on to the ropes, and, according to the pugilistic code, might have gained an easy victory, but he forewent his advantage, saying, "I will not hit thee, Jem, lest I knock out thy other eye."

Great was the excitement with us Westminsters in the summer of 1811 at the forthcoming fight of Tom Crib, a coal-heaver, nicknamed from his calling "the Black Diamond," and an American

negro of the name of Molyneux, for the championship. Our sympathies were of course all in favour of the man of our own country and colour. CHAP. VI.

A Prize Fighter's Trainer.

Previous to the fight, Captain Barclay, the famous pedestrian, who walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 successive hours, took Crib into the Highlands to train him. Barclay's sister, the late Mrs. Hudson Gurney, told me that Crib was in bad condition when the Captain took him in hand, and that he had great trouble in making him breast the Scotch hills. At last he resorted to an odd expedient; he filled his pockets with small pebbles, and whenever Crib refused to follow him in the ascent he hit the pugilist with one of these missiles on the shins, who would run after the Captain to be revenged for the pain he suffered.

The fight came off in September of this year. The national honour was saved. The Englishman won, although, as the newspapers announced, "his head was terribly out of shape."

A few weeks after the battle, Grandmamma Albemarle sent me to Astley's Amphitheatre with her footman. As my companion was in livery, we could not be admitted into the boxes. Immediately in the row before me in the pit sat Crib and Molyneux, to both of whom I obtained a formal introduction, not a little proud of being able to boast to my schoolfellows of having made the

CHAP. VI. acquaintance of two such celebrities. The appearance of the late combatants was curious. The black man had beaten the white one black and blue. The white man the black one green and yellow.

Plaster of Paris models of the combatants in boxing attitude were carried about the streets by the image-sellers—probably by the same men who a few years later bore on their heads the busts of Wellington and Blucher. One of these models of the pugilists is at Southill Park, Bedfordshire, the seat of Mr. Samuel Whitbread, whose father, like mine, was a supporter of the prize ring.

In the Christmas pantomime of that same year, an image-seller carrying one of the well-known models is introduced on the stage. The model is stolen by the clown (Grimaldi), who places it on a large round table. He next robs a man of a large iron hoop. "A ring, a ring," calls out Grimaldi, and the cry causes the stage to be filled by a correct delineation of the sort of company usually seen at a "mill." Harlequin by a wave of his wand now sets the figures in motion. Crib deals Molyneux a facer. "Poor fellow," cries the clown, "he has got a black eye." After a few rounds Crib knocks Molyneux's head off. "Three cheers for the Champion of England," are proposed by the mimic mob on the stage, and are re-echoed by the real one in the shilling gallery.

Tothill Fields, now the site of a large and populous town, was the Westminster play-ground in my time. In one part of the field was a large pond called the "duck." Here we skated in the winter and hunted ducks in the summer. Near the "duck" lived Mother Hubbard, who used to let out guns to the boys. At Mother Hubbard's you might have fowling-pieces of all sorts and sizes, from the "golden touch-hole" down to one which, from a deep dent in the barrel, was called "the gun which shoots round the corner."

The big fellows used to vapour about having shot snipes in Tothill Fields, but such a description of game had taken flight when I sported over this manor.

Leading from Tothill Fields was a road called the "Willow Walk," which, terminating at the "Half-penny Hatch," opened on to the Thames near to the spot on which Millbank Penitentiary now stands.

The road on each side of the walk was bordered by wretched hovels, to which were attached small plots of swampy ground, which served the poor inhabitants for gardens, and were separated from each other by wide ditches. To "follow the leader" over these ditches was one of our summer amusements.

Between Mother Hubbard's and the Willow Walk

CHAP. VI. *The Seven Chimneys.*

was a nest of low buildings known by the name of the "Seven Chimneys." The inhabitants were of a somewhat questionable character, and certainly not of that class with whom ladies would wish their darling boys to associate. Here lived Caleb Baldwin the bull-baiter; a man who enjoyed a wide-spread fame for one particular feat. Whenever his dog was tossed by the bull, Caleb would break its fall by rushing in and catching it in his arms. I cannot say that I ever witnessed this performance in the "Fields," but I did in a Christmas pantomime, in which Baldwin and his dog were specially engaged. By means of a sham bull the dog was thrown high into the air, and its owner caught it in the manner I have described.

Bull-baiting was an "institution" in the early part of this century. Like prize-fighting, it had its advocates among members of both Houses of Parliament. A Norfolk friend of mine, still alive, tells me that in Bere Street, Norwich, there was bull-baiting, of which Mr. Coke and my father were the patrons. Their bull was never known to have been "pinned." A farmer who had seen a number of dogs tossed in succession called out, "Lawk! it's like batting at cricket."

Of all the indwellers of the "Seven Chimneys" the prime favourite of us Westminsters was one William Heberfield, better known by the name of

"Slender Billy;" a good-humoured, amusing fellow, but whose moral character, as the sequel will show, would not bear a searching investigation. All we knew of him was that whenever we wanted a dog to hunt a duck, draw a badger, or pin a bull, Billy was sure to provide us with one, no matter how minute we might be in the description of the animal required. CHAP. VI.

In the year 1811 Heberfield was no longer an inmate of the "Seven Chimneys." He was undergoing his sentence in Newgate for having aided the escape of a French general, a prisoner of war on *parole*.

It was just at this time that the Bank of England, having suffered heavy losses from forgeries, resolved to make an example. William Heberfield was fixed upon by them for that example.

The solicitors of the Bank accordingly took into their pay a confederate of Heberfield's of the name of Barry, who was undergoing two years' imprisonment in Clerkenwell House of Correction for uttering base coin. Through this man's agency Heberfield, who would turn his hand to anything, was easily inveigled into passing forged notes provided by the solicitors of the Bank themselves. On the evidence of Barry, Heberfield was found guilty and sentenced to death. Great exertions were made in the House of Lords to avert the execution of the sentence on

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account of the cruel conspiracy of which the unhappy man had been the victim. All was of no avail. Heberfield was hanged at Newgate for forgery on the 12th of January, 1812.

Some little time ago as I was talking over the changes of the Tothill Fields of our time with my old schoolfellow Lord de Ros,[1] he related to me how these same back slums of Westminster were once honoured with the presence of the most gorgeous of monarchs, and on the most gorgeous day of his reign—the coronation day of George the Fourth.

I need hardly mention that while the sound of trumpets and the firing of cannon announced that the newly-crowned King was receiving the homage of the nobles of England in Westminster Hall, there were assembled outside its walls large multitudes of his lieges, who were expressing by hooting and yells their indignation that the Queen Consort had not been admitted to her share in the pageant.

This feeling had so increased towards the evening that the King was told that if he attempted to return to his palace by the ordinary route, he would run the risk of being torn in pieces by the mob.

To avert this danger it was suggested that

[1] William, Baron de Ros, a Privy Councillor, Lieutenant-General, Colonel of the Fourth Hussars, Lieutenant-Governor of the Tower, died in 1874.

Tothill Fields would be the safer way home. But who knew anything of a region of such ill repute? Who but my schoolfellow De Ros, then a lieutenant of Life Guards, and forming that day one of His Majesty's escort?[1] To him was consigned the pilotage of the Royal *cortége;* under his guidance it proceeded up Abingdon Street, along Millbank, through the Halfpenny Hatch and the Willow Walk, leaving the "Seven Chimneys" on its right. It next arrived at "Five Fields," now Eaton Square, passed through Grosvenor Place and by Constitution Hill to the back entrance of Carlton Palace, which they did not reach till eleven o'clock at night. The King, as well might be supposed, was horribly nervous, and kept constantly calling to the officers of the escort to keep well up to the carriage windows.

The year 1812 was remarkable for children's balls. The Prince Regent set the fashion, from a love of children in general and of "Minnie Seymour" in particular. My father's politics debarred the entrance of his family into the palace of the late Royal convert to Toryism. To make amends for the exclusion some of the great Whig ladies opened their houses to us Whigs of the rising generation,

[1] The escort was furnished by the first regiment of Life Guards. The officers were:—Major Henry Cavendish, Captain Oakes, Lieut. Hon. William Fitzgerald de Ros, Cornet Locke.

CHAP. VI. and my memory dwells especially on a ball given by Lady Derby in Grosvenor Square.

A change had come over the head-dresses of the male part of the creation. The *Coiffure à la Guillotine* had given place to the *Coiffure à la Brutus*. This consisted in having the hair curled on one side only. I remember observing that Edmund Kean's wig was so dressed when he played Junius Brutus,—and this peculiarity is preserved in a full-length picture of him in that character at Mr. Whitbread's seat in Bedfordshire.

My mother's maid insisted upon my conforming to the prevailing fashion; but on looking in the glass I was so disgusted with her performance that I ran my fingers through the curls. She was a very excitable person, and bouncing into the dining-room where there was company, with tongs in one hand and comb in the other, burst into an hysterical fit of crying. "None of the children ill, I hope?" said my mother. "No, my lady," sobbed her maid, "but Mr. Keppel has spoilt his 'Brutus.'"

I had the honour that evening of a shake of the hand from the Lord Derby of that day—the most advanced Liberal of the whole House of Peers, the great grandfather of the present noble Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Amidst a knot of brother Etonians was a boy of my own age, the present Earl's father, Geoffrey Stanley, afterwards England's

Prime Minister. I did not make his acquaintance till some years after, for although Etonians were ready to dance with Westminsters' sisters, and *vice versâ*, the brothers stood in relation to each other as Jews and Samaritans. CHAP. VI.

The Prince Regent.

In that same year (1812) a new epoch appeared to dawn upon the Whigs. For nearly half-a-century this party had, with the exception of three brief intervals, been doomed, in consequence of their strenuous advocacy of popular rights, to shiver in the cold shade of opposition. Now, however, this constancy seemed about to receive its reward. Their great patron, George, Prince of Wales, who up to this time had declared himself the uncompromising champion of their principles, was Regent of these realms, free, too, from the limitations to his authority which, two years before, his father's ultra-Tory ministers had imposed upon him. He was therefore in a position to give full effect to his professions. But just at the moment when his political friends and associates expected to hear from him the announcement that his accession to power had produced no diminution of attachment to them and their cause, there appeared a letter from the Prince to his brother, the Duke of York, containing the ominous declaration that he had no "predilections to indulge,"—a phrase of

CHAP. VI. which the full signification is given in the poetical rendering of Thomas Moore :—

> "I am proud to declare I have no predilections,
> My heart is a sieve, where some scattered affections
> Do just dance about for a moment or two,
> And the finer they are the sooner run through."

I do not profess to throw any new light upon the transactions which led Lords Grey and Grenville to reject the insidious overtures that were made to them to form an administration, but I may mention as a piece of family history that just before the re-establishment in power of the old Tory clique, Lord Moira was employed by the Regent to endeavour to seduce some of the Whigs from their political allegiance. One of those so tempted was my father. The bribe offered was the Mastership of the Horse, and a garter in perspective. I never saw the letter containing his refusal, but I believe it to have been couched somewhat in these terms, "Lord Albemarle presents his compliments to the Earl of Moira, and has the honour to inform his Lordship that he cannot obey His Royal Highness the Prince Regent's commands."

When Lord Grey and his friends came into power in 1830, Lord Albemarle was appointed to the post which he had declined in 1812.

No sooner had the prince repudiated the convictions of his youth, manhood, and middle age, than

he sought to make his daughter unlearn the political creed that he had striven to teach her. But this was not so easy a task. Not long before his own conversion, he had upon the occasion of the health of the Princess Charlotte having been drunk at the Pavilion, thus acknowledged the toast:— CHAP. VI.

"I have made it my care to instil into the mind and heart of my daughter the knowledge and love of the true principles of the British Constitution; and I have pointed out to her young understanding, as a model for study, the political conduct of my most revered and lamented friend, Mr. Fox, who has asserted and maintained with such transcendent force the just principles upon which the government under this excellent constitution ought to be administered, for the true and solid dignity of the crown, and the real security, freedom, and happiness of the people." His Royal Highness ended his speech by expressing his confidence "that the Princess would fulfil all the duties which she might be called upon to discharge when his bones were laid in the grave."

With a view of bringing the Princess round to his new way of thinking, he banished from her house all companions of Whiggish proclivities, among others Miss Mercer Elphinstone, a zealous Foxite, whose intimacy with the Princess he had himself promoted. This was a clumsy mode of procedure towards a

CHAP. VI. young lady of his daughter's temperament, and rather strengthened her previous convictions by arousing a spirit of antagonism. Accordingly she lost no opportunity, as far as her state of seclusion would allow, of identifying herself with her Royal Sire's former private and political friends. Shortly before the anniversary of Mr. Fox's birthday she gave my father a bust of that patriot. In answer to his acknowledgment of the present with which he had been honoured, she wrote to him what was evidently intended to be a manifesto of her political creed.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE TO WILLIAM CHARLES LORD ALBEMARLE.

"WARWICK HOUSE,
"*January* 17*th*, 1812.

"MY DEAR LORD ALBEMARLE,

"I have been very much vexed at not being able to answer your letter immediately, which my wishes would have led me to do, but I delay no longer taking up my pen and expressing the emotions of satisfaction and pleasure I received on reading it. I cannot say how happy I feel that the bust has given you so much satisfaction. As knowing your affection to Mr. Fox (both in public and private), it struck me you would like

to have it, and I was therefore particularly anxious for its success. CHAP. VI.

"Nor shall I now stand in need of being reminded of his great name or great deeds while there are such able men, though few in number (comparatively speaking), who make it their study as well as their pride to follow as closely as possible the precepts of their *late great leader*. Which to admire most I am at a loss to know; for, turn to either side, one beholds so much that calls forth *unqualified* praise, that it would be a difficult task imposed. He has been one of those few—those very few—who have really had the good of their country at heart and in view, not in words only, but who both in thought and deed acted for that alone; who by his uncorrupted integrity proved what a patriot and a statesman was, and united these two different characters (which ought never to have been divided). Of all his numerous deeds none are so to be cherished as that most cruel and disgraceful procedure (particularly to this country, which is called a free one), the *slave trade*, and his laudable exertions for *universal toleration* and comfort to our unfortunate and grossly-abused sister kingdom, which, alas, was not crowned with success; and this is the man who, after devoting his time, health, and at length life, is called a *revolutionist;* one who subverts, at least tries to subvert, the laws and liberties of this country.

CHAP. VI. Who would, who could, and who can believe this? No one who have their eyes opened and an unprejudiced judgment, but the short-sighted and jaundiced eye of the people. Many there are who say they understand the word *toleration*. I will grant they do, but not in deed. There are dignitaries in the Church[1] who pique themselves on their learning, but do not seem, no more than the *temporal peers*, to comprehend its meaning, or else they who are to preach meekness and charity would certainly not, I *should conceive, seem to rejoice* so at the sufferings of Ireland, nor utter such *virulent protests* against their *just claims*. In fine, the word *bishopric* includes *everything* that is the touchstone of action, the spring from whence all that holy fire issues; that God that they teach (or at least feign to do, who enjoins charitableness and forgiveness) is wholly forgotten in their rancorous hatred

[1] "The Bishop of Salisbury used to come three or four times a week 'to do the important.' . . I could not but see how narrow his views, how strong his prejudices, and how unequal his talents were to the charge with which he had been entrusted by the good old King. The Bishop's great points were to arm the Princess Charlotte against the encouragement of Popery and Whig principles (two evils which he seemed to think equally great)."—MISS KNIGHT'S *Autobiography*, vol. i. pp. 232-3. As the Princess's right reverend preceptor was nearly the only Church dignitary with whom she was acquainted, it was evidently to "the great *U.P.* that these remarks in her letter to Lord Albemarle have reference."

towards an oppressed and unfortunate people, whose crime is following other ceremonies, not owning these dignitaries, but above all having the name of Irishman. It is with honest pride, the pride of a true-born English person, that I avow these sentiments, principles that I *am convinced* are the only true foundation of this country, and the spirit of the constitution, nor shall I be ashamed to broach them before the whole world, should I ever be called upon. Thank God, there are some young of both sexes, some that I have the happiness to *know personally*, as well as from report, that feel firm at this state of things, and that are from their hearts and minds followers of your late inestimable friend. Happy, thrice happy, will the moment be when the plans Mr. Fox pursued and planned are put into *full force;* then indeed England will have cause to rejoice, she may lift up her head in conscious superiority and pre-eminence. CHAP. VI.

"But I must plead my excuses for having detained you so long.

"Believe me, with the greatest esteem,

"My dear Lord Albemarle,

"Your most sincere

"CHARLOTTE."

A few weeks after the date of the foregoing letter the Prince Regent gave a dinner to his

CHAP. VI. daughter. It was on that occasion that he burst out into such invectives against Lords Grey and Grenville that the Princess shed tears; a circumstance which gave rise to Byron's famous lines—

> "Weep, daughter of a royal line,
> A sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
> Ah! happy if each tear of thine
> Could wash a father's fault away."

Towards the close of the year Lady de Clifford, having first exacted a promise of secrecy from the Regent, proceeded, in the discharge of her duty, to make a statement to him respecting the conduct of a person known to His Royal Highness. With characteristic levity, he betrayed her to the person complained of. She thereupon threw up her appointment of Governess to the Princess Charlotte. Whether by word of mouth or by letter I do not remember, but the Prince requested her to state her reasons for quitting his service in so abrupt a manner. "Because," was the reply, "Your Royal Highness has taught me the distinction between the word of honour of a Prince and that of a gentleman."

"The Princess Charlotte," says Miss Cornelia Knight, "was now in her seventeenth year, and was for some time a visitor at the Castle. Her Governess, Lady de Clifford, having gone to town

on account of illness, the Queen commanded me to be present at Her Royal Highness's lessons."[1]

This "illness" I believe to have been feigned, in order to avoid any further meetings with the Prince, and to afford facilities for the appointment of a successor.

The letter which follows, without date, appears to have been written during my grandmother's temporary absence.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE TO THE DOWAGER LADY DE CLIFFORD.

"My dearest Lady de C.,

"A thousand thousand thanks for your very kind letter. I should have answered it directly, but the real truth was I miscalculated a day, that means lost a day.

"*We go on pretty well, considering all things, without you.* Heaven knows how very much I long to see you. Never have you been out of my mind since we parted. Our dear Duke[2] sat of (*sic*) his picture yesterday, which was Saturday. It is coming on very well indeed. He dined with us and stayed till ten. I should have been quite

[1] "*Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady Companion to the Princess Charlotte of Wales*," vol. i., pp. 180-1.

[2] Duke of Brunswick.

CHAP. VI. happy if you had been with me. He asked very kindly after you, and hoped when I heard last you was well. He sends his kind remembrances.

"I have this moment received a line from my dear mother, who sends her kind love and quite approves of your plan. She begged me to tell you that *the Duke*[1] means to have the *babes with him in town* on purpose that the Duchess[2] may come up

[1] The Duke of Brunswick married, in 1802, a Princess of Baden. This lady died in 1808, leaving two sons, Charles and William, the "babes" in Princess Charlotte's letter. After the death of their mother they were sent to Baden. Napoleon, enraged at the escape of their father in 1809, tried to seize them, but they escaped out of his clutches and were brought to England.

"The Princess of Wales (says Lady Charlotte Bury) sometimes goes to see the Duke of Brunswick's two boys. She climbs to the very top of a house at Vauxhall, where they are living. She complains that they are frightful to look upon." In another place Lady Charlotte writes: "Was commanded, at half-past two, to accompany the Princess of Wales to see the young princes, her nephews. She hates them, I don't know why, unless it is that, as she says, they are frightful."

From the day that the Duke, their father, fell at Quatre Bras, until the eldest of them came of age, the Prince Regent administered the affairs of Brunswick, as his appointed guardian. By an insurrection in the city of Brunswick in 1830 Duke Charles, having misruled his country for five years, was deposed by a resolution of the German diet, and was succeeded in the Duchy by his younger brother, William. To judge from Duke Charles's nefarious will in 1874, he must never at any time of his life have been a very lovable person.

[2] Duchess Dowager of Brunswick.

to town. Mamma is determined to come up to town, I believe on the 25th.

"When you saw him (Duke of Brunswick) you took leave of his dear beard; it is all cut off, and he looks like us Englishmen. I took leave of it Saturday. I will tell you what will make you laugh. We were driving in Hyde Park yesterday, Sunday, and a man in a plain black coat, round hat, &c., &c., on horseback, rode up close to the carriage and looked into it. I said to Mrs. U.,[1] 'What a very impertinent fellow this is;' when what should I hear but 'Vous ne me connais (*sic*) pas?' The carriage of course stopped; and we spoke, the Duke so changed that you would not know him again.

"As you were so good as to be anxious about everything that concerns me, I cannot help telling you that *I have lost my dear Puff.* We have advertised him at two guineas reward. I hope I shall find him.

"But papa has made me a beautiful present of a beautiful white Italian greyhound, with cropt ears, &c. Captain Lake[2] took a ship in which the dog was, which dog belonged to the Empress Napoleon,

[1] Mrs. Udney, sub-governess.

[2] Captain, afterwards Admiral Sir Willoughby Lake, R.N., Bart., was at this time serving on the coast of Spain in command of the *Magnificent*, 74.

CHAP. VI. and was going to some gentleman as a present from her. He took the ship and brought the dog as an offering to papa. But he said, 'I don't care for dogs, I will send it to Charlotte, who loves them.' He did, and by Dupaqué.

"I send you a letter I have had from the *great U.P.*,[1] and one for you I took the liberty to open.

"When we meet I want to tell you about the picture Bloomfield has got. I am rather in an embarra (*sic*) about it.

"Pray let me know how dear Elizabeth[2] is. Pray give my kindest love to her and remembrances to Sophia,[3] Augustus,[4] &c., and my kind compliments to my Lord.[5]

"God bless you, my dearest Lady. Forgive this long letter, and

"Believe me ever
"Your very sincerely attached and
"gratefully obliged
"CHARLOTTE.

"Mrs. U. sends her love to you. *Au sujet, bouche close*—I always find when I write or see you that I have volumes to say.

[1] Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury. [2] My mother.

[3] My sister, whom the Princess used to personate, afterwards married to Sir James Macdonald, Bart., M.P.

[4] My brother Augustus, Lord Bury, afterwards fifth Earl of Albemarle. [5] My father.

"Let me know how poor Parsons'[1] child is. My remembrances to her. CHAP. VI.

"When I answered the Bishop's letter I did all I could to make it over waite [weight]. I hope I succeeded."

The letter just quoted, I believe to contain the genuine sentiments of the writer towards the person addressed; not but that Lady de Clifford and her Royal charge had constant quarrels with each other, for they were both very hot-tempered. The Princess used frequently to complain to me of her Governess's harsh treatment of her; but Her Royal Highness in her cooler moments would say, "After all there are many worse persons in the world than your snuffy old grandmother."

Princess Charlotte's establishment.

As soon as the Princess Charlotte became aware of Lady de Clifford's intention to retire, she wrote a letter to the Prince Regent, couched in respectful terms, begging that as she had now nearly completed her seventeenth year, no other governess should be appointed, but that she might have an establishment of her own, and that ladies in waiting should be assigned her. Her father, who was jealous of her growing popularity, and aware of his proportionate disfavour in the public estimation,

[1] Mrs. Parsons, wife of a coal merchant, Lady de Clifford's *femme de chambre.*

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told her in answer that as long as he lived she should not have an establishment, unless she married. On or about the 6th of January, 1813, her seventeenth birth-day, she made the same request in form to Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister. The step, Miss Knight conjectures, was suggested by Miss Elphinstone and Lord Erskine. "The Regent," she says, "was furious;" and doubtless if His Royal Highness shared Miss Knight's conjecture, it would have greatly increased his wrath. The extent to which his feeling of resentment was carried may be guessed by the effect that the expression of it produced on his usually high-spirited daughter.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE TO LADY DE CLIFFORD.

"My dearest Lady de Clifford,

"Trusting to your goodness, I trouble you with these few lines. I am wretched; I know not what to do. I have been thinking in my own mind, and have written this inclosed letter. Should you approve, I need not say you will be the means of restoring me to happiness.

"For ever,

"Your most sincere and affectionate

"and grateful

"Charlotte."

"P.S. To be branded with *deceit* and duplicity I cannot bear. By throwing myself on papa's mercy I am sure I will succeed. I fear not telling him the whole—everything.

"If you will, write me one line in answer."

Although Princess Charlotte wrote a submissive letter to her father, she persisted in resisting the appointment of a successor to my grandmother, and was ordered to Windsor to answer for her contumacy. Accordingly on Sunday, the 17th of January, she went to the Castle attended by Lady de Clifford. In the Queen's room were assembled Her Majesty, Princess Mary, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester, and the Prince Regent, who had brought with him Lord Chancellor Eldon. This great legal functionary pointed out to the Princess the somewhat despotic power which the law gives to the Sovereign over the members of the Royal family. During the interview the Regent loaded his daughter with reproaches. At last, turning to the Chancellor, he asked him what he would do with such a daughter. "If she were mine," was the answer, "I would lock her up." The Princess burst into tears. "What," she exclaimed, "would the poor King have said if he could understand that his grand-daughter had been likened to the grand-daughter of a coal-heaver!"

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There are other versions of this story. Such, to the best of my recollection, is the account of this strange scene as frequently related to me by my grandmother, and my impression is confirmed by a letter of my cousin Sophia, the late Baroness de Clifford.

Lady de Clifford leaves the Court.

This was the last day of Lady de Clifford's court life. On the Monday the Duchess Dowager of Leeds was installed as her successor. I dined with my grandmother on the Saturday following, and went with her to Curzon Street Chapel on the Sunday. It was the 24th of the month, as I remember from a particular circumstance. One of the Psalms for the morning service was the hundred and eighteenth. When we came to the ninth verse she whispered into my ear, "Excellent advice, my dear boy; remember it as long as you live." The words are, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in Princes."

Yet with all her experience of courts, the good old lady was fated once more to experience in her own person the truth of the advice she enjoined upon me. Not long after the stormy scene at the Castle she was surprised at receiving a Royal command for a party at Carlton Palace. She took her card of invitation to her son, Lord de Clifford, who prevailed upon her to go, and accompanied her to the Palace. When the Regent entered the drawing-

room the company ranged themselves into the usual court circle, and His Royal Highness proceeded to address each guest in turn with that gracefulness of manner for which he stood unrivalled. But when he came to Lady de Clifford he turned his back upon her, and thus showed to the assembled courtiers his idea of the manner in which "the first gentleman in Europe" ought to behave to a lady.

The Prince of Orange.

[1814] There was much excitement in the London world this year at the breaking off of the projected match between the Princess Charlotte and the hereditary Prince of Orange. I was probably one of the few persons to whom the rupture of the engagement caused no surprise. The decision which the Princess came to was in keeping with the language she had always held with me on the subject of her marriage. It was one of the few topics which drew from her any allusion to her exalted situation. "I am not," she used to say, "one of those Princesses who mean to leave the choice of her husband to others." No one who had seen the rejected and accepted suitors would for a moment dispute the naturalness of Her Royal Highness's election.

It was some months after the termination of this affair that my brother, Lord Bury, was appointed to the staff of the discarded pretender to

CHAP. VI. the Princess's hand. One day the Princess met my cousin, Miss Townshend.[1] Her Royal Highness, after making many eager inquiries after her old friends the Keppels, asked what Bury was about. My cousin curtseyed and blushed, but did not answer. The question was repeated. "He is aide-de-camp to the Prince of Orange, Madam." "Indeed!" said the Princess, laughing. "Poor brute! how I pity him."

On the entrance of the Allied Army into Paris in 1815 the Prince of Orange had assigned to him as a quarter, No. 8, Rue de Mont Blanc, a few weeks before the hotel of the Emperor Napoleon's uncle, Cardinal Fesch. It was here that I had the honour of being presented to the Prince, but my acquaintance ended then and there.

"The Prince of Orange," writes Lady Charlotte Bury, "is good-humoured and civil, but he has no dignity. The Flemings are surprised to see his English aides-de-camp[2] run up to him and slap

[1] Honourable Sophia Townshend, daughter of John Thomas, Viscount Sydney, by the Honourable Sophia Southwell, daughter of Edward, twentieth Baron de Clifford. Miss Townshend married, in 1833, the late Lieut.-Col. the Honourable Peregrine Cust.

[2] The English staff of General the Prince of Orange consisted of Lieut.-Col. Baron Tripp, 60th Foot; Captain Lord John Somerset, h.p.; Captain Francis Russell, h.p.; Captain Earl of March, 52nd Foot; Captain Viscount Bury, 1st Foot Guards; Lieut. Henry Webster, 9th Light Dragoons.

him on the back." The only one who treated him with proper respect was my old schoolfellow, Lord March (the late Duke of Richmond). My brother and Henry Webster, of whom I was afterwards a brother aide-de-camp, both admitted this cavalier behaviour to their chief, but added that it was entirely the Prince's own fault. He was a mere boy, delighting in rough practical jokes—but not complaining when he sometimes got a Roland for his Oliver.

Sir Thomas Picton.

One of the barristers who went the Norfolk Circuit in my schoolboy days was Mr. Lewis Flanagan. The rich brogue of this gentleman and his stock of good stories often led me to pay him a visit in his chambers in Figtree Court. One day I met there a strong-built man with a red face, small black eyes, and large nose. This was General Sir Thomas Picton, G.C.B., the commander of the famous "fighting brigade" in the Peninsula. An account of some of my Westminster pranks seemed greatly to amuse him, and the General, the lawyer, and the schoolboy passed a merry quarter of an hour together. It was the only time I ever saw this distinguished veteran. There had been some misunderstanding between him and the Duke of Wellington, and it was only a very few days before the opening of the campaign in the following year that they were sufficiently reconciled to enable him to

CHAP. VI. take the command of a corps. He set out from London on the 11th June, having first made his will, as if he had a presentiment of the fate that awaited him. My friend the late Mr. James Trotter, the Commissary-General of his division, was with him for an hour on the morning of the 18th of June. He told me that the demeanour of the General was that of a man who did not expect to outlive the day. He fell by a musket ball early in the day,[1] while "gloriously leading the division to a charge with bayonets, by which one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position was defeated."[2]

His body was taken to Waterloo, and there placed in a rough coffin made by the village carpenter. Thence it was conveyed to England. At the Vine Inn, Canterbury, it lay in state, as I have always understood, on the table on which he had dined a fortnight before. On the 3rd of July it was conveyed to the burial ground of St. George's, Hanover Square, facing the north side of Hyde Park. There it remained four-and-forty years. It was then inclosed in oaken and leaden coffins, and on the 8th of June, 1859, conveyed in solemn proces-

[1] The ball, flattened by striking against Picton's right temple, was in 1874 in the possession of his nephew, Dr. Thomas Picton, of 80, Cadogan Place.

[2] Duke of Wellington's official despatch

sion to St. Paul's Cathedral, my friend, the late Sir Frederick Stovin, of the "fighting division," being one of the mourners. CHAP. VI.

"Lions" in London.

The good people of England are notorious for their love of what is frequently called "a lion"—while their attachment lasts it is always at fever-heat. At one time a Shah is the lion, at another it is the Claimant. In the month of June, 1814, there was a whole menagerie of this description of animals in the persons of the Allied Sovereigns and their most distinguished Generals. They had come over to pay a visit to that ally whose powerful co-operation had enabled them to hurl from the throne the mightiest tyrant with which the world has been afflicted in modern times.

Marshal von Blücher.

I formed one of the crowd that assembled on Westminster Bridge to witness the arrival of Field Marshal von Blücher, or "Blutcher," as the Londoners used to call him. We had been waiting a good hour and a half, when we heard loud cheering from the Surrey side, intermingled with cries of "Blutcher for ever!" The object of this ovation turned out to be a fat, greasy butcher, mounted on a sorry nag, and carrying a meat tray on his shoulder. Shortly afterwards Marshal "Forwards" appeared in a barouche drawn by four horses, which from the density of the crowd were obliged to go

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at a foot's pace. We gave him a most enthusiastic reception, and he returned our greetings by holding out his hand to be shaken by the men and kissed by the women.

Count Platoff.

The next great object of attraction was Count Platoff, General of Cossacks. Our idea of the troops of which he had the command was derived from the prints of them in the shop windows—men of colossal form, with red lank hair, high cheek bones, and snub noses. My mother took me with her to Covent Garden, not so much to see the performances, as to have a sight of the renowned Hetman. We were in the Duke of Bedford's box, which was next to the Prince Regent's, and, forming an obtuse angle with it, we could see without being seen. There was Count Platoff, sipping his coffee; but, instead of a semi-barbarous giant I beheld a little narrow-chested man, with regular features, an olive complexion, black hair, eyes, and mustache, and teeth to match.

The Emperor of Russia.

The Emperor of All the Russias paid a visit one morning to Dean's Yard, and preserved his *incognito* so well that he was nearly going away without being discovered by us Westminsters. Leaning on his arm was the lovely Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, and it was her big hat that gave us a clue to her Imperial brother.

At the time of the arrival of the Allied Sovereigns English ladies wore straw bonnets fitting close to the head, somewhat in the shape of a beehive cut in half, but the pretty Grand Duchess had not been with us a week before the "beehive" disappeared, and the "coal-scuttle" usurped its place. I went one night to see Elliston in his best character—Vapid in the "Dramatist." When the curtain dropped Vapid seemed to be so busy making notes for his new play as to be unaware that he was left alone. After trying both stage doors he declared that the "rogues had shut him out," and, advancing to the front, informed the audience that he meant to dramatize them all. He began by addressing some clever verses to the pit and gallery, and then pointed to a pretty woman sitting in the dress circle and *coiffée à la Oldenburg.* All eyes followed the direction of his pencil. The lady at first appeared unconscious of being the object of such universal observation, but suddenly rose to escape, upon which Elliston called out— CHAP. VI.

"Stop! Madam, stop! you lady in the bonnet,
I'll have you down, you may depend upon it."

The whole affair was of course a preconcerted *coup de théâtre.* *A Pantomime.*

The declaration of peace in the spring of this

CHAP. VI. year produced a general rush of our compatriots of both sexes and of high and low degree to the French capital. This national exodus furnished materials for the winter pantomimes. In one of them a scene was laid in the garden of the Tuileries, in which were assembled French and English groups, and the dress, manners, and appearance of the two nations amusingly contrasted. The peculiarities were further set forth by a song from Grimaldi the clown, called "All the World's at Paris." Pointing to a gorgeously dressed lady in the crowd, in an unusually large Oldenburg bonnet, he sings :

"Lawk! who is that, with monstrous hat,
And parasol who handles?
It's Mrs. Flame, the Borough dame,
Who deals in tallow candles.
Nay! Goody, pray don't turn away,
These Mounseers do not trust 'em,
When next we meet in Tooley Street
I'll promise you my custom."

I saw the same pantomime the following spring. But the song was not sung. "All the world" had fled from Paris. "Mrs. Flame, the Borough dame," and her fellow-citizens were scampering across the Channel, fearful lest the semi-barbarous tyrant who had just burst his bonds should repeat the outrage

that he committed at the rupture of the treaty of Amiens, and seize upon the persons of peaceable travellers. CHAP. VI.

I had always been taught to look to the law as my profession, and it was held out to me that if I should make a respectable figure at the bar, I might reasonably expect to be returned to Parliament for a Whig nomination borough. It was my fate, unintentionally however, to frustrate these plans for the future, by an act which proved in its results to be the turning point of my career. *I leave Westminster.*

Passing through Dean's Yard from the north, you come upon Great College Street—a single row of shabby-looking houses facing a stone wall, which Dr. Stanley, the Dean, tells me was built by Abbot Livingstone in the reign of Edward the Third, at the same time as the Jerusalem Chamber and the College Hall. But the wall, ancient though it be, has less of personal interest to me than the modern superstructure by which it is now surmounted.

When I first went to Westminster a lamp iron was fixed in the wall, of which the use—at least the only one to which I saw it applied—was to enable Mother Grant's boarders to let themselves down into College Street after lock-up hours. I took kindly to the prevailing fashion, and the

CHAP. VI. school authorities—not wise in their generation—rendered it still easier to follow, by allowing a building to abut on the inside wall.

But on my return to school after the Bartlemy-tide holidays in 1814, I found that the wall had been considerably raised, and the top covered with broken glass bottles, which remain till the present day.

How to circumvent the enemy was the question. I took into my counsel the school Crispin, one Cobbler Foot by name, an old man-of-war's man, and he made for me a rope ladder, a "Jacob's ladder" I think they call it, similar to that made for ascending the sides of ships of small burden. Thus provided, I climbed the wall with much less risk to my neck than *vid* the lamp iron.

On the 18th of March 1815, on my return from the play, the scaling apparatus was all ready for me at the street side of Abbot Livingstone's wall, but great was my disgust when, on reaching my room, I found the lay figure which I had left in my bed to personate me in my absence lying piecemeal on the floor; my escapade was no longer a secret to the authorities.

The next morning when I went into school I was sorely puzzled at the silence in which so serious a breach of discipline seemed to be passed over.

The mystery was solved next day. A letter from my father informed me that my school-days had come to an end; inclosed was one from Dr. Page to him, dissuading him from thinking any more of a learned profession for me, and recommending him to choose one in which physical rather than mental exertion would be a requisite. CHAP. VI.

END OF VOL. I.

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